

# THE READER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1905

25 CENTS



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY; INDIANAPOLIS

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customed  
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has faith in its  
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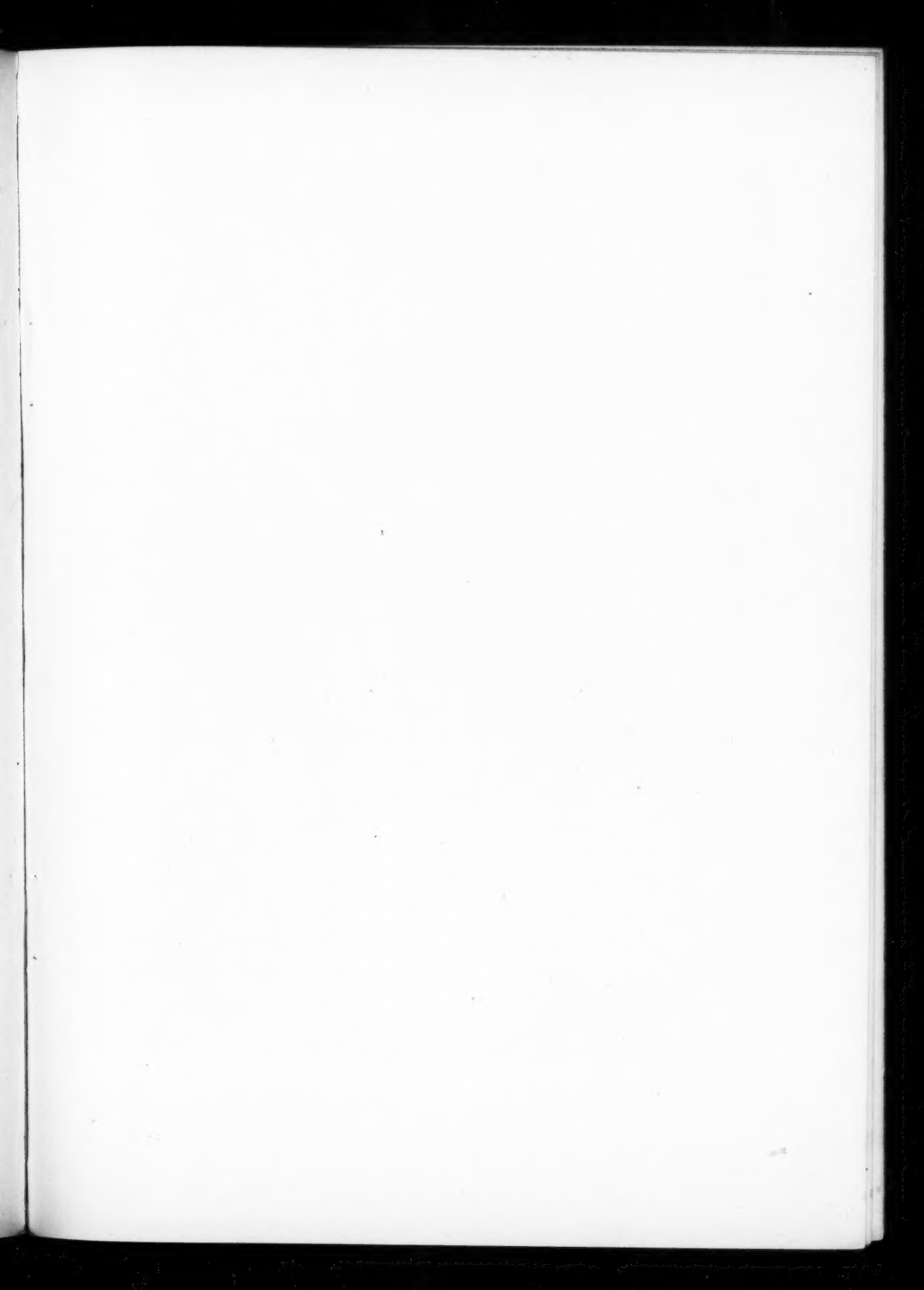
Its power is in its absolute purity in containing neither deleterious substances nor artificial coloring matter.

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Pears' is pre-eminently the baby-skin-soap—imparting to the skin a clear, soft, smooth and beautiful texture, vitalizing the body and contributing to health and happiness.

Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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Drawn by Fanny Y. Cory

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. . . Dreams through the long September day,  
Half buried in the new-mown hay.  
Where, underneath low rafters' gloom,  
Bronze-breasted swallows wheel and play "



# THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME VI

SEPTEMBER, 1905

NUMBER 4

## THE HERITAGE OF THE HUNGRY

COMPULSORY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE AND THE UNDERFED CHILD—  
HEALTH, STRENGTH, MIND AND MORALS MARRED—THE  
MOST VITAL SOCIAL PROBLEM OF OUR TIME

*By Robert Hunter*

AUTHOR OF "POVERTY," ETC.

IT has been truly said that the miraculous, by repetition, ceases to be miraculous. The most astounding things constantly occur in the world about us without in the least astounding us. Among the most miraculous of things are the vast changes which have been wrought in the life of man and in the social systems of the world by food. Food is such an every-day, commonplace thing, essential though it is to our very existence, that we sometimes forget the power it wields in the world. Among well-conditioned races the whole process of producing food and of preparing it for the table has been so systematized that many of us are never disturbed by a break in its routine. Thoughtlessly enough, we feel that the end of the process is attained with that physical feeling of satisfaction which those of us enjoy who happen to be well fed and free from indigestion. To many of us the feeling of hunger is nowadays so rare that it is practically unknown. Indeed, it is now a matter of rejoicing with some when they "enjoy" an appetite. Such purely animal feelings food arouses in us; but it arouses no thought as to the vastly important rôle which it has played in the history of the world. Indeed, with

some of us there is as little thought given to the food question as to the breathing of nature's air, yet this food, like air, is an omnipotent thing, influencing life in powerful elemental ways. It is one of the pillars upon which life rests. It has made one race great and another race mean; it has given us powerful contrasts, men strong in mind and body and men weak and feeble in mind and body, but despite the omnipotence of this product of our labor and of nature's bounty, as soon as plenty is assured us we are apt to overlook and to ignore the marvels it works.

There should be a book written upon what food has meant to the world and another upon what hunger has meant. It is astonishing that the mere thought of hunger should not, even to this day, give us some sense of pain. Hunger was for centuries and centuries a tormenting devil, driving man to action and threatening starvation when he did not exert himself. During long centuries the entire thought and all the energies of mankind were absorbed in the one activity of trying to satisfy hunger. There was no regular food supply, and mankind was dependent upon the fortunes of the hunt and the chase. They often went for days without

food, and, when any was obtained, they tore it to pieces and ate voraciously. The huge hanging belly of primitive man, with the large stomach and intestines, were necessary for the gluttonous methods of feeding which, in those days, compensated for the long periods of semi-starvation. Cochrane speaks of having "repeatedly seen a Yakut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day." He also speaks of a "five-year-old child of this race as devouring three candles, several pounds of sour frozen butter and a large piece of yellow soap." When there was difficulty in obtaining larger prey, primitive man was compelled to eat insects, larvæ, worms, vermin and roots. During long ages the life of man was mainly a brutish struggle for food. He was little more than a stomach, starving at times, intoxicated with gluttonous satisfaction at other times. When there was food in plenty he improved physically and morally; when food was scant he deteriorated and no act was too horrible if it sufficed to satisfy his hunger. Most of the crimes which now seem to us most abhorrent, such as cannibalism, infanticide and parricide, were due, at least in their beginning, to the scarcity of food. Had it not been for nature's bounty and for the fortunate existence of animals adapted to domestication, which assured to him a regular food supply, man might be, even to this day, in a state of savagery.

Without a certain, regular and nutritious food supply civilization, such as we know it, could not exist. The present organization of society would be impossible. The size, health, strength, stamina and mental capacity of mankind would be entirely altered if the food supply were not what it is. Without good food it would be impossible to do the high grade mental work which is now done, and the intense sustained physical effort of the modern workman would be impossible upon a less sufficient diet. Indeed all that we are, either as individuals or as a complexly constituted society of men, is made pos-

sible by the food supply. Ample food has made strong virile races and the lack of food has made weak, ineffective races. Perhaps more than any other condition of life, it lies at the base of most of the social and mental inequalities among men. The strong, bouncing, full-blooded babies of the well-to-do would become, if their food supply were rendered irregular and of bad quality, puny, peevish and anæmic like those scrawny infants that fret for hunger in the tenements of the poor. For, unquestionably, it is the lack of proper and sufficient food which is almost entirely responsible for the weak, misshapen little legs, the pigeon-breasts, the weak, watery eyes, the exhaustion, the languid bodies and even the feeble minds of so many of the children of poverty-stricken parents.

I think nearly all charity workers fail to realize this fact sufficiently and they are apt to deceive themselves a great deal in such matters. They are emphasizing so much in their own minds responsibilities of a moral kind and they fear so much certain moral dangers that the purely physical and material things of life are sometimes overlooked. They are so afraid of the social ruin involved in pauperism that the more serious and the more widespread ruin which results from hunger is sometimes forgotten. As a result of this attitude of mind they do not give much time to discussing or to learning the meaning of the hunger of children; it is something so involved in the family affairs; it is so difficult to disentangle it from other things apparently of greater importance that it is almost ignored. They either do not realize or do not recall that for every hungry child overlooked the germ of a social problem of another generation has been neglected. Nor do they quite realize that we shall not get through with the little ones who are underfed until we have paid over and over again, in reformatory, charitable and punitive effort, for our ignorance of the meaning of the hunger of children.

Indeed, I wonder how many charity agents think at all seriously of these underfed children; I do not mean sentimentally,—because their faces haunt one until one sends them enough food to cover their need for a few days,—but how many agents really consider how great an element these underfed little ones must inevitably be in the poverty problem of the future and how much the energies of all social workers must needs be spent upon these lives that are chronically underfed. As a rule you may not expect much of these children; you may not expect much of their youth nor of their manhood; their lives will not be effective ones, and the children, which they will bring into the world, you may not expect much of them either, for they, too, will be underfed. To be sure, an appalling proportion of the underfed children die, but even those who live continue to be underfed and consequently must show throughout life the signs of physical underdevelopment. They are stunted; they are weak; they tire easily; they are quick to despair; they get any disease that may be about and they are too weak to resist the attacks of disease; their recovery is slower, when they do recover, and they are long in convalescing because they are underfed; they are more than likely to bear the permanent defects which some diseases leave behind them, and then, as is so commonly the case, they are dull mentally and backward in school. Thus begins a new series of so-called misfortunes, for, when a child once gives evidence of being backward, all sorts of things help him downward; he soon tires in play, and, being no equal in anything for the better-fed boys, he loses the emulative spirit and becomes shiftless and lazy. In the end he is more than likely to be one of those casually employed, half-working, half loafing derelicts which make up so large a proportion of our dependent classes. Underfeeding also leads to intemperance, but, indeed, to what evil does it not lead? At any rate, as far as the problems of the charity

agents are concerned, every child that is passed by underfed is pretty sure to be to them and to other like workers a source of future trouble.

The public school is the one great social agency we have, which, especially in the days of its early idealism, gave promise of supplying to all children, whether rich or poor, an equality of opportunity. Of all social undertakings in this republic none more justly deserves our feeling of pride. That education should be accessible to all classes of children seemed at one time to be the maximum of democratic attainment, but our fathers went even further. School attendance was made compulsory. The desire underlying this superb social program was the making of good citizens and the developing of a type of manhood which would be able to exercise the suffrage with judgment and discretion. But there was an aspect of the situation not sufficiently considered which to-day is being forcibly impressed upon us in many ways. Testimony is coming from all quarters indicating the failure of our school system among those very persons who most require the opportunities it affords. Where poverty is greatest and the underfeeding of children most common the children are, physically and mentally, unfitted to profit by the school training. The greatest statesman of the French Revolution said: "After bread, education is the first need of a people." Horace Greeley gave expression to a similar feeling when he said, in a lecture to teachers: "In vain shall we provide capable teachers and comfortable school-rooms, and the most admirable school books, apparatus, libraries, etc., for those children who come shivering and skulking in rags—who sit distorted by the gnawings of hunger or suffering from the effects of innutritious or unwholesome food \* \* \*" There can be no equality of opportunity, educationally or otherwise, for those children who are impoverished in body and mind.

One of the most earnest members of the London School Board, Dr. MacNamara,

M. P., said a few years ago: "It is a most shortsighted policy to allow our young to grow up ill-nourished and, therefore, ill-developed. It is grotesque to lavish money on education for those who are unfit mentally and physically to receive the education offered to them. \* \* \*

As a Christian and civilized community, I urge that we should not allow an appreciable section of our youth to slouch through lives of suffering and destitution into rickety, misshapen, and very frequently evil-minded adults. I can not blame these social derelicts if they ultimately become a ruinously heavy charge upon the public purse as inmates of the public workhouses and gaols. Rather do I blame the community whose happy-go-lucky lack of concern to-day is building up for to-morrow a tremendous burden of financial cost and social degradation—a burden which, I am firmly convinced, need not in great part exist at all." Another member of the same Board says: "Much is already done for truants, for industrial school cases, for children of feeble intelligence, and for those afflicted with deafness or blindness. Now, the reason why the Board undertakes such heavy responsibilities for these classes of children is because, if left to themselves, their education would, in most cases, be neglected, and they would consequently be placed at a serious disadvantage in the keen struggle for existence when brought face to face with the necessity of earning their daily bread. But the underfed child who is compelled to attend school is also in a sad plight. No one pretends that he can profit much by the teaching he receives, for when the body is half-starved the brain can not be well nourished, and both intellect and memory are unequal to the demands made upon them. These underfed children, therefore, ought to receive proper food before they are compelled to learn their lessons. For the State to say in effect, 'You shall have lessons free, which you shall be compelled to follow, whether you are half-starved or not,' is,

to my mind, a crying shame; and the sooner the whole question is boldly treated the better." Little attention has been given in this country to this aspect of the problem of universal education, and Superintendent William H. Maxwell of the New York public schools is one of the few of our educators who has given it thought. Speaking before the National Educational Association on September 24, 1904, he is reported by the newspapers to have said: "Education, whether physical or mental, is seriously retarded, if not practically impossible, when the body is improperly or imperfectly nourished. The child of poverty with body emaciated, blood thin and nerves on edge, because he has never enough to eat, grows up stunted in body and mind. What a farce it is to talk of the schools providing equal opportunity for all, when there are hundreds of thousands of children in our city schools who can not learn because they are hungry! The schools of Paris provide a simple wholesome mid-day meal for their hungry children. In many places in the British Isles the same thing is being done. Should we do less in democratic America? In no other way can we be sure that the schools will provide, in so far as education may, equal opportunities for all."

Dr. Maxwell speaks thus forcibly concerning the matter and in doing so he expresses what may be considered almost the consensus of opinion of the mass of foreign educators who have given consideration to the matter. The effort to provide equal opportunities for all made a wonderful stride forward when the public schools were established, but the effort in America stopped there, while in European countries it has been moving steadily forward, and now, in most of the large European cities, some provision is made for the feeding of those children who come to school underfed, in order that they may *take advantage* of the opportunities for education. In nearly all cases where this has been done the teachers testify that there is

marked improvement in the physical and mental condition of the children. In Berlin the giving of free breakfasts has brought the "happiest results." "Children who start from a poverty-stricken home in the morning without a sufficient, and often without any, meal to sustain them, can not be expected to give their minds to their studies in the same degree as the children whose bodies are well cared for. A considerable falling off was consequently noticed in the attendance of the ill-fed and weaker children—the very ones who could least afford to neglect the studies required to fit them to earn their daily bread in after life—until the system was adopted by the municipal authorities of distributing food free during the so-called breakfast hour to these poor waifs." In Christiania, Norway, the principals of the schools report that "the free board has had a good effect upon the children, as they take more interest in the work and are more wideawake and lively: their appearance also shows better health and more strength." The report comes from Havre that the free meals there have been found to encourage school attendance as well as to benefit the children physically, mentally and morally. The people of Brussels conceive it to be their duty to have "every school child medically examined once every ten days. Its eyes, teeth, ears and general physical condition are overhauled. If it looks weak and puny they give it doses of cod-liver oil or some suitable tonic. At mid-day it gets a square meal \* \* \* and the greatest care is taken to see that no child goes ill-shod, ill-clad or ill-fed."

The injurious effect upon children of underfeeding is testified to by a large number of teachers in New York City. One teacher, whom I saw recently, said that the underfed and hungry children are sleepy in school, and this drowsiness is due, she thinks, to the fact that the children try to make up in sleep what they lack in food. Another teacher, in charge

of some backward pupils, finds that the children very quickly get back into the normal classes when she supplies them with food. A principal of one of the schools keeps food in his office for truants and backward pupils. It is the opinion of those who have thought of the matter at all that it is folly to have a compulsory school law which compels children, in that weak physical and mental state which results from poverty, to drag themselves to school and to sit at their desks day in and day out for several years learning little or nothing. In saying this we are not discussing a theory. The children who are forced to become wage-earners as soon as the law permits are unquestionably nearly all of this poorest class, and over a thousand of them in New York City during the last year failed the Board of Health examination, and were therefore refused their "working papers." They failed in the educational test. In this examination the children are compelled to prove a certain proficiency in writing, in spelling and in doing simple sums. The test is one which a normal child of eleven should pass, but over a thousand children fourteen years of age failed during the year because they had not obtained through the public schools this rudimentary learning. There may be several causes for this lack of learning among these children, but few can doubt that underfeeding is one of the important causes.

These are some of the consequences of underfeeding. In this country attention has been so recently directed to the question—although it has been given consideration for more than a quarter of a century in Europe—that practically no investigation has been made into the matter. Perhaps the first and most important subject for investigation is the extent of underfeeding. Concerning the latter point we have as yet practically no definite knowledge. In my book on Poverty I made a rough estimate of the probable extent of underfeeding in New York City. The



estimate was based upon such knowledge as we have concerning the extent of distress. The statement was treated sensationally by the newspapers, some of which reported me as saying that "70,000 children come daily to school crying for bread." This, of course, put the whole matter in a false light. Some of the children doubtless do come to school occasionally without breakfast, but if they were at other times sufficiently well fed, that would not be serious or alarming. As a matter of fact, more children go without lunch than without breakfast, but considered from any point of view, the number of children in this city on any one day who have no food whatever is not large. The serious and real evil is the day-by-day and week-by-week under-nourishment of these 70,000 children. It must be remembered, however, that the figure used is merely an estimate. It has been made as a result of careful study of various data which indicate the extent of distress in New York City. These data have been obtained from various official reports and the estimate that is made from them is a minimum one. I have not in any way endeavored to exaggerate the evil. Consider for just one moment the basis for this estimate as existing in the following sources: On the basis of the U. S. Census of 1900, "Volume on Occupation," page CCXXXV, it is reasonable to suppose that not less than 100,000 male workers were unemployed in the city of New York from four to six months during that year. From the figures published by the State Board of Charities, it is fair to estimate that not less than fourteen per cent. of the people in New York City were in distress during the three years 1897, 1898 and 1899. On the basis of the number of evictions in 1903 it is also reasonable to suppose that not less than fourteen per cent. of the families in this city were in distress at some time during the year. Pauper burials would indicate a similar percentage. It is impossible for me to feel

that as an estimate a lower percentage would be warranted, and most persons would, I believe, upon carefully considering the data, come to a similar conclusion. Taking, therefore, this percentage as a basis for gauging the amount of distress in New York City among the individuals, the families or the children, we draw the following conclusions:

Classes	Numbers in New York City	Per cent. in distress	Number in distress
Population at all ages, 1900 .....	3,437,202	14	481,208
Families, 1900 ....	735,621	14	102,986
Children attending Elementary Schools, 1904....	536,621	14	75,126

Upon the basis of the last figure I have stated that very likely between 60,000 and 70,000 children in New York City are underfed. There may, however, be some question as to the connection which I have assumed as existing between the extent of distress and the extent of underfeeding. It may be thought an unwarranted assumption that the children of the various classes indicated above are seriously underfed. In the absence of an exhaustive inquiry I can only say that the experience of years, in visiting thousands of cases of distress, where unemployment, eviction and death have been partially, at least, the causes, leads me to the opinion that, with scarcely an exception, the children in these families are chronically and seriously underfed. It would seem to me difficult for a charitable agent to arrive at any other conclusion. To be familiar with the food supply of the mass of poverty-stricken people is to realize that the underfeeding is so serious as to handicap, physically and mentally, the children who are reared in such homes. It is not a question of actual famine, or, to any large degree,

of serious or prolonged hunger; it is a question of insufficient feeding. Even when food is plentiful, as is sometimes the case for short periods with even the poorest families, it is often so badly prepared as to make it unwholesome and lacking in nutrition. This being an opinion formed during several years of constant visiting, I could have no question as to its accuracy, but, in order to substantiate my impression, I had a trained visitor investigate several hundred cases which were at the time of his inquiry being aided by two prominent charitable organizations. The visitor went into the houses during the meal hours and made a note of exactly what the families had in the way of food. The results of this inquiry proved in the most striking manner the fairness of my assumption. A considerable number of these families went entirely without certain meals; a larger number lived on a diet which was plainly inadequate. Perhaps at some other time a more complete statement with the tabulated results may be made concerning this report.

During the time in which there was a good deal of discussion regarding the number of underfed children in the schools, several people very kindly offered to investigate, in so far as that was possible, the condition of the school children. The investigation was pretty unsatisfactory largely because few of the teachers had ever given any consideration to the question of underfeeding and most of them had been prejudiced against the entire matter by the over-statement and exaggeration which had been indulged in by the more sensational papers. Nevertheless, the testimony is of considerable interest although very contradictory. In one school a principal, who had looked into conditions very carefully, told me it was a common thing for children in that school to faint for want of food. She believed that ninety per cent. of the children were underfed; she thought few went actually hungry. In a school in the same

neighborhood, having precisely the same class of children, the principal said there was no underfeeding and that no children were known to her who came to school without breakfast. The principal in another school gave about the same information. After a rather serious discussion, in which my agent tried to prove to him that underfeeding and poverty were widespread in the neighborhood, the principal, to refute him, made a canvass of the school, and, to his utter amazement, ten per cent. of the children said either that they had had no breakfast or that they had gone away from the table hungry. Several of the stories were pathetic in the extreme. Two teachers in this school reported all the children in their classes well-fed; but upon inquiry we discovered that one of them had failed to make an inquiry, and the other was angry with the principal for asking her to take the census. In another school the principal said there were no hungry children and refused to make inquiries, but one of the teachers said that ten pupils, or one-sixth of those in her class, regularly went without breakfast and often without lunch. Teachers in various of the poorest sections of the city reported that a large number of the children do not go home to lunch but play around the yard during the noon hour. While this information, briefly set forth here, can not be considered as very important, it is ground for the belief that if conditions were thoroughly investigated they would prove to be far more serious than we have been inclined to think them.

However, one investigation of considerable importance has been made since my estimate was taken up by the papers. It was based on the erroneous assumption that I had spoken of 70,000 "breakfastless" children, while I had never used that word, but, instead, had spoken of these children as being underfed. This inquiry was made by Mr. H. M. Lechtrecker, an inspector of the State Board of Charities.

He inquired into the condition of the children attending the poorest schools of the city. The following summary gives the results of his investigation:

Total average winter census of children in thirty-two Industrial Schools.....	10,707
Number of children who <i>occasionally</i> come without breakfast; cause—poverty.....	439
Number of children whose anæmic condition suggests insufficient food—coffee only or a piece of bread.....	998
Number of children whose breakfast is bread and coffee or tea and bread only..	7,415
Number of children whose breakfast is more substantial than bread and coffee..	1,855

It seems strange that this inquiry did not create more discussion, for it showed that nearly fourteen per cent. of the children in these poor schools went practically without any breakfast. This is a far more serious situation than I thought existed. My own observation led me to believe that almost all children, even among the poorest, had some breakfast. I mean by this, coffee and bread, which, although satisfying the cravings of hunger, are probably more injurious than beneficial to the children. From this investigation I should consider that, in all likelihood, of these 10,707 children investigated, about eighty-two per cent. were underfed. Many of these children would probably go without lunch if it were not that the Children's Aid Society supplies some of them with free food. As for dinner, they probably have in most cases a repetition of coffee and bread and such other things as their parents may occasionally obtain for them. That nearly five per cent. of these children should occasionally go without anything to break their fast is really an appalling situation.

These facts are of value as indications, but the way of determining the extent of underfeeding in any community is to make an inquiry into the physical condition of the children. This is an indirect method, but it is a far more satisfactory one than a direct effort made to determine the actual food of particular families. An inquiry into the actual food supply would

have to take into consideration all of the meals which the children receive over a considerable period of time. The question of the preparation of food and the quality of food would have to be considered. To obtain an accurate idea as to the extent of underfeeding, it would be necessary to inquire into the very important matter of the decrease in breast-feeding and the inadequacy of most of the artificial infant foods used among the poor. This kind of inquiry has presented so many difficulties that, even abroad, so far as my knowledge goes, no investigation has as yet been made. Extensive and careful investigations, however, have been made in England and on the continent into the physical effects upon children of underfeeding. In this country a few inquiries of this kind have also been made and two are progressing at the present time. One is being undertaken by the New York Department of Health and another by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. My own estimates are little more than an effort to visualize the problem, without which it seems difficult to create sufficient concern even to arouse careful and accurate inquiry. Not until a careful scientific investigation is made will it be possible to know anything very accurate concerning the extent of this evil. The lack of actual information as to its extent does not, however, interfere with the realization of its seriousness.

The hundreds of thousands of children who are in poverty in this country present to us the most vital social problem of our time. We can permit these children to be insanitarily housed and under-clothed; we can make them bearers of burdens in the channels of trade and in the mines and the factories of our great country; we can permit them to be chronically ill-fed and underfed; and we can ignore those conditions of life which will tend to make them less physically-efficient, less active mentally, and less ambitious and self-respecting socially. We can permit this

large class to be impoverished and pauperized by the conditions of their physical environment, by semi-starvation and by their inability to profit by the opportunities for learning. We can encourage in them such weaknesses as will make them unfitted to be useful or productive citizens. In the past we have done exactly these things, and the present day problem of poverty is largely due to this procedure which arises either from ignorance or from lack of concern. In recent years we have done much to improve the tenements and factories, and we have established a system of free schools which were meant to give all classes equal opportunities for education, but the matter of the underfed children we, in America, have left virtually untouched. It is, perhaps, a more difficult problem than the others, but it is also a matter of more basic importance. No speculation is needed to assist us in conjecturing the inevitable results upon the future generation of the chronic underfeeding of a considerable number of children.

Indeed, no social problem is more important than this one. It is at the base of all others. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." It is impossible to neglect childhood without paying the inevitable penalty. It is sometimes possible to wrong an adult without injuring society, but it is impossible to wrong a child without injuring society. If there is a poverty problem in this country its greatest importance lies in its effect upon the lives of the children; if it mars them, if it undermines their vitality, if it weakens them physically, mentally or morally, that deed is done for all time. Childhood is a period of plasticity, it is a time when the growing life may be developed and moulded into some noble form, or twisted and dwarfed into some hideous shape. For all these reasons the problems of childhood are manifestly more important than all other problems of our national life.

The problem of the underfed child is but one of many social problems, yet it is almost as important as all the others combined. It means in its essence the breeding of a class of citizens who must be partially or wholly dependent, for the reason that their physical underdevelopment precludes efficiency in the work which they are to do. When one goes through the slums of London and Liverpool one is invariably impressed with the fact that the people one sees there are to remain dependents, drunkards, beggars and defectives. It is not possible to hope that the individuals one sees about one are ever to master and overcome the obstacles which confront them. They are bound, it would seem, to remain in the hell of misery in which they live, and no possible way seems open for pulling or pushing them into the independent and self-reliant class of workers. And yet, in contrast to the despair which must be with us as we attempt to meet the problem of adult degeneracy, is the stirring fact that the problem of the child is an ever hopeful one. As his life may be fashioned for evil by his early years of training, so, indeed, without question, his life may be fashioned for good, for, as Carlyle says somewhere, "I acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage or an edible luxuriant green one." Schools may battle with the problem, settlements may struggle with it, jails and alms-houses and charities may punish or foster the results of it, but if we are sincere in our wish to attack it the time to begin is when the child is born, and the hours of our wisest and most earnest labor should be, and must be, during the first few years of the child's existence. This is the problem, and these are the reasons for the necessity of an awakening to the problem of the underfed child.

## I' GOT TO FACE MOTHER TO-DAY!

By James Whitcomb Riley

I' GOT to face Mother to-day, fer a fact!  
I' got to face Mother to-day!  
And jist how I'll *dare* to, an' how she will act,  
Is more than a mortal can say!  
But I' got to face her—I' got to! and so  
Here's a' old father clean at the end of his row!

And Pink and Wade's gone to the farm fer her now—  
And I'm keepin' house fer 'em here—  
Their purty, new house—and—all paid fer!—But how  
Am *I* goin' to meet her and clear  
Up *my* atchully heppin' 'em both to e-lope?—  
( 'Cause Mother wuz set—and wuz no other hope!)

I don't think it's *Wade* she's so biased ag'in,  
But his *bizness*,—a railroadin' man  
'At runs a switch-engine, day out and day in,  
And's got to make hay while he can—  
It's a *dangersome* job, I'll admit—but see what  
A fine-furnished home 'at he's already got!

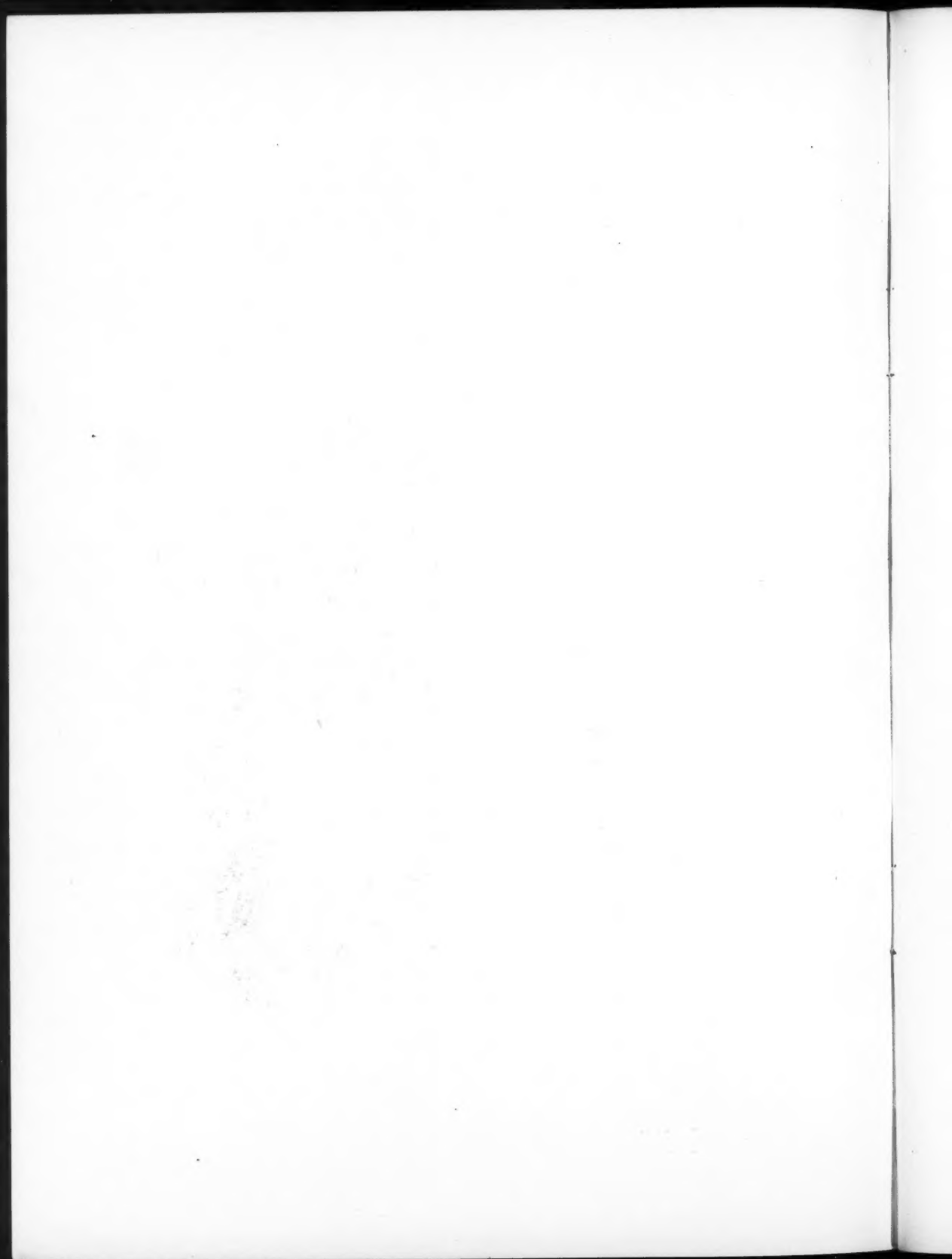
And *Pink*—w'y, the girl wuz jist pinin' away,—  
So what could her old father do  
When he found her, hid-like, in a loose load of hay,  
But jist to drive on clean into  
The aidge of the city, where—singalar thing!—  
Wade switched us away to the Squire, i jing!

Now—a-leavin' me here—they've driv off, with a cheer,  
On their weddin' trip—which is to drive  
Straight home and tell Mother,—and toll her back here  
And surrender me, dead er alive!  
So I'm waitin' here—not so blame' overly gay  
As I *wuz*,—'cause I' got to face *Mother* to-day!





"SO I'M WAITIN' HERE—NOT SO BLAME' OVERLY GAY"—



# Ten Tales Of Life & Love

BY TEN AMERICAN WOMEN

*With Drawings By Franklin Booth.*



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## A VARIABLE VIEWPOINT

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

"THERE'S everything to make this proposal delightful, but it isn't," remarked Gena pensively. "When I was seventeen, I was perfectly enraptured over my first proposal, though it was on an L train. I never demanded conservatories and mellow lights,—just enjoyed them as they happened to come. And now you tell me that you love me with almost convincing ardor, and this bamboo porch over the river is an exquisite stage setting,—and yet I'm not having a happy time! Do you suppose it's because the illusions of youth are slipping away, now that my twenty-first birthday is an imminent catastrophe, and that I shall never again have the unholy joy of believing that rejected suitors die of broken hearts?"

"I don't understand you at all," returned Drury, with entire truthfulness. "You are evading my question. I asked what it was you disliked in Army life?"

"The homelessness of it!" That was the first thing that came into her head, and Gena felt a thrill of satisfaction, it sounded so womanly.

"But a wife's home is where her husband is. I see Army women thriving with each change,—taking root in fresh soil, throwing out new tendrils, assimilating what is best in their surroundings, yet easily transplanted."

"But I don't care to go through life with a bunch of tendrils hanging at my belt, trying to find a place to root them over night!" she pouted.

Drury was silent, vainly seeking a rejoinder.

"Isn't the river lovely with the lights twinkling along the banks? I can fancy each little hut lighted with its candle, stuck in a joint of bamboo. Aren't you

sorry for the rest of the garrison who couldn't come? Dagupan is charming; it is to be a health resort for troops, is it not?" She was coaxing him to talk of impersonal matters.

"If you can praise Dagupan," at his determined tone she sank back in her chair with a pretty little gesture of protest, "you can always find something to attract you wherever you might be stationed."

"I shouldn't like Dagupan in the rainy season," protested Gena. "Lulu told me that she had slept in a mackintosh, with a foot-tub on her chest! Garrison life, though interesting for a brief visit, would prove monotonous for a life-time."

A plain "no" was an absolute impossibility to Gena, and to hurt any one's feelings, or even to wound one's *amour propre*, the ultimate disaster.

"Why doesn't Henry come?" she thought vexedly. "He likes this tiresome man because he has done good service in the field, and if I can only continue to treat his love-making as a jest, in the course of time he will think that way of it himself. I don't wish to spoil any of Henry's friendships."

"Somehow I don't care for uniforms as most women do,—especially since they've adopted the khaki," she went on. "And a sunrise gun disturbing me every morning would give me nervous prostration. Oh, there are numberless little idiosyncrasies that would make you very unhappy if you married me, really and truly, Captain Drury," she ended, with persuasive earnestness.

But it was difficult to make the man believe that, for the moonlight was bright enough for him to see the smooth fairness of her arms, "the round, young

curves of throat and neck," the eyes, brown, laughing, audacious, the mouth, scarlet, demure, infinitely tantalizing.

Drury groaned.

"Oh, please don't!" she besought him. "I'll make some dreadful blunder if you do, and our friendship might be spoiled. Once (I was eighteen this time) there was a man, and he thought he liked me, and told me so. He was a widower with six children, and when I explained to him that I hadn't the requisite training to be matron of an orphan asylum, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. I wish you had been there to help me with the situation, but I was all alone, and in my desperation I exclaimed, 'Oh, please don't cry, please don't!' He took his handkerchief away, his eyes were dry as Sahara, and he glared at me, demanding, 'Do you think me so unmanly as to weep over a woman's inadequacy? It is so warm, my eyelids were perspiring!' So don't groan, dear Captain Dreary," a note of good comradeship slipping into her caressing voice as she used the Army nickname.

"Perhaps you haven't known me long enough to decide, perhaps after a while you may change your mind and—"

Gena arose.

"We are losing all the dancing. Though I think your regimental band plays the best dance music I ever heard, I've foregone two waltzes to talk to you. Shall we go inside? Teddy Chambers is your second lieutenant, do you suppose he would mind very much if I permitted you to outrank him and gave you what is left of his two-step?"

They had reached the door by this time, and her eyes searched for Henry Pinckney. His back was turned, but he was bending over Adele Everett, the prettiest girl in the room as long as Gena was on the porch.

She knew that attitude so well, the graceful deference of his whole bearing, his absorbed attention. An odd little pang shot through her heart—an emotion wholly new to that buoyant member.

Drury had followed her glance. Sore and chafing over his disappointment, he blurted out words quite unworthy of the code of "an officer and a gentleman."

"Perhaps Pinckney can alter your opinions of the feasibility of an Army marriage; he seems to have his way with your sex. I think you would not care for him to hear the views you have expressed to-night."

"They are hardly worth a repetition," she answered nonchalantly, a danger-spark in her eyes, "though you are at perfect liberty to repeat anything I may have said. There's Teddy searching for me,—after all I think I shall not give you his dance, for the nice boy was officer of the guard the night of the last hop and missed it altogether."

Smiling, but with her eyes very bright, she let Chambers lead her away. At the end of the dance he begged:

"There's the coolest veranda on the other side, where you get a view of the gulf. Won't you let me take you there for a little while?"

But they found it already occupied, for though the screen of palms hid him from view, Pinckney's voice reached them,—intimate, eager, interested:

"Now we're delightfully safe from interruption, I hope, and we can make a beginning of the many things we have to tell each other."

Gena drew back quickly, and the two retraced their steps without being heard.

"Isn't Pinckney a corker? He has a way with women! He was introduced to Miss Everett late this afternoon, and you would have thought it was a case of love at first sight, if you could have seen how charmed he was to meet her, and how she blushed. She arrived only yesterday, is visiting the MacAlpines, I believe. You know Pinckney was considered the handsomest man in the corps when he was a cadet,—the girls had eyes for nobody else when he was around."

Despite the balmy tropical night, Gena was shivering. Sharply it came over her



that his lovemaking, which had seemed to her the subtlest, sweetest, most delicate that she had ever dreamed of, had been, after all, a matter of inference and suggestion. She had delighted in it,—as a pretty game which they both played with no mean skill. When she first came to visit the school friend, whose husband was stationed at Camp Wallace, some one had laughingly said:

"A California girl and a South Carolina man,—the odds are even!"

Three months had slipped away since then, three bewildering months with the spell of the tropics upon her, where sunshine and laughter, youth and love seemed the natural order of life. Every day Pinckney and herself had taken rides together, or drives in Lulu Murrell's cart, behind a pair of the tough, native ponies. A perfect beach was almost at their doors. Every afternoon the gay little garrison enjoyed a dip in the surf, where the water was so warm and delightful, they would be tempted to stay in until barely enough time was left to take a shower-bath and to dress for dinner. The best of the day was still to come as the soft, tropical evening closed in. As they sat on the little bamboo porch, listening to the merry music of the regimental band, and, like an undercurrent, the monotone of the surf, it seemed to Gena that Pinckney and herself were learning "to read Life's meaning in each other's eyes."

Teddy Chambers, bless him, had launched into an account of the last Army and Navy football game, so he was oblivious to her inattention. She was recalled to the present by Pinckney's voice:

"I've been searching for you everywhere, Miss Carruthers; this is our dance. Teddy, I shall see that old Dreary puts you on guard duty every hop night hereafter."

The girl looked up, startled by the change in the voice of which she thought she knew every intonation. Something seemed gone out of it,—the debonnair, laughing quality,—and his eyes belied

the smile on his lips. After that she had no reason to complain of his lack of devotion. When she danced with other men, his glance followed her, and the moment the music stopped, he would be at her side. But the sweetness of it was lessened by the fact that Adele Everett, tired from her long journey, had left the ball-room early.

"Wait a little," Pinckney urged her, as the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home" died away, "Don't go just yet. I've bribed the band to give us another waltz as soon as the other women go to the dressing-room for their scarfs and things. It will be our dance, just yours and mine,—our last one," he drew in his breath sharply, "for I shall not return with the party to-morrow."

"You are going to wait until the next boat?" She was surprised at the evenness of her voice.

"No, I do not intend to return to Camp Wallace. You remember that Col. Mac-Alpine wished me to transfer to Dagupan? I shall tell him to arrange it. Dagupan is headquarters for the building of the Benguet road,—the macadam road to Baguio, you know,—and there's work which the Colonel thinks I can expedite."

There came the soft prelude of the dreamiest, saddest of waltzes. Silently he drew her to him. It seemed to Gena as if she were simply an instrument through which that pulsing music vibrated, as if they two were animated by one soul, as if all life centred in that moment and must slip into nothingness as the last chords ebbed into silence.

"Good night,—good-by, little girl!" (Ah, it was cruel that such infinite tenderness could lie in the eyes of a man who did not care!) "You have given me my perfect moment. At least,—out of all your life may I claim so much?—you will never dance like that again."

She was silent a half-moment, collecting herself. Then she held out a slim hand, her voice tranquil, courteous, perhaps a shade careless.

"Good-by, Captain Pinckney. Indeed I shall always remember you with pleasure as the best dancer I have ever met. Yes, Lulu, I'm coming, dear."

There remained just a week of her stay at Camp Wallace, before she was to go to Manila to take the transport. A gala week her friends made it, with all manner of farewell picnics, parties, dinners and dances, at which she was the guest of honor. She was laughingly rallied on having driven Pinckney into exile. She avoided Drury as much as possible, and al-

blue, blue sky instead of those mackerel clouds. The huts are admirable, they look as if they had been picked up bodily and deposited here."

Gena Carruthers, with her brother and sister-in-law, was moving towards the Igorrote village at the St. Louis Fair. As Gena caught sight of them, a kodak in Pinckney's portfolio came to her mind. He had called it "The Vanguard of Civilization." A group of naked Igorrotes were in the foreground, trading. The carts, the shacks, everything in the scene



lowed the youngsters and an attractive medical officer to engross her time.

"For a man to trifle with you is entirely different from what I thought it would be," she told herself. "Nobody else dreams of it, and in my own soul I am not ashamed of having loved what I thought Henry was. So there is not the mortification I should have expected,—but oh, the pain of it is beyond imagining, beyond my courage to bear!"

"Gena, does it look exactly like the Philippines?"

"Not at first," replied Gena slowly, "At first, one only sees the differences. I miss the palms overtopping the shacks, the luxuriant greenness everywhere, the

was primitive, native Filipino, save that one nipa hut bore a placard that showed American enterprise,—"The Pennsylvania Bar."

Carruthers and his wife watched the dance with absorbed interest, the swaying, red-bronze bodies, keeping perfect time to the deafening noise of the tom-toms. Many of the observers threw them bits of food, much as they would to animals in the park, which the Igorrotes caught gleefully.

"Pea—ee—nuts!" cried one, as he was pelted with a handful.

"No, po-o-op corn!" corrected another, with such naive, childish pride in his drawling English, that the crowd burst into loud laughter and cheered him heart-

ily. Gena was amused at the appearance of an elderly spinster, proper enough to have stepped out of the pages of "Cranford," who was divided between her shrinking from the nude and her thirst for information. The day was chilly, and one of the men had put on a tattered vest, which she regarded with approval as she approached him, note-book in hand.

"My good man, I notice that you are costumed differently from the others. May I ask to what tribe you belong?"

He stared at her in puzzled silence.

"I ask, who are you?" she repeated slowly.

Eager as a child to acquire new words, he echoed:

"Wh' are yuh?"

"Thank you," she said, jotting it down in her book, and going away entirely satisfied that she had seen a "Whiraru."

"Shall we go to the Bogobo village next?" suggested Mrs. Carruthers. "Didn't you say that some of the bead-work you brought back was made by the Bogobos?"

"Yes," assented Gena. Henry had given it to her. "Ned, you and Ida look around, because you'll care to see it in detail more than I shall, and we'll meet at the Visayan theatre in an hour. If I'm not there, you'll know my head ached and that I went back to the hotel."

Not for worlds would she have them guess how near the tears were to the surface. She wandered off for a closer view of a little bridge, typically Philippine, almost a duplicate of the one on which she and Pinckney had their nicest quarrel,—a hot little quarrel with such a speedy making-up!

A caribou, with only the head above water, regarded her with mild, ruminative gaze. She remembered how amused she had been when Henry showed her the first one she ever saw,—but laughter came readily then. She brought her teeth together with a little sharp click.

"No cow that ever lived shall make me cry! But the nipa huts, how homesick

they make me for it over there. How silly I am! I almost fancied that man was Henry!"

She stood quite still as he came nearer, hardly believing her own eyes. Yes, it was Henry, bronzed, tall, a little thinner than she had left him, but with the same tender, eager eyes that seemed to draw her very soul.

"I couldn't take my medicine like a man," he greeted her. "I've tried life without you these wretched months, and it grows worse and harder. So I took a leave and went to Redlands, then followed you here. At your hotel I learned your party was going to 'do the Philippines' this morning, and I've been hunting for you for the last hour."

"You've been to Redlands?" she repeated vaguely.

"I called on your mother immediately after breakfast; we began to talk of you, and suddenly it was luncheon. I intended to leave immediately afterward, but we continued our conversation, along the same lines; and there stood the butler announcing dinner! You didn't exaggerate when you described your mother, she is so dear and beautiful and good, that before I realized it, I kissed her!"

"Most people would have realized it afterward."

"I told her everything, of my vicarious rejection, of my ignominious failure in trying to be unselfish and not harass you; and that I had come to see if any plea or prayer could change your determination, my need of you is so great, my love so strong."

"I don't understand you," she faltered. With a last effort to control the tumultuous joy that seemed beating at her heart, she added:

"Is Miss Everett at Dagupan?"

"No, at Manila," his face was frankness itself, though he looked puzzled at the sudden interrogation. "She and Hal West were married the day before I sailed. They put it up a week so that I could be best man. West has a widowed mother and

a young sister dependent upon him, and it would have cost him so much to go to Vermont for her, that the plucky little woman determined to come out to the Islands to visit her uncle and be married there. I was the only one in the secret, but you know Hal is my best friend. They are so happy together, it made me want you more than ever, Gena. Don't you think you could retract some of the finalities you sent me by old Dreary?"

"I didn't!"

Pinckney's jaw hardened.

"Gena, didn't you tell Drury to tell me that you hated Army life, that you would never marry into it, that it was delightful for a visit but intolerable for a lifetime? He came to me the night of the dance at Dagupan, and told me all that you had said about the impossibility of marrying an officer, and that when you had finished, you told him he could repeat every word to me. I know your tender nature, and that you thought to spare me by refusing me before I had offered in so many words, but it was the deadliest way you could have chosen, child."

"But I didn't choose," she interrupted. Then she poured out her story—Drury's own rejection, of which Pinckney had never heard, and the foolish flare of jealousy that gave Drury a permission of which she never dreamed he had taken advantage. So eagerly they talked, so oblivious were they of their surroundings, that a matronly woman who was walking towards the little bridge, halted her party and turned them around.

"They seem so busy, we won't interrupt them," she said, "for folks can be young but once."

"You don't detest uniforms then?"

"I like you in civilian clothes, but I love you in your uniform," she returned prettily, "especially in khaki."

"And you don't mind the unsettled life?"

"Think of all the beautiful places we shall see! 'Some unfrequented isle in far-

off seas!' We won't think of *home* as a certain house in a certain block, a fixed, lifelong environment. Home will be where we are—together." She gave a soft sigh of content.

"I'm sorry the cannon disturbs you so," he said apologetically.

"Why, Henry! There's no moment in the day's routine I love so much as when the sunset gun booms, and the men stand bareheaded while the band plays 'The



"Yes it was Henry, bronzed, tall"

Star-Spangled Banner' and the dear old flag slips down the staff."

"Somehow I don't find Drury a good interpreter of your views," he murmured, smiling down at her. "I've a two-months' leave, that will give you a lot of time to get ready to go back with me, sweetheart."

"A lot of time!" she repeated disdainfully.

"In the islands you only need those thin, fluffy dresses in which you look so adorable," he urged.

"You are a dreadful ignoramus when it comes to trousseaux. Why, it would take six months to get the sort of one I

had always planned, with all my—er—things handmade.”

His face fell. Disappointment blotted out the radiant joy of his eyes as if a rapid cloud had overswept them, and at the sight Gena cried out with quick magnanimity:

“I’ll get the fluffy dresses, and be ready to go back with you, Henry.”

“Let’s get a cab and hurry back,” he said desperately. “When I remember what happened to your mother before I realized, I don’t dare to trust myself a moment longer!”

## MISS MODERNITY

*By Virginia Woodward Cloud*

I LOOKED around and through the mass of kaleidoscopic color and movement, without what might be called “a lead,”—a clue to the personality of her I sought. A young maid, and shy perhaps, not yet quite a part of her own social world, and looking on with eager eyes of expectation yet as solitary as I felt myself to be. I pictured her doubtful glance in response to my own quick recognition, her slower acceptance of me,—because of my disguise of years, bronzed skin and beard. Her hair would be twisted up, of course. A pity! I recalled a mane of bright curls on her shoulders, and, too, her dresses would be long now.

At least, I knew that I should find a welcome, a hand-clasp, when she should once recognize me, and perhaps a corner apart, and then reminiscences, memories,—so far as a young girl can have memories of childhood. Then would follow a delightful sense of older brotherhood, on my part. Wouldn’t I make her “have a good time,”—that little comrade of long ago!

Between me and where the hostess was supposed to be, moved a restless glittering tide of humanity, crested like a hovering, tropical bird, and instead of my familiar,—the night-wind in the palms,—an orchestra in a gallery wafted downward the sighing of a waltz. I was, indeed, a stranger to my old world, an alien to its social soil. An impulse stirred me to remain so for a while, to be in the

crowd but not of it, to remain unknown. Suddenly I had an inspiration, born like all true inspirations, not of thought, and I leaned forward to ask a brunette,—

“Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?”

Two fawn-like eyes looked at me over a white shoulder, as she smiled a negative. I bowed and passed on to ask a splendid blonde.

“Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?”

She looked back from under a brilliant tiara, and I retracted with a bow. She I sought was not self-conscious, at any rate. A young woman stood midway up the broad staircase, leading to the gallery, and I moved on with the throng, making her my destination point.

“Pardon me, are you Miss Devourney?” I asked, when the crowd had drawn me near enough.

One white slipper was visible, and her train caught in one hand. She was leaning forward, looking over the railing, the light from above, veiled in green vines, turned bright a low knot of brown hair, and pearly the soft line of her throat and neck,—this I knew afterward. When she turned I only realized that it was the most charming of faces.

“Not at all!” she said, surveying me with the clear directness of the twentieth century’s feminine product.

“I am sorry,” I murmured, pausing to let others pass us.

Instead of turning away indifferently,



she veiled a glance which had been of perceptive swiftness, and said:

"Doubtless. But it is hardly flattering to be told so."

"But, you see, I assure you I only meant that if you were Miss Devourney I could linger for a moment, and not fight my way to the head of the stairs. Even a little conversation would be more enjoyable."

The Vision in white satin seemed to be smiling inwardly. Outwardly she was maddeningly grave. I felt unaccountably old and far removed from her world.

"Is she, Miss Devourney, then, a professional conversationalist?"

"I assure you I never heard her talk in my life!" I averred.

"Oh, that accounts for it. She is a good listener," murmured the Vision.

Of course, I knew that I was being coldly chaffed, but I adroitly ranged myself on her side of the stairs wondering a little at her condescension.

"I'm sure I owe an apology for speaking," I ventured, "but I happened to look up and recognize you"—

"Oh!"—the gray blade of her gaze was suddenly unsheathed.

"—as Miss Modernity—"

"Absurd!" she murmured. "Then please understand that I recognized you first as Mr. Antiquity, or I shouldn't have answered you."

"I fancy the meeting of extremes is inevitable," I said politely. "May I not make a way for you to ascend or descend? It is crushing here, to say the least."

"Yes, if you will. I suppose I must let you. I—I was looking for some one when you came up and—"

Here the crowd made it necessary that I should force a way up to the gallery above. When we had gained it I added:

"You are exceedingly good, and I am favored beyond expression. You see, I'm a stranger yet to my own, a sort of Rip Van Winkle, and am keenly anxious to feel my ground beneath my feet for a while. I don't know a soul here except—"

"Miss Devourney?" Here she sank on a seat behind the gallery rail. "I never heard of her in my life, and I thought I knew them all—the women here."

I looked around and spoke confidentially, marveling that I did so, yet realizing that it was no strange thing.

"Then I will make a confession. I never did, either."

Miss Modernity laughed, softly, but with evident enjoyment. It was a seal upon our sudden bond of confidence, and I was glad of the human sound which rippled through the mad clamor of voices around us, like the memory of a meadow brook in the midst of a noisy thoroughfare, her eyes as she turned them questioning, tolerantly, were full of humor.

"I was really looking for some one, and wanted to recognize her myself first. So I hit upon a name to give me an opportunity of speaking to different ones. I think it was quite ingenious! She was an old friend—in fact, a playmate—"

"an adorable child of about twelve years—"



"Basket-ball or rag-dolls?" she interrupted.

"Neither. It was—er—stolen apples and rides bareback, and wading up stream—I mean on my back, you know—"

"Fancy!"

"—Oh yes, all that sort of thing. But when anticipation has formed an ideal, one sometimes shrinks back from its fulfilment,—as if the imagination is loth to relinquish that which it has found sweet."

She nodded quickly with a comprehension that was good to receive.

"—And I should like to confess that I represent that unenviable atom of masculinity, an ex-fiancé."

"Oh!—Hers, you mean?"

"Hers, undoubtedly. I assure you I only represent one."

"No one would suspect you of being one," said Miss Modernity, with the tolerant kindness that youth yields to age,—middle-age. Yet, I felt fearless and at ease with this young woman. She could be a good friend and loyal champion, of that I was certain.

"I have returned after years from my own land and friends. And it has dawned upon me rather sadly to-night, that which we think we all realize, that our old world can move on as well without us as with us. That we can step out or in without creating a ripple on its tide."

"Oh, not quite that," murmured Miss Modernity, with so swift a change from her former coldness, that I felt for my glasses, being short-sighted in a way, and looked down into the gentle depths of her eyes and was hopelessly lost then and there. I realized suddenly whose banner was over me, and that I was more content to be sitting beside a person who had been a stranger ten minutes before,—it was all remarkable, but here she broke in upon this mental maundering with,—

"I am sure that your friends,—that she, your old friend, will be glad that you have returned."

"I hope so. But,"—I paused. I really

could not say that my anxiety to meet or discover any one else was rapidly waning.

"Tell me about her!" demanded Miss Modernity suddenly.

"Well, I went abroad, my—er—profession took me there. We did not exchange letters nor ring because she was only learning to write properly when I left—"

"Oh!"

"Yes, she was only five when she promised to marry me. When I went, we parted in the—"

"Usual way?" Miss Modernity was evidently interested.

"—the orchard, I think it was. I pulled her out of an apple-tree. You see she was a famous climber and had a way of tearing her clothes nearly off. I used to go in pursuit—"

"Dear me,—how—how pastoral! A hoyden or an athlete?"

"Neither, I assure you, but an adorable child of about twelve years. With promise of great beauty—"

Miss Modernity stirred uneasily.

"They seldom keep their promises,—these remarkable children."

"She would!" I declared, "why, she couldn't break her promise! The very day I left she promised to kiss me when next we—"

Miss Modernity started to rise.

"She must have been a horror!—I really must go down now."

"By no means a horror. She had the most promising eyes. Of course now she has probably grown up—"

"Probably!"

Then Miss Modernity slipped unexpectedly into her sweeter, younger manner and added, "I know how you feel. The—friend I was looking for was—that is, I hoped he would come."

My temperamental mercury fell.

"Oh, he'll come!" I said, "the man doesn't live who would dare stay away if you expected him!"

Her clear gaze would have leveled a volcano.

"That *gauche* kind of compliment is not considered—polite," said Miss Modernity. I accepted the rebuke and said humbly:

"What is he like?—I will look him up if I may."

"What is he like?" she ruminated, disregarding the remainder of the proposition. "I only know what he could not help being,—very brave and—and big, you know, and—masterful, I think and gentle, too. He is already an ideal to many people."

"Has he blue eyes and a softly curling beard and longish hair parted in the middle?" I asked.

She rose scornfully.

"By no means!—He was—the very nicest boy I ever knew!"

Boy! The very word opened a great gulf between us. I, gray at the temples, scarred, world-worn, battered,—I, on one side of the gulf and on the other Beauty and the Boy. That was pretty much what I had to expect thereafter. I shook off this mental lapse into moral cowardice and looked down at Miss Modernity, who stood looking over the gallery rail, her hands resting thereon, and wondered if all women now wore their hair parted and drawn low in such a knot. I hoped they

did. I had the sensation of discovering a thing more rare than the one I had gone in search of.

"What was your ex-fiancée like?" she said suddenly.

"A sturdy little thing with reddish hair and freckles on her nose," I said, noticing Miss Modernity's slim, lissome lines.

"And her name?" she pursued, evidently with a kind intention to keep me to the subject most interesting.

"Her name was Betty."

"I do not know any girl by that name." She unfurled a fan of white feathers, waving it distractingly between us, while I was realizing that this was the kind of woman, whose youth combined grace, control, beauty, wit and gentle perception, to make a man's life and keep him clean. All this passed through my mind with sudden light and I said, stopping short, "I have not been duly presented to you. I am Everett O'Fall, of—"

"Of a score of brave battles," she smiled up at me, "I recognized you when you came up the stairs, even before you spoke to me, or do you think I should be here with you?"

I put my glasses on again, perplexedly scrutinizing the humor of those frank, gray eyes, as a voice broke upon us.



"My father!" she said, and I turned to face an old friend.

"O'Rall!—You wild man-of-the-woods, welcome home! We've had a search-warrant out for you! The Governor wants you to receive with him at ten. Might have known I'd find you with Elizabeth!"

"Elizabeth!" I was stumbling manlike before the complexities of feminine transitions,—the low knot of brown hair, the womanly contour of figure, the grace, the aplomb,—then her laugh murmured toward me delightedly.

"No,—Betty!—Oh, I could not help it,—it was too funny!"

"Miss Modernity, Miss Modernity, how could you?" I said. Her eyes grew softer.

"I wanted to know if you had forgotten me,—if—" suddenly her hand slipped in mine with a breathless aside, "Oh, Rally, you old owl, I am so glad!—So glad,—come to-morrow!—*Please!*"

I read Miss Modernity's eyes, and left her with my face turned toward a glad to-morrow.

## A COMMITTEE FROM KELLY'S

By J. V. Z. Belden

**K**ATHERINE—give it up, dear—" The man looked down into the earnest eyes of the girl as she sat in the shadow of a palm in the conservatory at the Morrison's. Strains of music from the ball-room fell on unheeding ears and she sighed as she looked up at him.

"I can not turn back now, Everett," she said. "Ever since that day I spent down on the east side I have looked at life from a different standpoint. A message came to me then and I must listen. For a year I have been preparing myself to take my part in this work. To-morrow I take possession of what is called a model flat, and I hope to teach those poor little children something besides the *three R's*. To tell them how to take a little sunshine into their dismal homes." She looked like some fair saint with her face illumined with love of humanity.

"Might I venture to suggest that there is plenty of room for sunshine in an old house up the Avenue," said the man wistfully.

The girl looked up quickly—"Don't, Everett, give me six months to see what I can do—then I will answer the question you asked me last night."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he said, "you

do not know how I hate to have you go down there. My sympathy with the great unwashed is not deep enough for me to be willing to have you mingle with them. Then, to be quite honest, I have found them rather a happy lot."

"Listen, Everett," said the girl, "Come down to me a month from to-night and I will show you that I am right and you are wrong."

"A *whole* month!" the man protested.

"Yes, a whole month—"

The sun was shining into the front windows of a room on the first floor of a high tenement down on the east side. A snow-white bed stood far enough from the wall to allow it to be made up with perfect ease. In front of it stood a screen covered with pretty chintz; white muslin curtains hung at the windows; everything was spotless from the kalsomined ceiling to the oiled floors where a few bright-colored rugs made walking possible. As Katherine Anderson explained to some scoffing friends who came down to take luncheon with her.

"Everything is clean and in its proper place and the object-lesson is invaluable to these poor children. If you go into

their homes you will find that the bed is a bundle of rags in some dark closet while the front room is kept for company. Here I show them how easily this sunny room is made into a sitting-room by putting that screen in front of the bed and then there is a healthful place to sleep. You may think that I am over-enthusiastic but I enjoy my classes and I assure you they are *all day long*, for besides the usual schoolroom work we have cooking classes, physical culture, nature classes and little talks about all sorts of things. I have one girl who I know is going to be a great novelist, she has such an imagination," said Katherine. "Her big sister always has a duplicate of anything of mine the child happens to admire, and the other day she came rushing in with the tale that 'burgulars' had broken into their house the night before and stolen twenty bottles of ketchup and 'some preserts.'"

"Had they?" asked the guest. "What peculiar taste in burglary?"

"No," laughed Katherine; "she has no big sister and their house is one back room four flights up."

Four weeks had passed since the Morrison dinner, and Katherine was tired. Then, too, she was not altogether sure that her mission was a success. Was she wishing for the fleshpots of upper Fifth Avenue, or was it just physical weariness that would pass with the night? She had sent off a note in the morning:

"MY DEAR EVERETT—The work of the model flat is still in existence, and it is almost a month—a whole month. On Saturday afternoon I am expecting some of the mothers to come and tell me what they think of the work we are doing for their children. They will probably be gone by five o'clock, and if you care to come down at that time I might be induced to go out to dinner with you. Don't bother about a chaperon. As I feel now, I could chaperone a chorus girl myself.

"Cordially,

"KATHERINE."

Whether the meeting at Mrs. Kelly's had been called together by engraved cards, by postals, or simply by shrieking from one window to another, I do not know, but there was evidently some excitement, some deep feeling which needed expression among the little crowd of women in the fourth floor, back.

"I tell ye," shouted Mrs. Kelly, to make herself heard above the din of many voices, "I tell ye, we must organize, an' Tim Kelly himself says it. Only last Satady night, an' him swearin' wid hunger, an' me faintin' wid the big wash I had up the Avenoo, what did we come home to but hull wheat bred an' ags olla Beckymell. There stood my Katy, wid her han's on her hips a-sayin' as 'teacher said' them things was nourishiner than b'iled cabbage. Well, Tim was that mad he broke every plate on the table an' then went and drank hisself stiff in Casey's saloon."

"An' what do ye think," cried Mrs. McGinniss, as Mrs. Kelly stopped for breath, "the other night, when me an' some frinds was comin' in for a quiet avenin', we found my Ellen Addy had hauled the bed into the front room, an' she an' the young ones was all asleep, an' up to the winders was my best petticut cut in two. When I waked her up she whined, 'Teacher says it ain't healthy to sleep in back.' Did ye ever hear the like of that? an' every blessed one of them kids born there!"

"Now, wha' d'ye think o' that?" murmured the crowd.

Mrs. Kelly caught her breath and began again. "I've axed ye to come here because teacher sent word that she'd like the mothers to come of a Satady and tell her how they liked what she was doin' for the young ones. Tim says as they sends a committee from men's meetings, and I think if Mrs. McGinniss, Mrs. McGraw and me was to riprint this gatherin' we could tell her how we all feels."

It was Saturday afternoon, and the model flat was in perfect order, while the



little servant, called "friend" by Miss Anderson, waited in her spotless apron to answer the bell. Another object-lesson for the mothers who were expected. The bell rang and three women walked soberly into the little hall.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Kelly, and you, Mrs. McGinniss." She hesitated at the third name.

"'Tis Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. Kelly in a deep bass voice.

"Bring the tea, Louisa," said Miss Anderson, "and then after that I want to show you how pleasant my home is here."

Mrs. Kelly gave a sniff. "Hum, yes-sum, it's sunny, but I've seen your home up town, and it's beyond the likes of me to see why you're down here at all, at all."

"Yes," said Mrs. McGinniss, "an' I've come to say that you'd better stay up there an' stop teachin' my childer about their insides. I'm tired of hearin' 'I can't eat this an' I can't eat that, cause teacher says there ain't no food value'. An' there's Mrs. Polinski, down the street, says she'll have no more foolishness."

Mrs. Kelly had caught her breath again. Her Rebecca "come home only yestidy an' cut all the stitches in Ikey's clo'es, an' him sewed up for the winter."

Just then a woman with a shawl over

her head came in without knocking. With a nod to the three women, she faced the teacher. "Now, I'd like to know one thing," she said; "you sent my Josie home this morning to wash the patchouly offen her hair; now, I want to know just one thing—does she come here to be smelt or to be learnt?"

"There's another thing, too," said Mrs. Kelly; "I want that physical torture business stopped. The young ones are tearin' all their clo'es off, an' it's *got to be stopped!*"

Katherine looked a little dazed and her voice trembled a bit as she said: "Wouldn't you like to look at the flat?"

"No, Miss, we wouldn't," said Mrs. Kelly. "You're a nice young woman, and you don't mean no harm, but it's the sinse av the committee that you're buttin' in. Good day to ye." And they filed slowly out.

Katherine, with cheeks aflame, turned toward the door. There was a suspicious twinkle in Landon's eyes as he said.

"Are you quite ready for dinner, dear?"

There was a little break in her voice, and she gave him both her hands.

"Quite ready for—for anything, Everett."



"Three women walked soberly into the hall"

## MELINDA'S HUMOROUS STORY

By May McHenry

MELINDA was dejected. She told herself that she was groping in the vale of despair, that life was a vast, gray, echoing void. She decided that ambition was dead—a case of starvation; that friendship had slipped through too eagerly grasping fingers; that love—ah, love!—

"You'd better take a dose of blue-mass," her aunt suggested when she had sighed seven times dolefully at the tea table.

"Not blue-mass. Any other kind of mass you please, but *not* blue," Melinda shuddered absently.

No; she was not physically ill; the trouble was deeper—soul sickness, acute, threatening to become chronic, that defied allopathic doses of favorite and other philosophers, that would not yield even to hourly repetition of the formula handed down from her grandmother—"If you can not have what you want, try to want what you have." Yet she could lay her finger on no bleeding heart-wound, on no definite cause. It was true that the deeply analytical, painstakingly interesting historical novel on which she had worked all winter had been sent back from the publishers with a briefly polite note of thanks and regrets; but as she had never expected anything else, that could not depress her. Also, the slump in G. C. Copper stock had forced her to give up her long-planned southern trip and even to forego the consolatory purchase of a spring gown; but she had a mind that could soar above flesh-pot disappointments. Then, the Reverend John Graham;—but what John Graham did or said was nothing—absolutely nothing, to her.

So Melinda clenched her hands and moaned in the same key with the east wind and told the four walls of her room that she could not endure it; she must *do* something. Then it was, that in a flash of

inspiration, it came to her—she would write a humorous story.

The artistic fitness of the idea pleased her. She had always understood that humorists were marked by a deep-dyed melancholy, that the height of unhappiness was a vantage-ground from which to view the joke of existence. She would test the dictum; now, if ever, she would write humorously. The material was at hand, seething and crowding in her mind, in fact—the monumental dullness and complacent narrowness of the villagers, the egoism, the conceit, the bland shepherd-of-his-flock pomposity of John Graham. What more could a humorist desire? Yes; she would write.

Thoughts came quick and fast; words flowed in a fiery stream like lava that glows and rushes and curls and leaps down the mountain, sweeping all obstacles aside. (The figure did not wholly please Melinda, for everybody knows how dull and gray and uninteresting lava is when it cools, but she had no time to bother with another.) She felt the exultation, the joy and uplifting of spirit that is the reward—usually, alas, the sole reward—of the writer in the work of creation.

Then before the lava had time to cool she sent the story to the first magazine on her list with a name beginning with "A." It was her custom to send them that way, though sometimes with a desire to be impartial she commenced at "Z" and went up the list.

At the end of two weeks the wind had ceased blowing from the east. Melinda decided that though life for her must be gray, echoing, void, yet would she make an effort for the joy of others. She would lift herself above the depression that enfolded her even as the buoyant hyacinths were cleaving their dark husks and lifting up the beauty and fragrance of their hearts to solace passers-by. Therefore

she ceased parting her hair in the middle and ordered a simple little frock from D——'s—hyacinth blue *voile* with a lining that should whisper and rustle like the glad winds whisking away last year's leaves.

Then the day came when she strolled carelessly and unexpectantly down the village street to the post-office and there received a letter that bore on the upper left hand corner of the envelope the name of the magazine first on her list beginning with "A." A chill passed along Melinda's spine. That humorous story—Could this mean?—It was too horrible to contemplate.

She took a short cut through the orchard and as she walked she tore off a corner and peeped into the envelope. Yes, there was a pale-blue slip of paper with serrated edges. She leaned against a Baldwin apple-tree to think.

How true it is that one should be prepared for the unexpected. Melinda had sent out many manuscripts freighted with tingling hopes and eager aspirations and with the postage stamps that insured their prompt return; how was she to know, by what process of reasoning could she infer that this, that had been offered simply from force of habit, would be retained in exchange for an aesthetically tinted check? She anathematized the magazine editor. (That seems the proper thing to do with editors.) She wanted to know what business he had to keep that story after having led her to believe that it was his unbreakable custom to send them back. It was deception, she told the swelling Baldwin buds, base, deep-dyed, subtle deception. After baiting her on with his little, pink, printed rejection slips, he suddenly sprung a wicked trap.

It was some time before Melinda grew calm enough to read the editorial letter. It ran:

*"Dear Madam—We are glad to have your tender and delicately sympathetic picture of village life. There is a note of true sentiment and a generous apprecia-*

*tion of homely virtue marking this story for which we desire to add an especial word of praise. Check enclosed.*

*"Very truly yours,*

*"The Editor of A——."*

Melinda sank limply on the bleached, last year's grass at the foot of the tree. "Tender and delicately sympathetic picture"—"Generous appreciation!" She laughed feebly. The editor was pleased to be facetious. Having a fine sense of humor himself he showed his realization of the story by acknowledging it in the same vein of subtle satire.

She reread the letter and unfolded the slip of paper with serrated edges with changing emotions. After all it was not such a very bad story. She permitted herself to recall how humorous it was, how cleverly and keenly it laid bare the ridiculous, the unexpected, how it scintillated with wit and abounded in droll and subtle distinctions and descriptions—all—all at the expense of her nearest relatives and her dearest friends.

Melinda thought she would return the check and demand that her story be sent back to her or destroyed; but, reflecting that Punch's advice is applicable to other things than matrimony and suicide, she didn't. She resolutely put her literary Frankenstein behind her. She reasoned that in all probability the story would not be published during the lifetime of any of the originals of the characters; that even if the worst came to the worst, Mossdale was likely to remain in ignorance that would be blissful. The villagers were not wont to waste time on the printed word; in fact, such was the profundity of their unenlightenment, few of them had heard of the magazine with a name beginning with "A." Even John Graham paid little attention to the secular periodicals; besides, if absolutely necessary, John's attention might be diverted.

So Melinda went away on a visit. Her health demanded it. The doctor was unable to name her malady, but she herself diagnosed it as *magazinitis*.

Toward fall Melinda, entirely recovered, returned to Mossdale. Entirely recovered, yet she turned cold, unseeing eyes on the newsboy when he passed through the car with his towering load of varicolored periodicals, and rather than be forced to the final resort of the unaccompanied traveler, she welcomed the advent of an acquaintance possessed of volubility of an ejaculatory, eruptive variety. After many gentle jets and spurts of gossip much remained to be told, as the lady hastily gathered up her impedimenta preparatory to alighting at her home station.

"How like me in the joy of seeing you, to forget! What a sweet, clever story! And to think of you having something published in 'A——'! I never was more surprised than when Mr. Ferguson brought home the magazine. Those delicious Mossdale people! I could not endure that the dear things should not see and know at once. The lovely hamlet is so—so remote, and I knew you were traveling. What a pleasure to send them half a dozen copies that very evening!

—Yes, porter, that, too— *Do run down to see me soon, dear— Now do. Good-by!*"

Melinda summoned the news-boy and bought the latest number of the magazine with a name beginning with "A." She turned to the list of "Contents" with feverish anxiety, then the book slid from her nerveless fingers. Her humorous story had been given to an eager public. She leaned back and gazed out at the flying telegraph poles and fields. Even the worthiest, the gravest, the finest, she reflected, has a face, that if seen in a certain light, will flash out the ignus fatuus

of the ridiculous; but it is not usually considered the office of friendship to turn on the betraying light. Oh, well, her relatives would forgive in time. Relatives *have* to forgive. It was unfortunate that John Graham was not a relative. "One thing, I know now how much Mrs. Ferguson cares because I got those six votes ahead of her for the Thursday Club presidency— Half a dozen copies!" Melinda said aloud as she caught sight of the spire of the Mossdale Church.

Her Uncle Joe met her at the station and kissed her for the first time since she had put on long dresses. Notwithstanding a foolish prejudice against tobacco juice Melinda received the salute in a meek and contrite spirit.

"Notice how many citizens were hanging around underfoot on the depot platform—so as you kinder had to stop and shake hands to get 'em out o' the way?" Uncle Joe queried as he turned the colts heads toward home.

Melinda had noticed. "I suppose they came out to see the train come in," she suggested.

"Nope; not exactly."

Uncle Joe explained, "Looking out for automobiles and flying air-ships have made trains of cars seem mighty common up this way. Nope; the folks was out on account of you a-comin'."

"Me?" Having a guilty conscience Melinda glanced backward apprehensively and made a motion as though to dodge a missile.

"Yep; and you'll find a lot of the relations at the house a-waitin' for you."

"Why—what—? Now look here, Uncle Joe, there is no occasion to be foolish about a little—"



"It was some time before Melinda grew calm enough to read the editorial letter."

"Fool'sh? Now, mebbly some would call it foolish, but us folks up the creek here we can't help feelin' set up some over findin' out we have a second Milton or a Mrs. Stowe in the fambly."

Melinda looked at her relative's concave profile in sick suspicion. Was the trail of the serpent over them all? But no, Uncle Joe was beaming mildly with the satisfaction of having shown that although the literary hemisphere was the unknown land, he had heard of a mountain and a minor elevation or two; he was, as she had always believed, incapable of satire.

For once Melinda was speechless. But Uncle Joe was likely to be fluent when he got started. He cleared his throat and turned mild, suffused, half-shamed blue eyes on his shrinking niece. "Yes, your piece has come out in the paper, Melindy, and your folks are all-fired pleased with you. I told Lucy this morning I wisht your poor Pap could come back to earth for just this one day."

"Ah-h!" Melinda took a firm grip on the side of the buggy. "But I guess you'll have to write another right off. There is some jealousy amongst them that aren't in it," Uncle Joe went on. "I told 'em you couldn't put the whole connection in or it would read like a list of 'them present' at a surprise party. Your Aunt Lucy, she's just as tickled as a hen with three chickens." The old man chuckled. "There it is all down in black and white just like it happened, only different, about her spasm of economy when she was cleanin' away Mary Emmeline's medicine bottles and couldn't bear to throw away what was left over, but up and took it all herself in one powerful mixed dose to save it, and had to have the doctor with a stomach-pump to cure her of spasms, what wasn't so economical after all. It's her picture tickles her most."

"Oh!" said Melinda.

"Yes, you know the picture is as slim as a girl in her first pair o' cossets a-

standin' on a chair a-reachin' bottles off a top shelf, and your Aunt Lucy's that hefty she hain't stood on a chair for ten years for fear 'twould break down, and she's had to trust the top shelf to the hired girl. I guess when she goes to Heaven she'll want to stop on the way up and fix that top shelf to suit her. So she just sits and looks at that picture and smiles and smiles. She likes my whiskers, too. Yes, she's always wanted me to wear whiskers ever since we was married, but we never was a whiskery fambly and they wouldn't seem to grow no thicker than your Uncle Josh's corn when he planted it one grain to the hill. But there I am in the picture in the paper with real biblical whiskers reachin' to the bottom o' my vest."

Uncle Joe cleared his throat and glanced sideways at his niece again. "I want to tell you, Melindy, that I am real obleeged to you for makin' me one of the main ones in the piece with a lot to say. Your Aunt Lucy says 'twas only right and proper, me bein' your nighest kin and you livin' with us; but I told her there was so many others that was smarter and more the story-paper kind, that I thought it showed real good feelin' on your part; yes, I did.—*G'up, there, Ginger!*—Then I kind o' thought I'd warn you, too, Melindy, that they all are just a-dyin' to hear you say who 'The Preacher' is. He's the only one we couldn't quite place."

Melinda took the little bottle of smelling salts from her bag and held it to her nose.

"Yes," Uncle Joe went on, "the others was easy identified because you had named the names; but him you just called 'The Preacher' all the way through. Some says it's the Reverend Graham kind of toned down and trimmed up like things you see in the moonlight on a summer night. But I told them the Reverend Graham is a nice enough chap, but that that extra-fine, way-up preacher fellow in the



story must be some stranger you knew from off and didn't give his name, because you didn't rightly know what it was. I thought, even if you was so soft on Reverend Graham as to see him in that illusory, moony light, that about the stranger from off was the right and proper thing for me, being your uncle, to say any way. So if you want to keep it dark about 'The Preacher' you can just talk about a stranger from off."

"I will, Uncle Joe—*dear* Uncle Joe."

she turned the leaves she caught sight of a manly form carefully climbing the fence. She dropped the periodical and stood on it, gazing up pensively into the well-laden boughs of the Baldwin.

The Reverend Graham took her hands in a strong ministerial squeeze.

"It is very good of you to come to see me so soon after my return," she faltered.

"Good—Melinda! Do you think I could help coming?" he ejaculated. "I can not tell you—words are inadequate

"Her Uncle Joe met her  
at the Station."



Melinda exclaimed gratefully as they stopped in front of the gate.

Melinda greeted her relatives with a warmth and enthusiasm that embarrassed and made them suspicious. She was not usually so complacent, so solicitous for the health and progress of offspring; above all she was not usually so loth to talk about herself. She acted as though she had never written a story, yet three copies of it were spread open under her nose, one on the piano, one on the parlor table, one on the sideboard—all open at the passage about "The Preacher."

The relatives retired in disgust. With the departure of the last one Melinda seized a magazine and fled to the orchard. She would read that story herself. As

to express what I feel," he went on,—  
"the deep gratitude, the humility, the wonder, the triumph, the determination, with God's aid, to live up to the high ideal you have set forth in your wonderful story. You have seen the latent qualities, the nobler potentialities; you have shown me to myself. *Melinda!* Do not think that I do not appreciate the difficulties of this hour for you. I know how your heart is shrinking, how your delicate maidenly modesty is up in arms. But Melinda, you know! you know! *Dear Melinda!*"

"I am glad you understand me, John."

"Understand you!" The Reverend Graham could restrain himself no longer. He swept her into his arms, appropriating his own.

Melinda remained there quiescently leaning against his shoulder, because there seemed nothing else to do, also because it was a broad and comfortable shoulder against which to lean. "I am done for," she reflected. "Now I will

never dare to confess that I was trying to be humorous."

Then she reached up a hand and touched the Preacher's face timidly. His cheek was wet. "Why John—*John!*" she whispered.

## THE TRIUMPH

By Katharine M. Roof

"ONCE twain we did roam. I walk now alone."

The accompaniment broke off with unexpected abruptness.

"*Nein, nein*—not so. That is not the climax! You sing *forte* on *roam* and what then is left for *false*? The climax comes so—" With the wreck of a once beautiful voice Mme. Behnke demonstrated:

"Once twain we did roam, I walk now alone.

My love is *false*—I would I were dead."

The girl who had been singing met her teacher's German frenzy with an impassive face. She started again without attempted excuse:

"My love is *false*—"

At the ascending note her voice broke and Madame's hands left the key-board with the crash of disaster. She leaned back in her chair, flushed, prostrated. A girl who was sitting by the window listening and waiting, came forward and began to fan her solicitously. The offending pupil coughed explanatively. After a moment of labored breathing the singing teacher looked up pathetically.

"It was that break." She passed her hand over her forehead with a gesture of impotence and despair. She turned tragic eyes upon the singer. "After so long I have vorked with you and not yet can I trust you." Her voice rose. "You do not *think*—you do not *care*. Your head I believe is made of *vood*."

The pupil thus addressed shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her

eyes fell after a minute, but otherwise she did not change expression. She was a tall girl, heavily and rather clumsily built. She had coarse, brilliant red hair and red lips whose fullness suggested both stupidity and materialism. Her dark eyes had a certain soulless, heavy-lidded beauty. Her hands were thick and her large feet were shabbily shod. Her dress, while not untidy, betrayed the bourgeoisie as conclusively as her face.

A few minutes later, Madame's difficult calm having been sufficiently restored, the song began again and proceeded without interruption. When it was finished there was a moment of silence save for the teacher's inarticulate ejaculation.

"There is a fortune in *that* voice," exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman who had come into the studio during the last notes.

"It's like molasses—thick, slow molasses the way it comes in the winter time, ain't it," exclaimed a small sallow girl in a red flannel shirt-waist, who diffused a faint aroma of fry.

"It is like a 'cello," said a delicate-looking girl who sat at the window—she who had wielded the soothing fan.

"It makes you feel queer, say, doesn't it?" remarked a girl in a picture hat and a dusty black toilette containing touches of deep pink ribbon and white tulle. She looked around with a smile of intimate acquaintanceship. "You kind of feel it inside; it's queer."

The singer looked from one to the other of her appreciators and smiled a

slow smile. She stood by the piano until Madame dismissed her with a curt gesture, and then went over to the chair where her wraps were deposited and began rolling up her music. When she had left the room with an awkward intention of general adieu, the well-dressed woman spoke to the fair-haired girl:

"Who is she?"

"Lisa Horwitz."

"Jewish?"

"Yes. Russian-Jew-American! Madam Behnke is educating her for the opera, but she will make her debut, of course, in concert."

"Ah, indeed; soon?"

"In the Spring, I fancy."

"She has a wonderful voice."

"Oh, yes, a phenomenal voice."

"But she is so heavy like an *ochs*," contributed Madame from the piano-stool, where she was making notes in lead-pencil on a sheet of music. "I have to *drive* her!"

"She will make a pile of money all right," observed the girl with the picture hat.

"That's what she will," returned the girl in the red shirt-waist with a sigh.

"She will be famous," said the fair-

haired girl dreamily. She had a sweet but very small voice herself.

"Ah, you Americans!" cried Madame bitterly, "you think of nothing but the money and the celebrity. Some day when you have had a little education in nobler ideals, then, perhaps, you will begin to know what art means. . . . Miss Goldstein, I am ready."

The owner of the picture hat arose, loosened her collar and, at a sign from the piano, attacked an exercise in a voice of unexpectedly charming quality.

Alone, at the end of the day, Madame Behnke sank into her chair with the relaxation of complete exhaustion. Jennie, the young German-American girl who served her as secretary, accountant and memory came in the room with a timid offer of tea. The Madame was rather a terrible old woman and Jennie lived in wholesome fear of her.

"Lisa sang beautifully to-day," she ventured.

"*Ziemlich gut.*"

"It is such a beautiful voice—"

"*Ach, ja,*" Madame shook her head impatiently. "The voice is all right."

"Do you think she can come out in the Spring?"



"If she is ever ready! She is with me six years now already." A shadow passed over the worn old face. "*Gott!* How I have worked with that girl. With my own blood and brain I have worked. Sometimes I think in her head is not brains but stones!"

"You will give her your name, Madame?"

"Yes." Madame sank back listlessly. Suddenly she broke out again passionately: "That my art shall live in my name I have vorked. But I vork, I vork and there is nothing—nothing, not gratitude nor recognition. I, to whom Wagner has said, 'you will be someday the greatest of Brunhildes.' He say so—and kiss my hand—'No one else have so great a voice like you'—and the next year with the sickness it is gone—all gone. I, who have been the friend of Lizst, of Wagner, of Von Buelow, to live so alone in this dirty city that thinks only of money—all the time of money—and no one to care or understand. . . . I am but one singing teacher to teach stupid girls who do not care or know or feel—who will not vork—no one knows so well the secret to sing as I can teach. That at least can I leave behind. But with no pupil to prove me who will know? I grow old and I am tired; and soon I vill die and no one vill know or remember." The old woman's voice broke. Her chest was rising and falling spasmodically, her face working, —grotesque, pathetic, in its emotion. The young girl looked at her with parted lips and awed eyes. Madame, catching sight of her, turned her face abruptly to the window.

"You may go, Jennie. I need nothing."

Lisa Horwitz, the daughter of a Hebrew butcher, decently and severely brought up by a conscientious Scotch mother, had a certain trained submissiveness in the matter of work in spite of an innate laziness. Material and unimaginative, she associated the idea of music with the discomfort of discipline and so rather

disliked than took pleasure in her study, classing it in her mind with mending and house work. Her voice having been discovered by her father, he had taken her from teacher to teacher in the search for one who would undertake her training without recompense; and so she had fallen into the hands of Madame Behnke. Without possessing either musical feeling or musical intelligence, Lisa was mysteriously able to give the effect of it in her singing. Perhaps it was merely that it was possible for her to imitate closely her teacher's illustrations. Her slowness in the mastery of technique had driven Madame almost to despair. Yet with the assistance and collusion of the ambitious parents the strong-willed German woman had forced the sluggish Lisa up the steeps of achievement. Such social relations as obtained in her class the girl had been rigidly withheld from; and, mind and brain moving slowly, any instinct to attract that may have lain dormant in her was still unawakened. So slowly and almost passively she had acquired the essential training and at last her debut was arranged for.

The night of the concert came. Madame, attired in purple and black brocade, fat, perspiring, unlovely, her gray hair fantastically curled in a fashion of by-gone German taste, sat at the piano to play her pupil's accompaniments. She was tragically nervous. Lisa, in shimmering yellow crepe,—fashionably, artistically dressed for the first time in her life,—was not at all nervous, although she had more color than usual and there was an unwonted sparkle in her shallow eyes. Lisa was never nervous, but Madame had feared that at this crucial moment she might be. Even now, as her hands were about to strike the opening chords, she looked at the girl distrustingly: not one whit less the bourgeoisie in her trailing silk than in her every-day woolen dress—yet the clinging gold-colored stuff disclosed startlingly the coarse, vivid beauty of her.

She stood before her hearers with a certain heavy, drooping repose that gave an effect of simplicity.

She sang "Im Herbst," two other Franz songs, and a group of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms's songs, and, last of all, "Träume." After each number the applause increased until it swelled into an ovation at the last. Then Lisa sang an encore:

"The sweetest flower that blows I give  
you as we part—  
For you it is a rose. To me it is my  
heart—"

and sang it with exaggerated expression.

The house was uproarious with enthusiasm. Madame was furious: "Like concert hall—after all I say to her," she muttered.

A dark man, thick-necked and authoritative, pushed his way through the crowd to the ante-room, and worked his way toward Lisa, who was talking with the violin-obligatoist.

"It is Gerry," whispered one pupil to another. "Look at him—he is talking with her—he is engaging her—" The manager was looking at Lisa with admiration, repellant, obvious, unmistakable. Her color had deepened. Her heavy red hair had fallen low upon her forehead. She turned to him with her slow smile, looking at him from under half-closed eyelids.

In the background, buffeted, brushed aside by the crowd, was Madame Behnke. Her pride would not let her step nearer to Lisa uninvited, but she was listening eagerly. Only fragments of their conversation reached her. One of her pupils ran up hurriedly.

"He has engaged her—he has engaged her already, Madame! Her career is made. He says so. She is to go to Germany and sing *Isolde* and then she will come back and sing in the opera here. He says she will be the greatest *Isolde* ever heard. He says there is not another such voice in opera—"

The girl ran off and Madame moved

a few steps nearer to Lisa, within full sight of her; but Lisa was listening to the impressario with eyes now upraised, now downcast, and did not see her teacher. A moment longer Madame stood upon the outskirts waiting. Once she said Lisa's name; but Lisa did not hear. Then with a dignity, despite her awkward weight,



"Look at him—he is talking  
to her—he is engaging her—"

the singing teacher made her way out of the room. She went alone into the dressing-room to collect her wraps, and joined the thinning crowd that was leaving the hall. She pulled open the big outer door with difficulty; it drove back heavily and ejected her rudely into the cold, windy street. She stood a moment, dazed among the confusion of cab calls, her gray hair blown out in streams by the wind. A man came up and took her carriage number, but he was gone so long that she went herself among the cabmen, questioning them sharply, wearily, ineffectually. At last she turned decidedly and walked toward Broadway and waited shivering for the car.



At her own door, her stiff fingers could not manage the latch key, and she was obliged to ring the bell. She waited long before Jennie came yawning and shading her eyes from the light to let her in. With scant greeting Madame brushed past the girl and went up into her sitting-room. The fire was out and the gas turned low. She sat down by the window and looked down into the deserted street. The electric lights flickered, and there was the occasional crescendo and diminu-

endo of passing footsteps. After a time she became aware of Jennie's timid presence in the doorway.

" . . . it was a success, Madame?"

"Yes . . . it was a success. She has now her opportunity. She alone can spoil it. You need not wait, Jennie."

Jennie stole softly away and shut the door; and the woman whose hand Wagner had kissed sat alone in the cold and darkness.

## A FALL FROM GRACE

*By Cornelia Kane Rathbone*

MISS Matilda Hardover sat stiff and grim in her straight-backed chair. Her face was expressionless in its stern repression, but the hands which clutched the chair's knobby arms were eloquent with misery. On the table before her lay pen and paper and an open inkstand.

"I don't know what else in the world to do," she said aloud, her overburdened heart forced, as it were, by its very overcharge into outward expression, "I don't know what else to do! There isn't another soul I can ask to help me, and I've prayed till I should think the Almighty would be tired hearing me, and it hasn't done a mite of good."

The sound of a little hacking cough came through the thin partition. Miss Matilda's gray face grew grayer. "I've got to do it," she said, "I'm about tired praying."

She drew the paper toward her with a look of agonized surrender and wrote:

"NICE, January 17.

"JOHN HALSEY—If you still want Anabel, come and fetch her. I've got to give in or see her die. I don't give my consent now; it's forced upon me. The Parkinsville bank has failed and I've lost every cent in the world, except fifty dollars

that I have in my pocket. Most of my friends have lost, too, and can't help me, and those that can won't. Later, they say, they may be able to do something—that means tombstones when we're dead, I guess, wooden ones at that! I did what I thought was my duty when I broke it off between you and Anabel; my conscience wouldn't let me stand by and see her, with her little white soul, mated to a man who, in my mind, isn't fit to touch hands with decent folks. I've never minced matters with you, John Halsey; you know my opinion of you, and it hasn't changed. As to the repentance you talked about—well, I guess it will take more salt tears to wash the black off your soul than ever you are likely to shed. If a white cat jumps into the dye-pot she may lick and lick, but she'll never be a white cat any more in this world; dirty gray is the best she'll ever be again. If there was any other blessed thing to do but this I'd do it; I'd scrub floors, except that it wouldn't pay for the wear and tear to my clothes! But there isn't any other way I can see. Anabel is pining away, and I can't see her die! Her mother went that way; that was the reason I let old Doctor Marsh send her out here, that and hoping the change would help her forget you. But it hasn't. Now the doctor here says,

take her home to more bracing air—they just play shuttlecock with us across the water! And I can't take her home; I haven't the money, and I can't get it. So I give in.

"MATILDA HARDOVER."

Again the little cough sounded through the partition. Miss Matilda added a postscript: "Come soon!"

She folded and addressed her letter, but had no stamp. "It wouldn't catch tomorrow's steamer anyway," she said; "tonight will do."

She sat back in her chair and looked curiously at the envelope on the table. "I thought I'd have died sooner, but you never can tell what you'll do; folks don't know themselves as well as they think they do," she meditated. Never before had she deliberately chosen what, to her narrow, perverted vision, seemed the wrong path. Till now she had followed her conscience unflinchingly over the stoniest ways, taking stoical satisfaction in their roughness. She had reveled in righteousness or, more exactly, in her conscious possession of it, gloating over it as the miser over his useless, hoarded gold. Others about her had fallen from grace, as she sternly phrased it, but for herself she had had no fear; yet the letter to John Halsey lay there on the table, proof of her unsuspected weakness. She, Matilda Hardover, was trafficking with the devil—to save Anabel's life she was risking, as she considered, the child's soul; she was mating her with a man who, from her rigid point of view, was an unbeliever, a man who had been guilty of gross sin.

"But I can't let her die; I can't!" she cried. "It doesn't seem as if I could bear it either way! I've made an idol of her; nobody's known it but God, and now He's punishing me." Even in the secrecy of her own chamber it was surreptitiously that she wiped away the one uncontrollable tear. Tears were a weakness of which she was ashamed.

The luncheon bell jangled through the

pension. Miss Matilda rose quickly and went to the looking-glass to smooth her hair and make ready to face the world with unperturbed countenance. Not even time itself had dared take liberties with Miss Matilda's locks, which she wore parted and caught back with little combs. The combs were not a concession to fashion on her part; it was fashion which had returned to her way of thinking. Anabel regarded her aunt's coiffure thankfully, as a happy chance. She knew that had she started life in puffs and water waves, in puffs and water waves would she have ended it.

She stopped at her niece's door and they went down together, Anabel effacing herself timidly in her aunt's grim shadow. At luncheon Miss Matilda ate as sparingly as possible. "Don't you cheat people out of more than you can help, Matilda Hardover," she charged herself; "like as not you can't pay."

"Aren't you well, aunt?" asked Anabel, as Miss Matilda refused the roast.

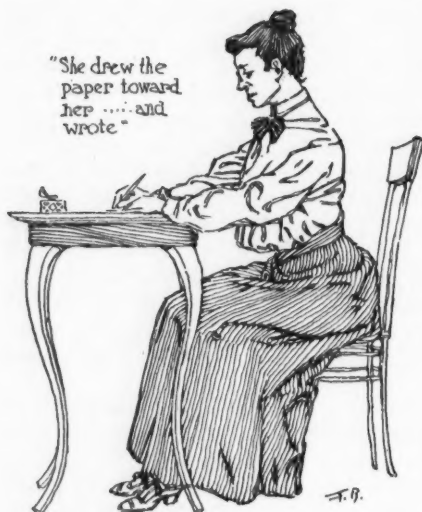
"Did you ever know me sick?"

"No, aunt."

"Then don't ask silly questions." She was not usually sharp with Anabel.

The company at the long pension table was not congenial to Miss Matilda. There were a few portly, becaped British matrons with tall, strong-limbed daughters; a party of affable, polyglot Russians; some Americans shrill and gay, and a sprinkling of voluble, many-adjectived Germans. As usual the talk turned on Monte Carlo; a fortune, it was said, had been made there the night before. There was much excitement, systems were discussed and that of the winner explained. Miss Matilda sat with eyes fixed on her plate listening. No table of graduated offenses found place in her stern moral code; gambling, in her eyes, was a heinous sin; she was convinced that had cards been invented in the days of Moses, the Almighty would have included them with murder in His condemnation.

After luncheon Miss Matilda returned



"She drew the paper toward her .... and wrote"

to her room and put on her bonnet. Her fingers trembled as she tied the strings. The grim face reflected in the dull looking-glass grew a shade grayer.

"There's one way you haven't tried yet, Matilda Hardover," she said in a hoarse whisper.

She lifted her eyes furtively to the sharp, gray eyes in the mirror, and saw her soul watching her. She met the gaze defiantly for an instant, then her eyes fell guiltily away. The bonnet strings were quite awry.

"Are you ready, aunt?" asked Anabel, at the door.

Twice a day they walked on the Promenade des Anglais. It was martyrdom to Miss Matilda, but she never flinched: "It's like the cake-walk in a darky show," she groaned, "and I feel like a born fool strutting up and down among the peacocks, but I'll cake-walk till doomsday if it will do Anabel any good."

Day after day, therefore, she strode, gaunt and grim, at Anabel's side, her scant skirt and bugle-fringed dolman defiantly conspicuous in the glittering crowd, the Puritan soul within her crying out against the frivolity and evil which met her eyes. "Look out to sea till I tell you,"

she commanded if she espied a painted cheek. "Hold your parasol well down," she whispered when a bold, admiring glance fell on her charge. Anabel always obeyed. She was a docile child, with the exquisite, fragile loveliness of a pale hedge rose. Miss Matilda would gladly have turned away her own eyes, but duty to Anabel forbade; she could only draw her skirt tightly about her and so escape actual contact with the trailing, silken vanities which floated by. A silk gown, save on the Sabbath, was, in her eyes, a sinful luxury; she almost doubted the respectability of the woman who wore one on a week day. The whole scene was repugnant to her—everything about it was so strange, so unlike Parkinsville. Even the beauty of sky and mountain and sea struck her as a little too vivid to be quite "nice," though she never actually formulated such criticism of their Creator. The laughter and music, the ever-changing stream of color and life grated on her; in the gaiety she saw only frivolity, in the beauty only the evil she was prepared to find. In the bottom of her heart lurked an unacknowledged feeling of disappointment that the thief whom she daily expected had not yet appeared to snatch the purse so carefully prepared for him, which she carried so conspicuously. It contained a few *sous*, not current in France, which she had accepted in early, unwary days, and a text intended to arouse terror and contrition in his disappointed heart.

To-day, when she was ready for her walk, she took the slip of paper from her purse and read the verse twice over: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

"It's Holy Writ," she said beneath her breath.

There was silence in the room for a while, then the tense silence which throbs with the bitter crying of a soul.

Anabel grew tired waiting.

By and by Miss Matilda locked away the purse in a drawer and tore the text deliberately into bits: "'Tain't for the

pot to call the kettle black," she said. Then she went down-stairs and joined Anabel, leaving her letter to John Halsey unstamped upon the table.

They dined at six o'clock at the Pension Beaulieu. Miss Matilda, however, supped, making her dinner at the noon luncheon; Anabel, she allowed, might do as she chose, but she, Matilda Hardover, had taken her meals at Christian hours for fifty years, and she didn't come of a race of conformers. This evening she drank her weak tea hurriedly, and shoved back her chair:

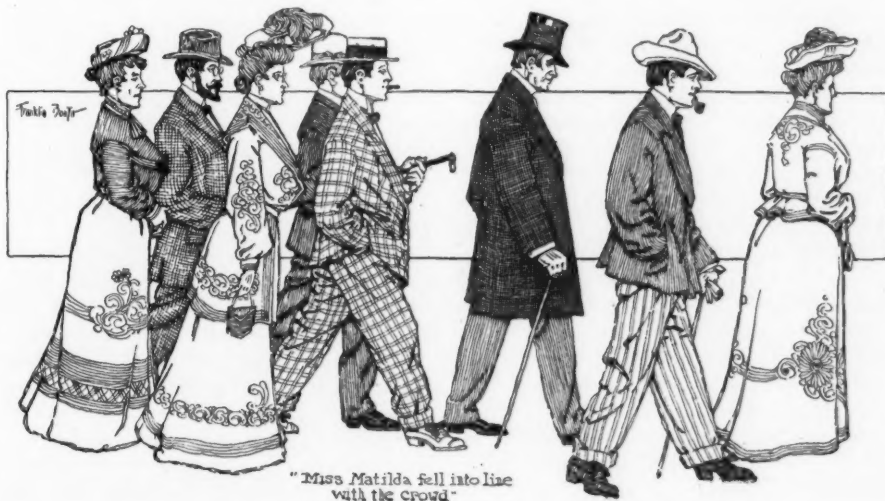
"I've got letters to write," she said to Anabel, "so don't come bothering me."

She went to her room accordingly, and wrote a few lines, assuring herself that so far she had told no lies. That done, she put on her bonnet and a heavy traveling cloak, and slipped stealthily down-stairs. Dinner was still in progress, and as she passed she heard again, through the clatter, the stabbing sound of Anabel's little cough. Her lips tightened, and she shut the house door resolutely behind her. At the station she took a ticket for Monte Carlo.

In and out, from tunnel to starlight,

whirled the train, but to Miss Matilda there was no change of light and shadow; she had entered into that outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. She sat motionless in her corner, unconscious of the discomforts of the dirty third-class carriage. She was thinking of Anabel. She felt again the pressure of the soft baby head against her breast, as she had felt it when the little motherless thing first nestled in her awkward, unaccustomed arms. She felt the soft fingers close again around her stiff untender ones—Oh, her baby, her baby! The one bright, beautiful thing in her narrow, prosaic life! What sacrifice could be too great to guard her from contamination or from death?

Still feeling the light touch of the little hand, she followed the crowd into the dim, odorous gardens. They were cool and still. The soft wash of the sea came faintly from below, a little breeze stirred in the eucalyptus trees; there was fragrance of countless flowers, and fantastic shadows of palms, and overhead starlit loveliness. Miss Matilda drew a long breath, and loosed her fingers from the soft, haunting clasp—it was too pure a memory, she felt,



to be carried further. The words of the text rang in her ears: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But she passed on unflinching into the brilliantly lighted Square and strode up the Casino steps—into the mouth of hell strode Miss Matilda. It was, in its way, as heroic a charge as that of the Six Hundred—they dared death for duty's sake, she for love's, but the death which Miss Matilda doubted not she faced was the blacker, more awful one. Everywhere, against sky and marble steps, above the brightness of the great portal, the condemning words printed and re-printed themselves in letters black and strong: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "It's like the handwriting on the wall," she thought, "but better my soul than Anabel's."

Miss Matilda fell into line with the crowd that in slow file besought gracious, printed permission to squander its all upon the green tables. She had no card to present as the others had; visiting cards were rare in Parkinsville. She could only give her name.

"Matilda Hardover," she spelled distinctly, then, with a tell-tale flush and an instant's hesitation, "*Mrs.* Matilda Hardover."

She glanced around defiantly, as if challenging contradiction. Never before had she been placed in a position where she felt the need of even nominal masculine support. "I might have been a *Mrs.* easy enough; it wasn't the chance was lacking," she explained to her conscience.

She surrendered her cloak with many misgivings, and walked on through the spacious vestibule. At one end swinging doors like revolving Pharos lights flashed out sudden, brief gleams of radiance. She steadied herself and approached them. Again they swung open, this time for her, swung open, and shut behind her. On the glitter of jewels, the gleam of white shoulders and brilliant stuffs, her prim, gray gown jarred like a minor note in light ballet music.

"For the land's sake!" she gasped. If she had been a Catholic she would have crossed herself.

Parkinsville's highest conception of evening dress was a silk, cut high; for brides, blue or pale gray; for maturer years, rich, deeper tones relieved, circumstances permitting, with lace—a fichu, a jabot, or a frill. Miss Matilda's horizon was expanding with a rapidity which left her breathless in a strange, new world bare of every familiar landmark. Even the heaven which she had always felt she need but stretch out her blameless hand to touch had receded suddenly beyond her reach. Never again would she find her way back to her old restricted point of view. For better or for worse, she was a citizen of a wider world.

For a few minutes she stood watching the game, listening to the sharp clink of gold and the monotonous refrain of the croupiers which broke through the hoarse undertone of subdued voices.

"It's simple enough, goodness knows!" she concluded. "The road to destruction is always easy walking; you just put your money on and trust to the devil."

She slipped into a chair at one of the tables, and fumbled clumsily in her under-petticoat pocket for the purse which eluded her trembling fingers. A woman beside her laughed a comment which provoked a smile, but which Miss Matilda, conversant only with Ollendorffian phrases, did not understand. She glanced at the speaker and drew herself stiffly away. The woman, whom they called Denise, laughed again.

"*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs,*" broke in the sing-song of the croupier. Miss Matilda threw down a gold piece and saw it swept away; a second, a third shared the same fate. How hot it was; her head swam. A fever of excitement seized her; she was playing, she felt, for life or death, for Anabel's white soul. Again and again she staked; again and again the croupier's ruthless rake drew in its spoils, until she



plunged her hand into an empty purse. The woman beside her no longer laughed. She was a comedy actress, but she knew enough of tragedy to recognize it in Miss Matilda's eyes. She leaned toward her impulsively and touched her arm. Miss Matilda did not shrink away as she had done an hour before. Groping still in the empty purse, she lifted her dazed eyes to the other's face, and saw there only the sympathy.

"It's all gone," she said. Her voice was curiously toneless.

"Let me stake you for once," said her neighbor with easy kindliness.

There was a pause in which Miss Matilda met and conquered a great temptation. "You are real good," she said at last, "but I couldn't ever pay it back; I haven't another cent in the world." She stared blankly before her, stunned by the immensity of her misfortune, appalled, too, to realize how nearly she had withheld the truth.

"Pay if you win," said the woman, "if not, it is only lent to the *bon Dieu*, as *Monsieur le Cure* used to say, and that brings luck."

"You're the kindest woman I ever knew," said Miss Matilda.

The other laughed deprecatingly. "It is nothing, a few *louis*—what is that?"

"It's the doing it," said Miss Matilda.

"Ah," said the other, "when one has needed kindness oneself one understands—everybody is kind when they understand; do not think of it again, it is so little; only tell me your lucky number, so that I may make my plan."

"I haven't any; I don't believe in luck," said Miss Matilda.

"Your fortunate day, then, the day that has brought you happiness."

Miss Matilda looked back over her colorless life; one day alone in all the years stood out from among the rest. "The third," she said. It was the day of Anabel's birth.

"Three times you must leave it then; it

is bold, but who knows—the *bon Dieu* gives every one another chance." The French woman leaned forward and laid a handful of gold on zero.

Miss Matilda wanted to utter a prayer, but she checked herself. "I can commit a sin if I've a mind to," she argued, "but I can't ask the Almighty to bless it."

"*Rien ne va plus*," droned the croupier.

Though she forbade herself words, her whole soul uplifted itself voicelessly. More and more slowly revolved the wheel—then stopped. She saw her stake buried beneath a rain of gold.

"Wait, leave it," whispered her adviser.

"*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs*," called the croupier.

Miss Matilda sat breathless. Again the wheel whirled, and stopped; again she had won.

"Wait, wait!"

She did not need the restraining touch; she seemed turned to stone, powerless to stretch her hand out toward the gold, the price she told herself of her soul.

"*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs*," came the ever-recurring refrain. There was no sound save the chink of gold and silver as the players placed their stakes.

"*Rien ne va plus*." The monotonous voice sounded strange and far away. There was a breathless silence. "Zero," called the croupier. Miss Matilda scarcely heard.

"*Mais prenez le, prenez le donc, c'est le troisième fois*," cried her excited neighbor, forgetting her English. Her voice broke the numbing spell; with a little, gasping cry Miss Matilda leaned forward and gathered in her winnings with both gaunt, shaking hands.

"*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs*," sounded the warning iteration. She leaned back in her chair, weak with the lifted strain, and for the first time since her childhood burst into tears.

The woman who had known the need of kindness guided her out into the soothing hush of the cool, still night. They looked

a curiously ill-matched pair as they passed through the glitter of the gaming rooms, but Miss Matilda clung unheeding to the kindly arm.

"You are a good woman, a sight better than I am," she said huskily. "I've been as hard in my judgments as if I were the angel Gabriel, instead of Matilda Hardover. I thought I was one of the Lord's elect, and that you—well, that you weren't, but I guess it's the other way round."

Miss Matilda leaned on the stone coping of the balustrade and looked out over the sea, the gold she had won lying on the stone beside her. She was quite alone on the broad sweep of white terrace. The sky was dark and full of stars; a little cloud had drawn itself across the moon. Below her, dark and mysterious, lay the sea, the only sound in the night the lap of its quiet swell upon the stones. Where the dark arm of Monaco reached out into the shadow, a faint, white line of breaking waves marked, now and again, the foot of its stone-terraced cliff, the lights of its palace twinkling like nearer stars. The sudden, brief flare of a torch in a little fishing boat lit the sea with a weird glare, which, dying, left intenser darkness. Miss Matilda, shaken and unstrung, gazed into the quiet night with troubled, questioning eyes. She had lost her anchorage, and felt herself tossed upon unknown seas, her little placid haven of secure self-righteousness left far behind. A strange new humility, a late-born charity filled her soul, and born of them both, a trembling hope of pardon. The touch of human compassion had healed her soul's blindness, and with dim, new-granted vision, she groped upward from the human tenderness toward the divine.

"How could I have done it, however could I have done it!" she cried. "Couldn't I have left her to God; isn't He as kind as folks?" She thrust the heap of gold from her with loathing; some pieces rolled from the coping of the parapet and fell in

the dust far below. "I guess I've been mad," she said. After a little she counted out the sum she had brought with her, tying the rest of the money securely in her handkerchief.

The night was very still, the soft plash of the waves only emphasizing the silence. From the bordering thicket of cactus and palm came three soft, sudden, flute-like notes—the dream of a sleeping bird. "Though your sins be as scarlet"—it seemed to Miss Matilda that the bird sang it, "Though your sins be as scarlet—"

"They shall be as white as snow," she returned in thankful antiphon.

The little cloud had floated away from the face of the moon, and a broad silver track quivered across the sea, up which her humbled, contrite soul travelled from out the darkness.

"Perhaps she was right; perhaps the *bon Dieu* does give every one another chance," thought Miss Matilda. "I seem to see things different to-night; I feel somehow as if the Almighty—no, not the Almighty, the *bon Dieu*, the *bon Dieu*—as if He understood, as if, I don't mean it irreverent, but as if He somehow sympathized. It's as if He said, 'You poor soul, now that you've found out that you're no better than anybody else, go, and sin no more, and don't judge other folks.' I guess I needed to hear that. I've said there was no repentance for John Halsey; I've said he wasn't fit to touch hands with me; I've most broken Anabel's heart parting them; I've most killed her; and perhaps all the time I've looked blacker in the Almighty's eyes than he has. I shouldn't wonder but what if my soul can be washed white anybody's can; even John Halsey's."

"As white as snow," dreamed the bird.

Then Miss Matilda, gathering up her winnings, left the cool quiet of the gardens, and with firm step and the light of the stars in her eyes went back into the Casino's glare and publicity to make restitution, and to liberate her soul.

## MRS. BILLY'S BUREAU

By Louise Forsslund

"WHEN did you begin to save money for the Bureau, Mrs. Billy?" asked Priscilla.

The American girl had noticed that the Bureau was always spelt and pronounced with a capital B in the household of her old Dutch friends, and that whenever the Bureau was mentioned, old Billy Blom would squirm about in his chair and Mrs. Billy would begin to bristle. It was delightful to see the old lady bristle. Bristles are all that make some lives worth living, and Priscilla felt sure that Billy would not have enjoyed his wedded life one-half so much had Mrs. Billy been built without bristles.

"When deedt I pegin to safe money for dhot Bureau?" the old wife repeated in an aggressively high key. "I neffer pegin. I *always* vas a-safin'. Joost so soon as I gif my promise to Billy ofver in de Oldt Coountry, I say to mineself: 'Now, I must pegin to safe money for a Bureau to keep his Suntay suit in.'"

"I deedn't haf no Suntay suit," ungraciously asserted the old husband.

"No!" snapped back the wife. "Andt you vould na haf von yit eef I had na marriedt you already."

"Vaal," calmly replied Mr. Billy, giving a sly wink to Priscilla. "A vife must be goodt for somedings."

The old lady's eyes were too weak always to catch Billy's wink or the teasing light in his eyes, and now, bristling more than ever and knitting very fast with sharp clicks of her needles, she snapped:

"'Tis it, eh? Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall!"

Billy, sure that he was sailing safely away from the subject of the Bureau, answered soberly:

"Ya-ya, yes, yes, oom-oom!" Then with that always wise, leisurely, long, slow shake of his head, Billy put his feet on top of the stove and leaned far back in his

chair under the shadow of his uplifted legs, clothed in their baggy breeches. He leaned so far back that you could have seen the full breadth of the beard that rimmed around beneath his chin from the gold hoop ear-ring hanging in one ear to the gold hoop ear-ring hanging in the other.

Click, click, click! went Mrs. Billy's needles, and, although she was making a pair of blue and yellow socks for Billy, yet the needles were not clicking of wifely love and interest.

"A husband can pe de most aggervatin' t'ing on earth, Priscilly," she vowed. "He makes you joost so madt as neffer vas andt den he goes vay oop in de top off a tree yit, andt he smokes his pipe andt shoots his ears andt looks at de moon."

Priscilla laughed a tender, tolerant little laugh and looked from the snapping brown eyes of the old wife to Billy's placid face: "Tell me, Mrs. Billy, how did you happen to marry such a bad man and come off to America with him?" Mrs. Billy tried not to smile, but ended by disclosing the one solitary tooth in her upper jaw,—the northeast corner of her mouth as she called it.

"I dunno!" she vowed, whereupon Billy, showing the two ebony roots in his lower jaw, rejoined with a very positive nod of his head:

"I know!"

"For love?" asked the girl in an insinuating murmur.

"I wanted to see Amelica," said Mrs. Billy with sprightly fencing. At that Billy smiled more broadly than ever, and, lifting his forefinger cried:

"Ah-ha!" as if to say, "We'll catch you yit, oldt ladty!"

"I wanted somedings to try mine temper," said the old wife, making a fresh start. "Andt I got it."

Billy was so afraid that she was going back to the subject of the Bureau that he hastened to say, as if this would account for the trial to the old wife's temper: "Hy-golly, ve vas poor den! Ve vas poor enoof vhen ve landted in Amelica. Dhot vas feefty years ago."

"Poor!" repeated Mrs. Billy. "Poor! Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall! Priscilly, ve hadt joost two pennies and vas von hundredt tollars short off any money."

"Yop, I owed him to mine brudder," explained Billy in answer to Priscilla's puzzled glance.

"What did you do with the two pennies?" asked the American girl.

"I safed dem!" triumphantly answered Mrs. Billy, who was as Dutch as Dutch can be.

"For the Bureau?" ventured Priscilla, but the old man's head had begun to nod sideways as a sign of reproach.

"She lost dem vhen ve vas here two months, already."

"Vall," hotly retorted Mrs. Billy. "Vhadtd deedt *you* do? You lost ten cents last veek py de post-office."

"I kin affordt it petter now," said he and winked once more at Priscilla, and once more Mrs. Blom did not see the closing of his eye. She could only say, "Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall!" like a hen clucking furiously, and then in one leap she went back to the subject of the Bureau.

"Twelft year, Priscilly," she began impressively, "I vas a-safin' money for dhot Bureau,—dis penny andt dhot penny. A penny vas as pig as a full moon to me den. Andt I keep dem all in a stockin'. Den he,"—indicating the smoke-puffing Billy,—*"vanted a boat. Andt I dumped de stockin' oudt. Dhot's all righdt. A vife she moost help her oldt man, or vhyfore she a vife, eh? Dhot's all righdt. Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall! Den I safe money agin andt drop him into de empty stockin'. I safe andt I safe andt I safe. You don'dt know noddin's apout it. Den ve been a long dimes in dis coountry,—*

*twenty-two year, anyhow—andt I got moneys plenties for dhot Bureau."*

"Your fadher keep vell?" asked Billy Blom, addressing Priscilla with pronounced courtesy, but the girl could not collect sufficient politeness to answer, while Mrs. Billy had grown too excited to hear the voice of her lord. She went on, speaking very fast, with red spots glowing in her pretty, wrinkled, velvety cheeks.

"Den, up dere to Deer Range, dey hadt a greadt, big auction—your mudher remempers. Andt I gif de oldt man—ya, ya! Billy Blom dere—I gif him de money andt I says, 'You puy me a Bureau.' Andt he cooms home mid,—whadt you dink?—a *calf*!"

The snapping of the old lady's eyes would have lighted Billy's pipe, but Billy's pipe needed no relighting. He still sat placidly smoking, to all appearances as stolid and unmoved as only a Dutch husband can be.

"I neffer milked dhot cow!" declared the old lady.

Billy took the pipe out of his mouth and proclaimed with great solemnity:

"He vas a goodt cow."

"So goodt he wanted to kill eferybody!" snapped back the old lady.

Some chickens were heard, fussing, chicken-wise, about the back porch, and Mrs. Billy went on a run to the door and shooed them away noisily,—noisily, but in Dutch. Billy looked at Priscilla to see if the girl were looking at him and his face actually grew sheepish. Perhaps Mrs. Billy had shooed chickens in the mother tongue the day Billy brought home the calf. Perhaps Billy's face had worn that same sheepish look intensified while Mrs. Billy shooed the chickens, and he led the calf into the shed.

"Dere vas bureaus, plenties off dem, to dhot auction," Billy now began to explain. "Dey slept in bureaus up to Deer Range. Andt here vas dhot goodt calf. I vent to de auction a-foot. De Bureau, he couldt

na valk home, but de calf, he couldt, so I took de calf."

"De Bureau, he couldt na valk home, oh, na!" retorted Mrs. Billy. "But Tony Bouse, he bought de lodge-keeper's house to dhot auction already andt de hull house, mid de chimbleys andt all,—he valk home on a scow yit."

"But where vas my scow?" demanded Billy, and went on quickly, before the old wife could reply: "Dhot cow, he gif twenty quarts off milk a day andt I soldt him for feefty tollars."

an apron spreadt ofver de hoop. Ve vas na a-puyin' papby-carriages on de instalment plan den, like some folks do nowadays."

"No, siree!" exclaimed Billy, delighted to reach a point where he and his wife could once more agree. "Dem vas de goodt oldt tays, when you paidt your money or you vent midoutt."

"Or you took somedings else, like dhot oldt calf," added the old wife, dryly but darkly.

Billy could endure no more. For the



"And he cooms home mid,—whadt you dunk?—a calf!"

"He eat his headt off first," sharply spoke Mrs. Billy. "He kicked de pail off milk ofver vonct a veek—efery Suntay mornin' reg'lar. Oh, he vas a heathen cow! He say to himself, he say, 'Dou shalt na milk no cow on Suntays.' Andt he hook de papby, carriage andt all. Who vas de papby den, Pop?"

"De papby vas Cobus andt you pudt a redt apron onto his carriage. Vhadt could you 'spect a cow mid spunk to do?"

Mrs. Blom was a great admirer of spunk in man or in beast, and now her anger melted into reminiscent laughter:

"My papby-carriage vas a vheel-bar-row mid a barrel hoop up to de top andt

sake of peace, he said, "Ya-ya, yes-yes, oom-oom!" as solemnly as an owl. Then with many a nod of his head, he put down his legs, reached his feet into the old wooden shoes which he had first worn in the old country at his own wedding, and went clumping out of doors, with a "Goodt py! Coom agin!" to the American girl.

The girl with her quick, honest sympathy turned to Mrs. Billy:

"But you did get a bureau finally, didn't you?"

"Oh, my, yes! I got von dhot same year, but he vas na de same Bureau, Priscilly."



## THE DIPLOMACY OF MISS MARIA

*By Florence Olmstead*

THE sun traced the pattern of a sheltering grape vine upon the piazza floor. The warm air was filled with the breath of summer roses. Far, far away stretched the glittering blue waters of the sound, but the murmur of the waves was heard only when Miss Sue's voice stopped with careful precision at a period. Ever since Mary Ella could remember Cousin Sue and Aunt Maria had read poetry on the piazza while they waited for Peter to bring home the mail. Only of late years, however, had she been permitted to join them. Indeed, it was with reference to the cultivation of Mary Ella's literary taste that the ladies now chose their authors. Cousin Sue read "Hamlet." Aunt Maria's dainty skirts fell in voluminous folds about her feet. In one hand was her bottle of salts, in the other her large turkey tail fan, which she moved to and fro with languid grace, keeping time with the rocking of her chair. Mary Ella, having observed that she was out of sight of her aunt's critical eye, lounged in the hammock, and wondered why the locusts made such a fuss, and what lay behind the purple woods, and why nothing ever happened. Calmly, tranquilly Miss Sue's placid voice went on:

"What! Ho! Guards there!"

"There's Peter!" cried Mary Ella.

A boat scraped on the shells somewhere below and Miss Sue closed the book.

The coming of the mail, which meant usually the morning paper, was the event of the day. Peter came up proudly, his moist, brown face glistening in the sun, delivered the paper to Miss Maria and produced a letter.

"De pos' mastuh say dishyer fuh Miss Ma' Ella," he said.

"Hand it here," Miss Maria commanded, for letters are common property on a plantation. Mary Ella could count on

one hand all the letters she had ever received. But there was no mistake, here undoubtedly was an addition to her collection. Aunt Maria hid her curiosity behind the newspaper, but Cousin Sue waited with evident impatience as Mary Ella read. The girl's face grew radiant, but she finished the letter quietly and handed it to her aunt saying:

"It's an invitation from Cousin Harriet."

Miss Maria read it with close attention and passed it to Miss Sue.

"What shall I say, Aunt Maria?" asked Mary Ella eagerly.

"Write to your Cousin Harriet at once, my child, and thank her for the invitation, but I am sure that you do not expect me to agree to your going to such a place as Dade Spring."

"She's going to take Annie, and she is careful enough of her."

"If Harriet is willing to submit her own daughter to the temptations and frivolities of a summer resort where there can be neither mental nor moral development, I, of course, have no right to interfere. However, neither your mother nor I, in our youth, ever sought our pleasures beyond the cultured and refined homes of our friends. I can not but feel, Mary Ella, that my duty lies in protecting you from the vulgarities of a boarding-house or worse still, of an hotel."

"Perhaps the times have changed," Miss Sue timidly suggested.

"I see by the papers that some of the best people in the South go to Dade Spring now."

"Do not let us discuss the matter further," said Miss Maria throwing back her well-poised head with a stately decision which brooked no interference.

"Be assured, Mary Ella, that my judgment is best."

Mary Ella made no reply and sank into her hammock again. Miss Sue, with bustling energy, retired to the kitchen to make grape jelly, and Miss Maria settled herself for a quiet morning with the newspaper. And ever and anon the stillness was broken by the clear note of her silver whistle as she remembered that Zeke should be hoeing nut grass, summoned Peter to feed the cows, or dispatched some little ducky with a message to Miss Sue.

Through all the long, sleepy day Mary Ella, though quiet and self-contained, raged inwardly at what she considered the hardness of her lot. Even the lengthening shadows of afternoon had no soothing influence upon her wrath. Towards sunset she wandered down to the shore. An old boat was hard aground in a field of marsh grass; she climbed in and sat reviling fate in the person of Aunt Maria. The sea breeze, the in-coming tide sounded a note of peaceful calm which infuriated her. She hated calm and longed with all the vigor of her girlish heart for the life of gaiety and excitement which she knew lay waiting for her somewhere.

"Of course it's for the best," she told herself bitterly. "I've been in this place for twenty years with nothing to look at but grape vines and fig trees and corn and potatoes and marsh grass and water. I hate 'em! I hate 'em! And now, when I get the invitation that I've always longed for, Aunt Maria says it's 'best' for me not to go. I suppose it will be best for me never to go anywhere but just be buried here all my days. What do I care if none of our family ever went to Dade Spring? It's time they were going."

The dry grass crackled suddenly under an approaching footstep and, through the twilight, she recognized her Cousin Sue.

"The General has come, my dear," she called.

"I suppose we have got to play that frightful old whist," growled Mary Ella as she climbed out of the boat and joined Miss Sue.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary Ella?" asked the old lady gently.

"Do you mind not going away so very much, dear?"

"Oh, no, I don't care," was the curt answer, and they went on in silence to the house.

Miss Maria and General Pember were already at the card table awaiting the arrival of their opponents. The General kept bachelor hall only a few miles away and these nightly games were as great a dissipation for himself as for the ladies.

"Miss Sue has been telling me that we are to lose you for a while," he said as he bowed with old-time formality over Mary Ella's hand. There was an embarrassing silence which was broken by Miss Maria.

"I think you could not have understood my cousin, General," she said.

"No indeed," fluttered Miss Sue. "I merely said that she had been invited—been invited, you know."

"Ah, I see that the question has not yet been decided."

"You are mistaken, General," said Miss Maria. "The question has been quite decided. Shall we begin our game?"

The General shot a sympathetic glance at Mary Ella and threw around for deal. Fortune seldom favored Miss Sue with anything higher than a queen. This was perhaps just as well, for a fine hand is a responsibility that makes the game burdensome. She led now one of her seven small diamonds.

"My goodness me, she's trumped a'ready!" she said as Miss Maria played second in hand.

"That is never safe, Miss Maria," commented the General. "I might have held the ace."

"Well, I couldn't tell, and a trick is a trick," remarked his partner philosophically, and led her one spade.

"That's ours," said the General.

"Just look at that, Mary Ella," said Miss Sue. "He plays a king and leads an



There they  
are am.  
in am!

ace. I'm sure, if you depend on me, we won't take a trick."

"Just wait," said Mary Ella ominously.

"Miss Maria, you've trumped my ace!" exclaimed the General.

"My stars! General, you must excuse me. You see I had made up my mind to trump before you played. At any rate they didn't get it."

Mary Ella's usual share in the game was to avoid winning, for this was the particular delight of both her aunt and the General. To-night, however, luck ran Mary Ella's way, and, dragging poor Miss Sue along with her, obeying the rage in her heart, she won, flauntingly and relentlessly.

Miss Maria bore her defeat with dignity and composure, but there was a flash in her fine eyes and a rigidity about her

statuesque figure which Mary Ella knew well.

"It will not be necessary to play the third game," she said, pushing her chair back from the table. "Mary Ella, call for Napoleon to bring in the fruit. General, how have your figs stood the rains?"

The General did his best to be agreeable, but he felt that the evening had not been a success. He thought, too, that it was rather impertinent in Mary Ella to push herself forward in such a manner, and he said good night a little earlier than was his custom.

Mary Ella, alone in her room, having tasted the sweetness of revenge, felt herself in milder mood. Rushing through her heart came the remembrance of all her Aunt Maria's thousand kindnesses; the gifts showered upon her; the guiding, protecting care always around her, and she knew that she ought to be grateful for the love by which these things were prompted. She was sorry she had beaten Miss Maria, and she felt a little ashamed of herself. Through the windows came the perfume of evening glories blooming in the garden below. She leaned out in the starlight and the summer night awoke in her such happiness of youth and life that the disappointment and bad temper of the day were forgotten for a time and she fell into her old habit of dreaming and castle building. Long ago she had skipped about in the garden paths, seemingly a queer little girl with a shaky crown of wild phlox on her head and a spirea wand in her hand, but in the reality of her imagination, the beautiful fairy queen who opened the lily buds and lit the stars with her magic touch. As she grew older, Miss Sue's flower beds, lying peacefully below her window, became the heart of Sherwood forest where she held nightly meetings with Robin Hood and his band. Later still, her window was a casement from which she dropped roses to the knight who watched beneath. Her latest romance was

that she was the affianced bride of General Pember's eldest son. The fact that General Pember had no son had irritated Mary Ella very much when the plan first came into her mind. Still, the reality of the General and of his musty old house lent substance to the dream. She was to be the idol of the old man's heart, the sunbeam of his home. Of course, William loved her devotedly—he bore his father's name. Every morning he rode at her side, he saved her from death on land and sea, and was "without fear and without reproach." For some unknown reason he was not to be approved of by Aunt Maria, and this fact furnished a touch of irresistibility to William's charms. These secret, childish fancies held all the brightness and gaiety of Mary Ella's life. Now she turned to them again for diversion.

"I must write to William," she said to herself. "For he can't ride with me to-morrow."

She placed the candle on the window-sill and, having nibbled her pencil for some moments, she evolved the following:

"My Dearest William: They have tried to send me away, but I shall never let them separate us. When this reaches you hasten to your

MARY ELLA."

"That's a good idea," she said to herself as she read the note over. "Aunt Maria wants to send me away from William and I won't go. No use to write his answer, for he'll come and we will have a long conversation down by the spring to-morrow."

Then putting her head down on the broad window-sill she sat quite still until she realized that she was dozing, when she blew out the candle and went to bed. Her rest was broken, however, for, after midnight when the tide turned, the wind arose; a shutter banged to and fro for an hour or more and weird noises were made by the branches of an old cedar tree scraping against the house.

The flowers were Miss Sue's especial care. They cropped up in the most unexpected places; there were crush roses and ribbon grass in the middle of the corn patch, gladioli at the boat landing and honeysuckle vines clambering over every unsightly fence. But the objects of Miss Sue's greatest attention were her pot plants. These she cherished as the apple of her eye, and there was no change in the weather but her thoughts flew to them. Before the November frosts they were hur-



"Have you written to your Cousin Harriet?" she asked.

ried in by a detachment of small darkies, and by the same able force they were hurried out again to catch the spring sunshine. On summer mornings, when there had been no rain the night before, Miss Sue rose at dawn and she and Napoleon carried water for an hour so that the plants might be prepared for the heat of the day. She usually came in triumphant from this feat of getting ahead of the sun, but when, next morning, she greeted Miss Maria and Mary Ella at the breakfast table she was evidently much disturbed in mind.

"You are not eating, Susan," observed Miss Maria.

"I am not hungry, thank you," answered Miss Sue.

"Not suffering from headache, I hope."

"Oh, no, indeed. I am perfectly well," she said nervously.

Mary Ella had a sudden inspiration:

"I am afraid the wind injured your geraniums, Cousin Sue."

"Really I don't remember," was the astonishing answer. "That is—I—I think not."

Such indifference about her beloved geraniums produced a startling effect upon the breakfast table, and the meal was finished in discreet but wondering silence. Then Miss Maria was not surprised to hear Miss Sue say in a low voice as Mary Ella left the room:

"I would like to see you privately, Maria, for a few moments."

Miss Maria led the way to her own room. Miss Sue turned the key in the lock and from the depths of her petticoat pocket unearthed a small white paper.

"Read this," she said solemnly.

Miss Maria took the paper and read:

"My dearest William: They have tried to send me away, but I shall never let them separate us. When this reaches you hasten to your  
MARY ELLA."

"How did you come by this letter, Susan?"

"It was on my Martha Washington,

under Mary Ella's window. How it came there, Maria, I can not say; unless that has been the place agreed upon between them for concealing their letters."

"That is evidently the explanation," assented Miss Maria. "But *who* is—er—William?"

Miss Sue was silent.

"Answer me, Susan."

Slowly Miss Sue lifted her eyes to Miss Maria's face and read there the confirmation of her fears.

"Oh, Maria, no! I will not believe it."

"Susan Blake," said Miss Maria slowly, "you do believe it. There is no other William about here."

"There is no other man about here," murmured Miss Sue.

"No, there is not, and therefore this letter was intended for General William H. Pember. Oh Susan! Susan! How blind I have been."

"You could not think that she would fancy him," said Miss Sue comfortingly. "He is almost old enough to be her grandfather."

"Still," wailed Miss Maria, "I should have guarded against this possibility. Unprotected as we are, we should never have permitted such an intimacy to spring up between any gentleman and ourselves."

"It seemed perfectly safe," Miss Sue commented.

"Yes, Susan, it did, and for us I trust that it was, but we should have remembered that William Pember has always been a man of wonderful charm for our sex. Mary Ella has been dazzled, fascinated, conquered, and he, blinded by the flattery of her admiration, has foolishly spoken."

"What shall you do?" Miss Sue asked.

"I shall take steps to end the affair at once; wisely, I trust, and discreetly, but firmly. There will be no occasion to speak of this letter, Susan. Oh, how thankful I am for the chance which brought it to our knowledge."



Mary Ella sat on the piazza for over an hour listening to the murmur of voices which came from Aunt Maria's room. She thought of many things which might have happened, but she decided finally that her Cousin Sue's gold spectacles had fallen off in the garden and that Napoleon was suspected of having stolen them. Mary Ella had not missed her note. Letters to William and from William were stuck away in all corners of her room, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," and as little thought of.

Reading time came unnoticed, and it was not until Peter arrived with the paper that the ladies came out. There were no explanations given and Mary Ella was careful not even to look her curiosity. The day wore wearily away. She arranged a quarrel with William and a tearful reconciliation; embroidered a rose on her centerpiece; finished "Ivanhoe" for the fourth time; took two naps and, late in the afternoon, she wandered to the grape-arbor to pass away the rest of the time. She did not hear the front gate click as General Pember came up the walk. There was no one on the piazza, and, after waiting some moments, the General was forced to do a thing almost unheard of in that part of the country; he rang the front door-bell. The appearance of Napoleon in answer to his jangling summons gave to the General a strange sense of impending ill.

"Are the ladies at home?" he asked.

Napoleon felt the importance of his position and delivered his message with a lordly air.

"De ladies done engage, an' ax will yer please to 'scuse 'em, suh."

The General was thunderstruck. For a moment he stared past Napoleon into the dark hall beyond, then, quite speechless, he turned and went down the steps. Miss Sue was peeping through one of the par-

lor blinds and she felt herself stricken with remorse at the sight.

"He's brought some of his new verbenas," she whispered, "and I have never seen them. Isn't it too bad? I can't believe it, Maria! Aren't they lovely?"

"Don't be foolish, Susan. Hush! Who is that he is talking to?"

"Maria!" exclaimed Miss Sue. "It is Mary Ella! Did you ever see anything so bold? There they are, arm in arm!"

"Goodness knows what is the matter with them," Mary Ella was saying. "But don't think of leaving your bouquet. Take it home again and it will serve them right."

That evening, before the crescent moon had sunk to rest, Miss Sue was asleep in her chair. Miss Maria sat in state by the parlor lamp and read Byron, while Mary Ella performed "The Lion Hunt" upon the piano. When the noble animal had been drawn and quartered Miss Maria put down her book.

"Have you written to your Cousin Harriet?" she asked.

"I wrote this afternoon," answered the girl. "Shall I bring you the letter?"

"No, my dear, I merely wish to say that I have reconsidered the matter, and have decided that you have perhaps lived too lonely a life. I therefore withdraw my objections to your going to Dade Spring, trusting, of course, in your sense of what is becoming in one of our family. And now, let us retire. Come, Susan!"

"Cousin Sue," said Mary Ella as they parted for the night, "is this what you and Aunt Maria have been talking about all day?"

"Yes," answered Miss Sue, hesitatingly. "That is, I suppose so. At any rate, matters relative to this."

And Mary Ella was mystified, but happy.

# THE POWER OF THE PRESS

## A LOVE STORY IN TWO LETTERS AND THREE SOLILOQUIES

By Nora Archibald Smith

### I

#### THE LETTER TO HETTY

"WANTED—Housekeeper for widower with child of four years. Home 2 miles from Emery, Me. Horse and cow kept. Must be strong and capable woman able to take full charge. Good pay to right party. References given and required. Address P. Prendergast.

6tmy8."

**D**EAR Hetty—I've pinned this advertisement to the top of my paper, so that you'll have some kind of an idea why I'm writing from Emery, Maine, and not begin to worry as soon as you see the postmark.

I'm the answer to the above. I'm the strong, capable woman that's able to take full charge, or if I'm *not* able, I'm taking it anyway. I couldn't help it, Hetty, and you needn't blame me because I didn't wait to ask your advice. Stay in that store another week I would *not*, and since mother died, I hate the very sight of Nashua! John Higgins has treated me like a slave ever since I set foot behind his counter; he's always imposed on me and on everybody else that he dared to, but since he married and his wife's been set over us, things have been so that nobody but a saint could stand them. I don't need to tell my own sister I'm no saint, and anyway I'm sick of tending store! I'm tired of showing goods to women that don't know their own minds, and trying to persuade them to buy things they'd be better off without, and I'm tired of hearing John Higgins' wife's scolding tongue all day!

If you'd been so that you could have me, I'd have left and gone straight to you, but I knew as things were, you couldn't,

so I was as nearly crazy as I want to be, and didn't know where to turn.

Mrs. Martin has the poorest notion of keeping boarders of anybody I ever saw in my life, and I went up to my room there one night a fortnight ago, just completely discouraged. I'd brought up the Boston paper to look it over a little, and the first thing I saw at the top of a column, was "WANTED—A housekeeper." It seemed to flash right out at me like one of those electric signs that open and shut. I saw it was Maine, I saw it was country, I saw it was a widower, so there'd be nobody over me, and I saw there was only one child. I'm strong, thinks I, and they used to say at home I was capable. I can give all the references he wants, and if I'm the "right party," I'll go right into that country place, and leave this dreary, lonesome town.

I wrote a letter that very night for fear I'd lose my courage, and went out and slipped it in the box myself. I told P. Prendergast just who I was, and why I wanted to leave Nashua. I said I'd always liked children, and had had considerable experience with them; that I wasn't afraid of housework, and that if he thought I'd suit, I'd be ready to come any time.

When he answered, he said he liked my letter better than any he had, that my references were all right, that he'd give me \$3.00 a week,—that's more than I make here when all's paid—and for me to telegraph when I was ready to come. That was a Thursday night. I saw John Higgins the first thing in the morning, gave up my place and said I'd rather lose

my week's wages than stay in his store another hour. He took me at my word fast enough, so I packed up and said good-by Saturday and left Nashua, thank Providence! by the 7 o'clock train Monday morning. Here I am safe and sound; P. Prendergast is kind as he can be; the little girl's a beauty, if I ever saw one, and I guess I'll get along.

Don't you worry about me. I'll write as often as I can. With love to Lon and the children,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY N. PERKINS.

## II

### SOLILOQUY IN THE BARREL ROCKER

Well, Clary went to sleep like a lamb to-night, and I don't wish to see a better child when you take her the right way. This rocker's comfortable when you're tired, I must say, though I never saw one made out of a flour-barrel before. Mr. Prendergast says "she" planned it herself and covered it with this copperplate. I don't wonder he has a good deal to say about her. She must have been a nice woman; I can see that from the things in the house. Died three years ago, he says, and they never had but this one child.

Poor thing! to have to die and leave that sweet baby and that good man, for I know he's a good man, if I never set eyes on him a fortnight ago. See how the cow rubs her head against him and the horse comes when he calls and Clary hangs to his coat-tails soon as he comes in!

Well, I'm tired, and I ought to be in bed, but it's a peaceful kind of tired and the lilacs come so sweet in this window it seems as if I could sit here all night.

Wonder if Clary's covered up warm. I'll tiptoe over and see. What a picture that child is, and she's got her father's eyes, those good, steady brown eyes, that look so kind of soft and deep. I'm glad she's grown used to me and let me put her crib in here! I love to have her, and Mr. Prendergast must be too tired to tend

her at night. He's as hard-working a man as I ever saw, and he does keep this place up, to the Queen's taste. Easy to suit, too, or else I haven't lost my knack for cooking, for I haven't made a thing since I came that he hasn't praised and seemed to relish. Said to-day the house was a comfort after the way women he's had here the last three years have kept it. I believe that, for he's as neat as a new pin himself, and things *were* a caution when I came, especially in the corners and cupboards and under the beds. Clary wasn't half washed either, and her clothes as grimy as a blacksmith's. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more than scrubbing her up and putting her into spandy clean things \* \* \* Heigho! (with a long-drawn breath) I must go to bed. To-morrow's Saturday and cooking to do, and I must get up early and have a good long day. \* \* \*

I haven't had such a chamber as this (looking about her as she makes ready for bed) since father died, and we had to break up and leave the farm. \* \* \*

Wonder if 'twas their room when she was living! He said the other day that he used to think it was pleasant, and then he sighed and looked out of the window. \* \* \* Three rocking-chairs and muslin curtains and a full chamber-set with all the pieces! It's a splendid closet, too, as anybody'd want, if it wasn't for that window in the door. I don't believe she put it there, nor P. Prendergast either. I think it must have been in the house when she came. I wonder if she was a pretty woman. You can't tell by Clary, for she favors her father. \* \* \*

Seems to me, (looking in the glass) I've got more color since I've been here, and my wrinkles are smoothed out a little. I wish (getting into bed) I could make that window in the door look better somehow. I could hang a new curtain there, but maybe there's some prettier way to fix it. I believe I'll write a letter to the "Homekeeper," and see if some of the correspondents can't suggest something.

Oh! (sleepily) how sweet those lilacs are, and Clary's breathing so soft and so even is enough to put anybody to sleep, if they didn't feel sleepy.

### III

#### THE LETTER TO "THE HOMEKEEPER."

To "Young Wife," "Adviser," "Lady Jane," and any one who has an idea that may be of help to me:

I have in my room a closet which has the door unlike any I ever saw. It is partly

of the day, and I get up early, so they are good long days.

We have a large yard and lots of flowers. The front of the house and one side are covered with wistaria, and the branches are just loaded with blossoms, and when my window is open the kitchen is filled with its beautiful odor. It is my first experience in keeping house in a long time, for I have been behind a counter the last ten years. I would like to tell the friends in this column all about my life here, but I can't give names very well, so what shall



of glass, with nine little panes like an old-fashioned window. At present there is simply a plain curtain hung on the inside. Can you tell me some pretty, inexpensive way to fix it?

The room otherwise is as pleasant as can be, nice paper and paint, a full chamber-set, and three rocking-chairs, every one made for comfort and not for show. Of course, you do not know, but this is not my own home. I am keeping house for a gentleman who lost his wife. There is a dear little girl and I am fond of children, so I am happy. I wish I could tell you how pleasant it is here. I enjoy every minute

I say? Well, "he" has a cow that he keeps just for family use, so I have all the cream and milk I want. We have hens, a horse, a calf, ducks and a lamb. Oh dear! I am afraid I have got a long way from my subject, i. e., fixing my closet door, so again asking the sisters to help me if they can, I will close.

NARCISSA.

### IV

#### SOLILOQUY IN THE SHAKER-ROCKER

Clary's gone to the village with her father, so I can take comfort in one of my rockers and darn P. Prendergast's stock-

ings. P. Prendergast! I saw the other day on his Grange certificate that his name's Philemon. I looked it up in his dictionary and it means "*Loving; friendly;*" and if ever a woman was guided to name a child, his mother—but there, I mustn't stand here looking out of the window with his stockings to darn \* \* \* I think I'll take the Shaker-rocker this afternoon. The view at that window isn't so pleasant, but I can see down the road and tell when Clary and her father come in sight. Philemon! It's a queer-sounding name, but it isn't any queerer than



"I could see  
the letters  
plain enough

Narcissa, when you come to think of it. They always called me "Narcissa" at home, and I used to love to hear mother say it, but being my middle name and all, I hardly ever sign it, and I wrote Mary N., just as I always do, in my letter to P. Prendergast. I did sign "Narcissa" though to what I wrote for the "Home-keeper," and that reminds me, I'll see if it's in this week. I thought of it when he brought in the mail this morning, but I was making out bread, and I wouldn't open the paper down-stairs anyway, for fear he'd see what I wrote. Of course, he wouldn't know it was me, for I didn't call any names, and I suppose there's more than one closet in the world with a win-

dow in it. \* \* \* Where is that "*Hints for the Household*" column? O, here, and yes, my letter's in, and maybe I'll have some answers next week. I'll keep the paper up here, for fear his eye should light on it, though he has reading enough of his own and it isn't a paper a man would care for anyway. \* \* \*

I don't know what makes me so foolish; now I look at what I wrote again I see there's nothing personal in it and nothing that points to me any more than to any other woman.

Just see the blossoms on that syringa and hear the bees in it! "Pitty birds, pitty f'owers, pitty ev'rysing!" Clary said this morning when I took her out in the yard. I wish I was a little younger and prettier myself to match everything that's blossoming and growing. I'd like to get rid of about fifteen years;—no, ten would do, I guess; thirty's a good sensible age. \* \* \* Hetty's letter this morning was a little brighter than usual, I thought. She's always encouraged when Lon gets something to do and never seems to remember that he can't hold on to a job any more than you can to wet soap. He's a good-hearted fellow, too, and he thinks a lot of Hetty and the children, but there, he's weak and Hetty has to keep shoring him up all the time, and the minute she lets go, he settles down again. Well, I couldn't stand it to live with any such man; I haven't the patience for it. I'm getting to be a middle-aged woman now,—at least I am on the outside, though the Lord knows my heart's not more than eighteen this minute,—but middle-aged or not, and poor or not, and lonesome or not, I'm glad I haven't married, for I never saw the man I wanted when I was a girl, and if I'd taken up with somebody so as to have a home, there'd be no more wretched woman than Narcissa Perkins on the earth this day! It's better to have the heart-ache all your life for something you can't get, but that's worth having, than 'tis to sorrow for something you're tied to and don't want!



The house seems lonesome this afternoon and I'm restless. I don't believe my nerves are right, though I've felt well in other ways since I've been here. I'm not sleeping as sound as common, and when I'm about my work, one minute I'm singing and the next I've more than half a mind to cry. Mr. Prendergast said the other morning he thought there was a meadow-lark in the kitchen when I was getting breakfast. Mother used to say my voice was like a lark's, but nobody has since, and I felt so upset when I heard it that I had to go into the pantry and wipe my eyes with the dish-towel I was holding before I could sit down at the table. \* \* \* Was that four the clock struck? I thought it was later. They won't be home for an hour yet, and I believe I'll go out and get a little air. My head aches and feels hot. I'll go up in the wood-lot where the old graveyard is. He said it was beautiful up there, and I've been so rushed with cleaning, and cooking, and making Clary fit to be seen, that I haven't been a yard from the house, except to go to meeting since I came here.

These three months have slipped by so fast that I've hardly had time to count the days, and yet the store and Nashua seem years away!

I wonder if I did right to come to Emery. It seemed as if I was guided at the time, and somebody was needed here, that's certain. That innocent child wasn't half taken care of, and Mr. Prendergast didn't get what he ought to have. I'm old enough to know that it isn't our own happiness we're to seek for in this world, and after all, there's plenty of women better than I am that's never had their heart's desire and never will have. \* \* \* Where's my Shaker bonnet? I think I'll feel better out-doors.

## V

## SOLILOQUY IN THE CANE-SEAT ROCKER.

Four months since I came here,—only four months, but it seems as if my whole

life was bound up in them! I never suffered in all my days as I have since I've been in this house, and I never have been, nor thought I could be, so blessed and happy.

It will be a month this afternoon since I went up in the wood-lot and had such a spell of crying in the old graveyard. Everything looked so peaceful and so still there, that the first thing I knew I was down on the ground with my head on one of the graves and I was wishing I was under the grass with my heart all quiet and at rest forever.

By and by, when I'd had my cry out, I lifted up my head and in the corner of the yard, right in front of me, stood a stone I hadn't noticed. It was old and mossy and leaning to one side and the buttercups and daisies had half covered it, but I could see the letters plain enough and there, looking me straight in the face was

NARCISSA,  
BELOVED WIFE  
OF  
PHILEMON PRENDERGAST.  
1810.

I read it over and over and I took a pleasure in saying it aloud,—Narcissa, Beloved Wife of Philemon Prendergast. Narcissa, Beloved,—Beloved. It was a comfort to think that some Philemon had cared about Narcissa, even though it had happened and was all over pretty near a hundred years ago.

I knew well enough by that time what was the matter with me, and although I wouldn't confess it to myself, I hadn't been a fortnight in his house before I suspected it. It seems foolish and romantic and Philemon couldn't drag it out of me with wild horses, but I hadn't been sitting long on the other side of his table before I began thinking to myself, "Well, the Lord preserve me and help me, for I believe to my soul this is the only man I ever saw in my life that I wanted!"

And the more I saw of him,—so good and so smart and so considerate as he was

and such a pair of eyes and such a smile, —the more I wanted him, though I didn't believe in reason he'd ever want me. Two or three times I thought I'd leave, but I couldn't bear to give Clary up to anybody else, and I saw besides I was needed just where I was. I think I stood things better, though, after I saw that old gravestone. It gave me a kind of a hopeful feeling, for what has been may be again, they say, and if one Narcissa was counted worthy to be the beloved wife of one Philemon, \* \* \* but I never finished the sentence even in my own mind—I was ashamed to. \* \* \*

I haven't told Hetty yet about what's come to me. I wanted to keep it close and warm and think about it, but I must write her to-day. Let me see how it all happened, though there's a great deal I never could tell even her. \* \* \*

The breaking-up shower was that night. I was all tired out and gave way so after I got in my room. It was early yet and Philemon called me from the foot of the stairs. I answered as well as I could, but I'm afraid my voice was kind of choky and it was two or three minutes before I could go to the door.

When I got there he stood at the stair-head, and he began to say, "I wanted to arrange about getting away extra early to-morrow morn"—and then he stopped short and said in a kind of a changed voice, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Mr. Prendergast, thank you," I answered as dignified as I could, for I didn't expect he'd have a lamp in his hand and I knew he must see my red eyes. He set down that lamp and he came right up and put his hand on my shoulder.

"What's the matter, Narcissa?" said he.

The name gave me such a start that my heart jumped liked a squirrel and I caught hold of the door-jamb to hold me up.

"How did you know that was my name?" I asked like a flash.

"I saw it in your Bible and in your letter to the 'Homekeeper,'" said he, and he smiled a little.

I turned as red as fire and started to shut my door in his face, but he wouldn't let me. He caught hold of both my hands and he said, "There was one Narcissa in our family before and she was a wife to Philemon. Don't you"—and his voice just shook a little,—“don't you think there might be another one?"

It was all over. I had my heart's desire, and I'm not afraid but it *will* be my heart's desire while I've the strength to want anything in this world. I couldn't sleep that night for thinking of my Philemon and my Clary and my home,—me that had nothing and nobody a little while ago and now so rich in blessings. \* \* \*

We sat there on the stairs a long time that night, talking things over, and it seems he happened to see, one Sunday when I left my Bible in the entry a minute, my full name, where mother wrote it out:

*Mary Narcissa Perkins,  
January 21, 1860.*

The name struck him, for it was his grandmother's, and when I sent him to the doctor's that day for Clary's medicine, he saw my letter in the "Homekeeper."

The doctor was out and he had to wait, so he looked over the papers on the table, and on top of all, as luck would have it, or as the Lord would have it, was the "Homekeeper." He felt sure 'twas my letter because of the name and the closet window, he said, and that was the first thing gave him any hope, for he could see by that, I liked the place and was happy. I couldn't help laughing when he told me, though I wouldn't tell him why, for it was funny to think that he should have been so hopeless about getting me, when I was in the very same state about him.

Well, it's all over now, or better still, it's just begun, and they needn't ever say anything against the press in my hearing. 'Twas a newspaper brought me to him and a newspaper brought him to me.

## THE HILL TOP

*By Alma Martin Estabrook*

**B**Y the measurement of his world Orhood fell lamentably short. He was a failure whom everybody wondered at, and nobody undertook to explain. At the mart of life his wares should have brought large values. Empty-handed he saw others who offered far less than he, depart full-pursed and satisfied. Yet his failure was in neither lack of resourcefulness nor attendance, for while his friends frequented the market-place he haunted it, indefatigably and always with abundant hopefulness, offering first one thing and then another, until there remained at last nothing more to be offered, and nothing to show for what had gone.

At the confrontation he had made no murmur. He had merely folded his pitifully few belongings and departed, and the west—that mighty maw which swallows so many men of disappointments,—had closed over him.

"Mind you, it isn't as if he hadn't been equipped," old Mrs. Silversparre, his wife's great-aunt, had said to Kingwell, as he sat on her wide Greek-columned portico, after years of absence, listening to the story. "His equipment was superb. And as for effort, I never knew a man to try more profoundly. It was pathetic to see him. And it was also a little amazing: he set himself such flights. Oh, he had the eagle's wings, poor fellow! but perhaps he had not the 'eagle's heart,' you know. Who can tell? He made no explanations, no admissions, no apologies. He was not a whiner. He merely plunged from failure into renewed effort."

"And Tony?" Kingwell asked, as he had been waiting to ask from the first.

"Ah, Tony!" breathed the old dame. "My dear, that child has not dipped her colors once! not once!" and she tapped his arm with her finger-tips. "Think of it, not once in all these precarious years. She is marvelous."

She let her hand rest on his sleeve. "You should have married her, Richard. You should have married her," she said in a kind of futile, fond remonstrance.

"You know why I did not: she loved him."

"Yes," she answered slowly, "it has been well proven: she loved him."

A serving woman, older than her mistress, tottered across the porch with a tray and glasses, putting it on the table at old Mrs. Silversparre's side. Kingwell took the tall glass of purpling juice which she extended to him and turning it slowly in the sunlight set it down for the moment untouched.

"How do his failures affect her?" he asked.

"Not at all. They slip from her as easily as a cloak. She wears, instead, the mantle of his smaller successes, and goes about proudly enough in it. You know her way."

"Yes, I know her way."

"Yet, after all, you know only the way of her youth," she mused, "the way of her maturity is much more wonderful. She was apparently cheerful then, but she is convincingly so now. To see her is to believe her a happy woman. You look at her and wonder. But afterward, when you have left her and return to your own sober, unbiased reflections, you wonder at yourself, that you could have been so put upon. . . . Ah, me! . . . And when one thinks how different it might have been with her," she broke off sighingly. "Julia and your girl Edith are still in Naples, I suppose?"

"In Rome," he answered absently.

She sighed once more. She was a frank person, and she was not trying to conceal from him her disappointment that her favorite niece was not in his wife's place. She had shown him long ago how much she wished that.

"When you go west you must see them," she said after a little. "We have none of us gone out, although they are constantly entreating us to come. Tony writes us that she wants us to see her mountains. Poor child, I dare say she has little but mountains, these days, mountains and vistas. For the queer part of it is that they don't lose hope. They are simply childlike in their faith. With all the rappings over the knuckles they have had of Life they still reach out eager hands to her. I can't understand it. But, as I was saying, we don't go. We respect her pride, which is of a very superior stuff, if I do say it. She can retain it, and her pose of contentment so much better, you understand, when we have not been there to see how bad things really are with them. So we stay away. But your arrival will be heralded, as your arrivals always are, you fortunate man! and if you do not hunt them up they will both be keenly hurt. So you must certainly go. But I warn you Heaven only knows how you may find things."

"Do they never come back?" Kingwell asked.

"They can't afford to come often. Think of David Travasty's daughter being an exile from her old home through poverty! I tell you, my dear, it hurts."

She leaned back in her chair, a little wiry figure in its depths, and let her eyelids fall for a moment. A sigh fluttered across her lips.

"Poor Tony," she whispered, "poor Tony! She might have had so much of life, and she took—"

"The '*preux chevalier*.'"

She looked over at him quickly, a trace of sudden dimness in her eyes. "I know," she said, "I haven't forgotten. He was a fine, brave lad always. His was a valiant heart, poor fellow, and a ready little fist to lift itself for those who needed its protection. Ah, well, he is brave enough yet, perhaps,—but—to what avail? What is courage if one does not fight well? Merely to fight is not enough, is it?"

"It is a great deal," Kingwell said gravely.

"We won't go into the reason of it," she replied a little wearily, as if that were a haze through which she had often tried to find her way. "I haven't an explanation worth the offering, nor have I ever heard one. It doesn't matter, anyhow. The fact remains that he has failed. When you see them you may reach some solution. At least you will have some word of them to bring us."

Now, on his way to them, Kingwell was thinking dismally of what that word would probably be. He blamed Orahood severely for making such a mess of his affairs. To get on had been the easiest thing in the world for him, and he could imagine no circumstances sufficient to keep a man from at least partial success. If he had suffered alone for it the pity would not have been so great, but to chain a woman like Tony down to the everlasting grind of economy was unthinkable.

To recall her without the setting of her father's great house was impossible. The thought of her always suggested lovely belongings, and all the abundance and comfort of the old days. He thought of her father—the splendid courtly gentleman with the kind heart, who loved all that was beautiful, and who took the same tender care of the women of his household that he did of the flowers in his garden. That one of his daughters should have been so long exposed to the winds of vicissitude!

He reached the house and paused before it. It was altogether unpretentious. It might indeed have been the lodge at the old Travasty gates. Vines covered the porches and over-ran the lawn within and without, in riotous disorder. Flowers flanked the dwelling itself and awnings fluttered from it. It was bright and fresh and cheerful, and it breathed the atmosphere of home, as he had known that any place where Tony dwelt would do.

A woman stood a-tiptoe in the side yard, lifting her arms to prune a rose-

vine that spilled itself from its slender trellis. She had her back to him and at the sound of his steps called, without turning:

"Is it you, Hal? Come and steady me a little. I am training this ambitious climber."

"Tony!" he cried, "Tony!"

She dropped the big pruning shears she held and came swiftly across the grass to him, her hands held out.

"Dick Kingwell!" she exclaimed, "Dick Kingwell! Who ever would have dreamed of you walking into my garden as calmly as if you had only yesterday walked out of it! Oh, I am so glad to see you."

"Let me look at you," he said.

She was for dragging him straight off to the house, but she paused in the autumn sunshine, the bright leaves falling about her, behind her the glow of yellow flowers, as tall on their slender stems as she. The arch of the sky was blue above her, and the air crisp and invigorating, but not sweeter nor more exhilarating than she. Even in the moment of greeting he felt the old sense of vigor and refreshment that she had always imparted. He looked at her oddly. The rose-bloom of maturity was certainly hers.

She wore a white gown with pink sprigs in it. He felt that Julia would call it a simple thing, but he wondered that more women did not wear them when they looked so well in them. The sweep of her hair was soft and careless, and it held no ornaments except the rose-leaf that had caught in it; for so many years he had scarcely looked at a woman's hair that had not something glistening or sparkling in it that the smooth sheen of hers was a pleasant relief.

Why should she give one the odd impression of youth? he asked himself. She was not young. By calendar years she was older than Julia, but no one on earth would ever believe it. Even Edith, at eighteen, had lost much of the zest and freshness which, in some manner most remarkable, she had contrived to retain.

She felt the intentness of his glance, and flushing softly beneath it, made him come with her to the porch, while she talked eagerly of a dozen things of foremost interest.

As he listened, watching her covertly, he wondered that under the conditions which had always existed for her since her marriage, she had managed to look like this. What wonderful philosophy was hers! What had her hands fallen upon to make her live her life with a laugh and a song?

They sat in the flickering shade and sunshine talking together with all the joy they had always had in each other. There is a friendship whose door opens to us slowly after years of absence, almost as if one were on guard there, and we find our way unaided along the passageway to the interior, which we have dreamed of as waiting for us with its warmth and cheer, but we shiver at its coldness, wondering that we ever cared to linger there, and go away, numbed and disappointed. But there is the other kind whose door is never closed and whose portal we cross at a step, to feel that we have never been away. It was to this friendship that Kingwell felt he had returned, and he warmed and delighted in it.

She had so many things to ask him, and to tell him,—if there were any concealments she made them so cleverly as to appear to make none whatever. She seemed, to his astonishment, a happy woman indeed. But he denied to himself that she could be so. Women who had not been accustomed to what life had held for her in the old days, who had listened to none of the fair promises of the future to which she had listened, might be happy in these simple surroundings, but not Tony,—no, assuredly not Tony, though she kept so brave a front.

She left him presently to see about some domestic arrangement, for she said he was to stay the night with them, and when she came back she had a son on either side of her. They were fine manly



fellows, and she was proud of them. But they were quite as proud of her, he observed with appreciation. They showed it delightfully in all they said and did as she hovered about them a little while and then slipped away kitchenward, as she frankly told him.

The idea of Tony in a kitchen fascinated him: it was so unthought of. He was conscious of an amused speculation as to what Julia or Edith would do if they were forced to swing smilingly from guest to larder. Yet Tony, who had been shel-

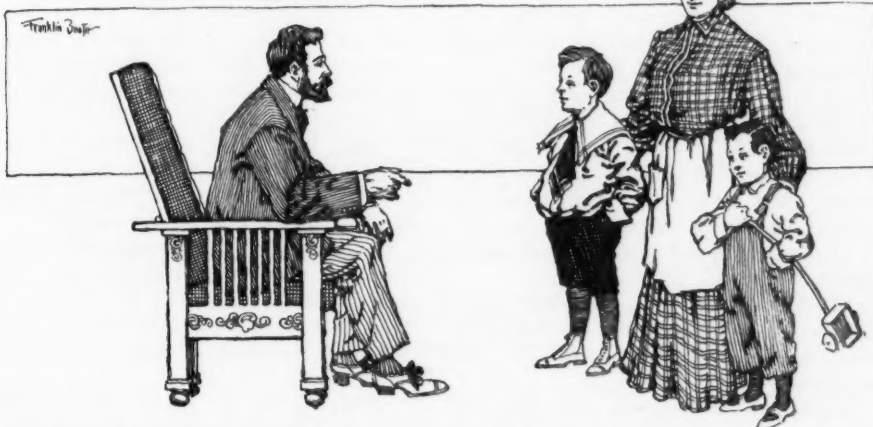
They do so much for themselves. It's astonishing how many interests and ambitions a youngster can have, isn't it? And how he gets on in them."

Kingwell nodded. He was thinking of Edith, who gave forth but one tune: the everlasting tinkle of society.

"Do you stay here the year through, Tony?" he asked presently.

"Dear me, no. There is a little canon up in the hills where we go every summer. Its only eighteen miles from civilization by railroad, but in reality it is ages re-

"when she came back she  
had a son on either side of her"



tered and protected and waited upon hand and foot all through her girlhood, Tony did it, and smiled and bloomed and looked happier than either of them! Tony with one little inexperienced handmaiden!

When she came out again she drew her chair close and said with a little comfortable sigh: "I'm going to stay this time. Run along now, boys, and meet your father."

"What are you doing for your boys, Tony?" he asked, as they disappeared. "They are splendid fellows, both of them."

"Why, I'm afraid we are not doing anything," she admitted with a laugh, "but we don't seem to need to, you know.

moved. We fairly revel in it. The boys dream and fish and hunt and grow, and Ned and I dream and fish and hunt and— and grow, too, I believe," she laughed delightfully, a tenderness for the wilds in her eyes.

She met his look of astonishment and smiled. "Are you thinking how elemental we are in our pleasures, Dick? Well, I admit it. And I'm not a bit ashamed of it. No, not a bit. Why, do you know when I go back home I am always horribly bored, except for the joy of seeing the home-folks again, you understand. But there are always the same routine-anesthetized people, the same functions, the same drip of platitudes, the same closed blinds and

shaded lights, the same flowers from the same florist's, the same monotonous tinkle of the hidden harp, the same weak tea. It is stuffy and it smells of camphor balls. I feel as if I had gone in out of the great out-doors and opened a chest that had been closed for years and taken out the pretty scene intact. Do you see?"

He saw,—in part. He knew that she was not attitudinizing. Her joy had come to lie where theirs did not. She had learned the wholesome meaning of many things, and so had found partial happiness. Poor child!

Presently she asked him to walk a little way with her to meet Orahood, and as they went down the walk they saw him coming with his boys, waving his hat and swinging along as fast as his legs could carry him. He had something wrapped in tissue paper, a bulky thing that he lifted high. As he did so the younger boy let out a Berserker whoop that made Tony laugh gaily. She hurried forward and caught eagerly at the package.

Orahood gripped Kingwell's hand in his hearty clasp.

"Dick!" he cried, "this is good! Bless me, it's the best thing that has happened to us in a long time. Why it's been years since we saw you, years."

Tony had unwrapped a green vase and was holding it off from her, the sunlight over her, falling into her rapt lifted face.

"See her, will you," Orahood laughed with a tenderness he did not try to hide, "that's how she loves pretty things. She has wanted that vase since she first set eyes upon it, but we have only just 'achieved' it, do you see? She didn't tell me she wanted it; not she. She just made secret pilgrimages to it. Stood before it with clasped hands, and all that sort of thing. But I got on to it. Boutwell, the dealer, told me how she liked it, and I've been saving pennies to buy it for her. Take it from your mother, Hal, or she will be expiring right here in a transport."

He passed the vase on to his son, slipped a hand through his wife's arm and the other through Kingwell's and marched them up the walk to the house. He was the same gracious, irresistible, debonair Orahood, wiry and nut-brown and ridiculously buoyant. His thick, close-cropped hair showed almost boyishly beneath his tilted hat. His eyes twinkled and sent off sparks like an emery wheel. One could see how young he had kept his blood. He looked at peace with himself and his world. Yet, by his own admission, he had just "achieved" a simple piece of pottery that his wife had long wanted.

Chatting volubly he carried Kingwell off at once to freshen up for dinner. The chamber to which he took him was a wide charming room that faced the mountains. Its furnishings were as simple as those of the rest of the house.

"Tony likes this room next best to her own," he said. "There isn't much inside it, she says, but there's a lot out. What do you think of that for a view, eh?"

He ran up a properly adjusted blind to its limit, thrust back the softly swaying white curtains, indicated a comfortable chair, and curling up in the window seat talked till the sound of dinner chimes recalled him.

"Tony is on to me all right," he grinned. "She knows I'm in here talking. It's three-quarters of an hour till dinner. But she wants me to clear out and give you a chance. Maybe she is thinking how badly I need a bit of smartening up myself. Well, don't hurry. We never hurry here. We gave that up long ago. It would be a lot better for you, old man, if you'd do the same thing. Leisure pays so much better than stress, eh? Take your time."

A half-hour later, as Kingwell went down stairs, Orahood was just below him, but he did not hear him and continued on down. From the bend Kingwell had a glimpse, through the glass doors of the dining-room, of Tony in a white ruffled

apron, moving about with a song on her lips, and a bunch of violets that Orahod had brought her, tucked in her belt.

She looked up at the moment and saw her husband, but not Kingwell, as he paused for the instant in the shadows of the landing, and with a glance toward the kitchen, to make sure that the maid was not entering, she came toward the hall doors, her arms held out, a look of rapture on her face as she lifted it to Orahod.

"You spoil me!" she cried, "the vase is so beautiful. But we couldn't afford it,

dear. You know we couldn't. Why will you be so indulgent with me?"

Kingwell turned back as Orahod took her in his arms, with his rare, tender laugh. The sanctuary doors had opened a little and he had seen beyond the sacred portals. His breath came with an odd pang. He felt suddenly impoverished,—a vagrant to whom portals such as these had never opened.

Then he thought of what he would have to tell old Mrs. Silversparre, and Tony's mistaken world back there.

## THE HEAVEN-BORN

*By Madison Cawein*

NOT into these dark cities,  
 These sordid marts and streets,  
 That the sun in his rising pities,  
 And the moon with sadness greets,  
 Does she, with her dreams and flowers,  
 For whom our hearts are dumb,  
 Does she of the golden hours,  
 Earth's heaven-born Beauty come.

Afar 'mid the hills she tarries,  
 Beyond the farthest streams,  
 In a world where music marries  
 With color that blooms and beams;  
 Where shadow and light are wedded,  
 Whose children people the Earth,  
 The fair, the fragrant-headed,  
 The pure, the wild of birth.

Where Morn with rosy kisses  
 Wakes ever the eyes of Day,  
 And, winds in her radiant tresses,  
 Haunts every wildwood way:  
 Where Eve, with her mouth's twin roses,  
 Her kisses sweet with balm,  
 The eyes of the glad Day closes  
 And, crowned with stars, sits calm.

There, lost in contemplation  
 Of things no mortal sees,  
 She dwells, the incarnation  
 Of idealities;  
 Of dreams, that long have fired  
 Man's heart with joy and pain,  
 The far, the dear-desired,  
 Whom none shall e'er attain.

# SILVERADO

## A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE DESERTED HOME OF THE SQUATTERS, WITH A SIDE EXCURSION INTO GRANT AVENUE

By Arthur Colton

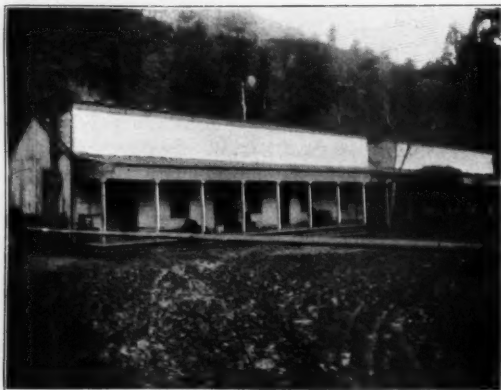
AUTHOR OF "THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS," ETC.

SOMETHING more than a century ago Henry Fielding traveled by ship to Lisbon, Laurence Sterne by chaise to Paris, Oliver Goldsmith on foot in Germany with a flute in his pocket, Thomas Gray's cat was drowned, William Cowper lost his mind, Thomas DeQuincey ran away from school, and Samuel Johnson took twenty-three cups of tea in an afternoon. As it fell out, Fielding's trip was as permanently recorded as the Lisbon earthquake, Sterne's as the Anglo-French war then going on, Goldsmith's as Frederick the

Great's Silesian campaign, the fate of Gray's cat as the fate of Louis the Sixteenth, Cowper's insanity as George the Fourth's, and the fact that Johnson took tea and survived as the fact that Wolfe took Quebec and did not. In May, 1880, Robert Louis Stevenson went to Silverado for his health and his honeymoon, spent June and a part of July at that deserted mining plant on the mountain, and then returned to England, ending an eventful year in California. He was accustomed at that time to following by the shores of death near enough for "a pair of oars" on the waters of it to be almost audible, but even for him it was

an eventful year. The book into which he put the record of his stay at Silverado is of moderate interest by its own virtues. It is better than "Across the Plains," perhaps as good as "An Inland Voyage." The "Kelmars" and "The Sea of Mist" are

matters successfully achieved. But something vital is lacking in the book. The zest, charm and completeness of "Travels with a Donkey" are not there. Still the incident so happened, the book was written, and if, as one is inclined to think, Stevenson is a permanent figure, as permanence goes



THE TOLL-HOUSE

in literary history, then the episode takes its place as an established thing. What railroad policy, what legislative bill, political campaign, census estimate, or condition of the vineyards was all-important to California in the summer of 1880 is marvelously forgotten, but what the Stevensons were doing on the shoulder of Mt. St. Helena is more widely known than ever. A new generation is already considering the subject. It was in consideration of the subject that I went to Silverado.

Calistoga and Silverado are good names, compact of irony. Voltaire remarked that "The Holy Roman Empire

was a good name, except that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire." It was a good name rather because of, than except for, that magnificent irony. Calistoga's name was composed of California and Saratoga, and the hotel there is still a "four-bit" house. Silverado is a silver mine, into which, it is rumored, more silver was put than ever was taken out. Fate has played pleasantly with their names. The founders intended things boastful, and the boast is turned to the gracious issues of an irony.

Silverado is easier to reach now than a quarter of a century ago. One can leave San Francisco in the early morning, and reach the Toll House soon after noon.

But Vallejo Ferry is still unexciting, as Stevenson described it, the Star Flour mills still tall and white, with sea-going ships at anchor beside them, Napa Valley pleasanter than ever with vineyards and orchards, Calistoga

a street of low houses at right angles to the railroad, and there a sulphur bath may be had steaming with the earth's own heat, direct from her body, not borrowed of the sun, that extravagant star, but from our

family fireside. Mount St. Helena is a flattish dome blocking the Valley, and over its shoulder, where stands the Toll House, the stage still

goes daily, now and then skirting a dizzy gorge, forty-eight miles, into Lake County of the spouting geysers. One pays the stage fare to a woman on the sidewalk at Calistoga, the driver wears brown corduroys, the stage carries as much freight as passengers, and hold-ups sometimes still occur by the way.

It lumbered that day through mud-puddles and flooded brooks, and began its slow ascent with six silent passengers aboard. The great ridges across the cañons on the right were jagged, with

rocky lumps and pinnacles. The cañons full of the sound of running water and the whistle of mountain winds in the evergreens. On the seat before me sat a thin woman with a fitfully wailing baby, and a huge hook-nosed commercial traveler who poked the baby with his immense forefinger

amiably, vaguely, silently, purposing to give it peace, perhaps joy, at least forgetfulness for the time of the unintelligible burden of life. Trouble vanished in astonishment on that rudimentary face, astonish-



SITE OF SILVERADO



NAPA VALLEY IN THE HAZE



ment settled into contemplation of a paradox in nature. It entered upon a condition of cloudless peace.

Now of all medicines for troubled spirits this is the most ready at hand. Whoever has the wit to be astonished, and while not anxious of solutions, yet apt to contemplate, give him an inexplicable phenomenon and he asks no more. When everyone's grasp equals his reach, when everything is understood as soon as seen, when every event displays its patent cause, then the sun may as well go out and the earth cease to bring forth increase. The long drama is over, the riddle is guessed, the trap is sprung, there is no further interest in the matter. Therefore whoever explains a mystery makes haste to the end. Whoever creates one, creates

a pure beneficence. The practice of astonishment as a clue to personal happiness, the induction of astonishment as a sphere of usefulness, who has followed these things consistently? It is an untrodden career.

"That there road goes to Silverado," said the corduroyed driver.

The patiently poking traveler suspended his forefinger. The thin mother, fat baby and other travelers undefined, gazed and were relieved of all ills the flesh is heir to by a paradox in nature, who

carried a knapsack, who dropped over the wheel and departed inexplicably up a fair, green, grass-grown lane, a blessing to his fellowmen behind him.

The lane came out on a hill top covered with a young peach orchard, where an elderly Swede was up a peach tree grafting its crudity with alien refinements.

"It was Silverado," he said, waving his hand across the orchard, where not a board or bit of foundation was left of Silverado. The peach farmer's cottage was of late building. The house where the Hansons lived in Stevenson's times was gone as well. Only the changing mountain, Napa Valley in the haze, and the perennial forest were as he saw them. The road from there to the mine ran a quarter of a mile through a low archway



THE "GRASS-GROWN LANE"

of woods, and came to the narrowest of street ravines, half-filled with a whitish slope of broken rubble stone, which was straddled by a wooden chute. We climbed to where the bottom of the ravine lay flat for a space. "Dere wass a house," said the peach farmer, pointing aside to the thicket that cloaked the rocky perpendicular. No sign or relic was in the covert of any building. But except for the house, gone without leaving a rock behind, the place appeared little changed. The

chutes, the iron rails and truck lay as the apostle of courageous living and industry at the task of happiness long ago described and left them. The steep trail still plunged downward from the ravine through the woods to the roof of the Toll House. There two old men were sunning themselves on the porch, and a brisk woman was masterfully busy within, who indeed seemed ready with a frank opinion on anything the sun beholds. She had read "The Silverado Squatters," and known the Kelmars,—“But that wasn't their name,”—and the Hansons and Irvine Loveland, who “was never,” she confirmed, “any good to anybody.” Rufe Hanson was living in a mining town in the north, and Silverado was not the only claim he had jumped. It was a habit in which he was skilful. Stevenson? No. It was before she came to the Toll House. “But he got them all right in the book, the Kelmars and Hansons. They were just that way.”

The benefit of a journey in the trail of a book is thought to be a closer realization of the book, an added sense of it as having stood for realities. “The Silverado Squatters” is here testified to be a book of keenly accurate description of visual objects. The Toll House landlady testified to the truth of its personalities. Yet it seemed to me of no greater value in the mass of Stevenson's work than before, and that a moderate value. It was singular how little one cared whether the casts of the Kelmars and Hansons were fingered and molded closely to the features of observed fact, or built out liberally on its foundation. What is reality? Stevenson himself was the only important phenomenon at Silverado. In “The Silverado Squatters” things seen were transmuted into things said with too little alchemy of his temperament.

The wind had fallen on Mount St. Helena, the gorges and their noisy waters were too far below to trouble the high silence. Napa Valley lay in a blue haze.

I came down the mountainside, dodging the muddy road, dropping by steep grassy slopes, and following cold, dusky ravines, through the late afternoon toward Calistoga.

Don Quixote once attended a puppet show in the ducal palace, and there was presented the story of Don Gayferos and the deliverance of Donna Melisendra from the city of Sansbenna. The alarm being given at her escape: “See,” quoth the narrator, “how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques!” “Not so,” cried Don Quixote, interrupting. “Master Peter is very much out as to the ringing of bells, which are not used among the Moors, but kettledrums and a kind of dulcimer; and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansbenna is a gross absurdity.” On the other hand, when Sancho once questioned him of Dulcinea, he answered, “God knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary; these things are not to be nicely inquired into,” which is the doctrine of quite another literary school.

In some sense Don Quixote was at issue with himself, and in some sense his feeling was consistent. Sansbenna was a better Moorish town for the results of the story with kettledrums than with bells, and Dulcinea better for his own high purposes having fair white hands than keeping pigs in Toboso. In either case it was a question of means to an end, and so far his opinions were consistent. But there was an issue about it all in his mind, of which he died in the end, a disappointed man.

The issue is in all of us, potent or latent, conscious or unconscious, and runs through all arts and philosophies, asking in one form or another a question to the same result: “What is reality? Is an object or an idea the more proper reality? Is the world the reality and God its dream, or God the reality and the world His dream? Who then delivers more truly

the image of the shape and contents of life, the one who describes what his eyes see, or the one who describes the state of his soul as acted upon by what his eyes see?" The war of the realistic school of fiction on the romantic that went before it,—as are the idealistic that may come after it,—is as the war of positive science on the faith in other things unseen. Decorative lovers and dogmatic systems have shrunk and vanished at the tests.

shall become mechanical again, the divinity having flown, and we set sail again for the port of Charybdis, at least these voyages to and from, between potent things and latent ideals, have been interesting voyages.

"The real thing," "real life," are semi-cant and current terms of the day. Timid enthusiasts go dining at bohemian restaurants or slumming as far as a Chinese opium joint, and call it "seeing real life."



"THE RIDGES WERE JAGGED WITH ROCKY LUMPS AND PINNACLES"

Ghosts too thin they seemed to battle with logic and fact. If the victors were so hostile to Scylla that they ran into Charybdis, and then claimed that Charybdis was the port they were looking for, it is no more than a common outcome of controversies.

And yet we were not satisfied with that harborage. We found it cold with a winter of discontent. We hungered for such poor stuff as the spirit is made of. Our eyes were turned back to the pageantry of our hopes and our ears to hearken after oracles. If the oracles in due time

So it is! So it would have been if they had stayed at home and played dominoes. Dull and trivial lives are no more real, or novels about dull and trivial lives more realistic for that reason, than those which carry hot passions and stirring incident, and no less so. One experience is as real as another.

Dropping down Mount St. Helena by steep pastures and wet gorges was an experience, even a worthy experience. The children who were sliding down hill on a slippery, green, half perpendicular meadow, were having another, I fancied,

a better one still. Their shouts came up pleasantly in the hazy air, mingled with the mellow jangle of cowbells. Theirs was green coasting in the balmy winter afternoon of a snowless land. It had its consolations for the lack of thrilling cold, glint of snow and ring of steel runners. Your hill must be thrice as steep and even then the speed is moderate, but it set the girl's hair flying and the spirit of the coasters to a jubilant tune.

Wherein was reality to them, in the sled and its speed or in the spirit's jubilant tune? Certainly it would not be a true description of coasting which described the speed and omitted the tune. It was this tune which Stevenson made it his business to learn and teach, and sang it himself to admiration, and is called the prince of modern romancers.

The rain clouds were gathering with the night as I came to Calistoga. All night it rained, and the following day, and I went back late to the steep, wet streets of San Francisco. By evening the rain was over, but the streets were still misty. I came from the door of a restaurant whose name, "The Old Poodle Dog," seemed to carry about it a certain pathos, as of a harlequin or punchinello that after long service in man's entertainment was now stricken in age. Where Grant Avenue and Dupont Street conjoin, the pavements were black and shining, and each distant street lamp was luminous in the fog like a feeble sun. At the nearest curbstone several Salvation Army women were singing to a thin circle of hearers, two girls with guitars, and one older who, as the singing ended, stepped forward to pray, her hands folded, her face shadowed under a black bonnet. Two sailors near me, from the United States ship Perry, by the legend on their caps, fell into guttural argument, one arguing the propriety of quiet while the lady was in that condition, the other the propriety of being jolly under all conditions. The prayer moved on from plea to plea in

plaintive monotony. On the opposite curb sat a blind beggar with a tin cup, and a phonograph which wailed metallically, "I don't know why I love you, but I do," too metallically to be persuasive in this statement of its condition. "Help us to see the light," said the woman with the shadowed face; "yes, but let's have a good time," the inebriate sailor; "I don't know why I love you, but I do," the phonograph, metallic and not convincing.

Grant Avenue runs some half-dozen blocks partly down hill, and ends at Market and O'Farrell Streets, where the city's evening gaiety centers in a blaze of electric lights. From end to end it echoed with oratory. Dark group beyond group, each street preacher had his audience, large or small, and could be distinguished in the distance by his gesturing hands. I left the group of the shadowed face, the sailors and the phonograph, and moved downward with the restless crowd, shifting from orator to orator.

Second group: A Japanese convert whose eyes and mouth were three black slips of the same shape. He was vehement, ejaculatory. "No cos' you hunner dollar, no cos' you ten dollar, no cos' you five cent! Believe in God!" a version of "without money and without price," which seemed no improvement, which implied a submission to the commercial standard unpleasantly complete, which laid stress on the cheapness of the article advertised rather than on its worth, which seemed to appeal to the creeping instinct to get something for nothing. One hardly admired the version.

Third: A species of Second Adventist with hair flowing smoothly to his shoulder blades, who explained the difference between the salvation of the believer and the unbeliever, namely, that both would be saved, but the believer would be attended to immediately while the unbeliever would wait a thousand years. He seemed well informed in this matter and careful of his accuracy.

Fourth: A prophet in a light-gray, monastic garb, his hair tied together with a ribbon, conversing and distributing business cards, which read, "Teacher of the Science of Being, Masonic Astrologer, Missionary - solar - biologist and electro-magnetic healer."

Fifth: Volunteers of America, under a gas torch, a song, "Where is my wandering boy to-night," by a hook-nosed gentleman, mildly military.

Sixth: A tall, thin, neatly-dressed propagandist with cast eyes, whose philosophy was difficult to catch, but he seemed to be advising the non-resistance to anything natural in the world. "Suppose I say, this misty atmosphere is bad. It is my duty to fight evil. I will fight it, change it, reform it!" He sparred vigorously at the mist. "Do I reform it thereby?" A surprising person this, the drift of whose doctrine remained problematical.

Seventh: An isolated group of eight or ten young men in excited discussion:—"Heaven—individuality—you admit that?—No, I don't—chain of causes, ain't it?—No, it ain't!"

Eighth: A smooth-faced, refined-looking man discussing sexual relations. "The generative mastered by the regenerative," his frequent phrase. His audience seemed interested but inclined to argue with him.

Ninth: A labor-union socialist with his hand in a bandage, probably a mechanic temporarily disabled—"Carl Marx—capitalist class—surplus capital—Louise Michel and the Paris commune—The Russian Massacre."

Tenth: A black-mustached categorist, with the manner of one announcing edicts and having some pungency of phrase. "The more you muddle your brains with fancying what heaven and hell are like, the less you attend to the hell that is on earth and the heaven that might be here. The more compensation you look for after death, the more graft you put up

with before it. You don't want religion, you've got more than you need. You want common sense. You haven't got much."

Eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth: Three peripatetic physicians; one elderly, grizzled, sarcastic, and proposing to cure liver complaints; the second a young man with straw-colored hair, whose method of insuring good health was the gymnastic development of the diaphragmic muscle; the third, a black-bearded man with bow legs and a bull dog expression, also selling a pamphlet: "Business success, any success, is due to personal force. Personal force is another name for personal magnetism. Personal magnetism comes from certain mental and bodily conditions. How bring those conditions about? See pamphlet."

Here ended Grant Avenue, that witches' caldron, steaming with mist and red with gas torches, where opinion boiled in uncanny confusion, where orators tossed their hands and hymns were sung forlornly. Where, in good faith and in fraud, the charlatan, the demagogue and he who prophesied no doubt in sad sincerity, the man who loved his neighbor and the man who loved his hobby, cast their persuasions on the mist, and heard them die away and mingle with the low shuffle of feet. What would such a caldron of opinion boil down to in a given time? At least, as each doctrine sailed near Charybdis, one observed how the more joyfully it claimed Charybdis to be the port it was looking for, and one seemed to hear under it all the muffled strain of that old jubilant tune, which no sooner does a generation discover itself defeated and disillusioned than the trumpets at the front are playing again, and the battle has gone on beyond. The doctrines differed, but this was common among them, that they were maintained by persons unmistakably alive, and behind them one seemed to feel dumb myriads fumbling after reality.



## TUSITALA: TELLER OF TALES

*By Mary H. Krout*

DWELLER in many lands, he sought the heights  
And laid him down to sleep  
Under the stars that, through the tropic nights,  
Burn in the purple deep.

There the first splendors of the dawning day  
Break o'er the sea's blue rim,  
There the last glories of the sunset stay,  
As though they shone for him.

The white surf, far below, leaps high in air,  
The winds the palm-trees shake,  
The silvery rains sweep by—he is not there;  
They call, he will not wake.

## MISSA CANTATA

*By Clarence Urmy*

FROM Vagabondian ports a barque  
Sailed up the Sunset Sea,  
And just as day light dawned from dark  
A voice called out to me:  
"Ho, Brother! May I moor my ark  
Here at your Redwood Tree?"

Across the poppy fields I flung  
My welcome down the shore,  
O how I longed for tuneful tongue,  
For lay of Lydian lore,  
For harp with strings of silver strung  
My greeting to outpour—

"Thrice welcome, Vagabondian Bard,  
Thou Modern Mariner,  
From haunts with Golden Rowan starred,  
Pan Pipes and Dulcimer,  
With Gamelbar the battle-scarred—  
Hail, Heart's Interpreter!"  
. . . . .

With what delight I backward look  
Upon that golden day  
When for brief moments one forsook  
The Low Tide On Grand Pré,  
And bode with me and Bough and Book  
In rose-wreathed San José.

# THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES



By **Meredith Nicholson**  
Author Of "The Main Chance," "Kidda Demaron," Etc.

## CHAPTER XII

### I EXPLORE A PASSAGE

"BATES?"—I found him busy replenishing the candlesticks in the library,—it seemed to me that he was always poking about with an armful of candles,—“there are a good many queer things in this world, but I guess you’re one of the queerest. I don’t mind telling you that there are times when I think you a thoroughly bad lot, and then again I question my judgment and don’t give you credit for being much more than a doddering fool.”

He was standing on a ladder beneath the great crystal chandelier and looked down upon me with that patient inquiry that is so appealing in a dog—in, say, the eyes of an Irish setter, when you accidentally step on his tail.

“Yes, Mr. Glenarm,” he replied humbly.

“Now, I want you to grasp this idea that I’m going to dig into this old shell top and bottom; I’m going to blow it up with dynamite, if I please; and if I catch you spying on me or reporting my doings to my enemies, or engaging in any questionable performances whatever, I’ll hang you between the posts out there in the school-wall—do you understand?—so that the sweet Sisters of St. Agatha and the dear little school-girls and the chap-

lain and all the rest will shudder through all their lives at the very thought of you.”

“Certainly, Mr. Glenarm,”—and his tone was the same he would have used if I had asked him to pass me the matches, and under my breath I consigned him to the harshest tortures of the fiery pit.

“Now, as to Morgan—”

“Yes, sir.”

“What possible business do you suppose he has with Mr. Pickering?” I demanded.

“Why, sir, that’s clear enough. Mr. Pickering owns a house up the lake,—he got it through your grandfather. Morgan has the care of it, sir.”

“Very plausible, indeed!”—and I sent him off to his work.

After luncheon I went to the end of the corridor, and began to sound the walls. They were as solid as rock, and responded dully to the strokes of the hammer. I sounded them on both sides, retracing my steps to the stairway, becoming more and more impatient at my ill-luck or stupidity. There was every reason why I should know my own house, and yet a stranger and an outlaw ran through it with amazing daring.

After an hour’s idle search I returned

to the end of the corridor, repeated all my previous soundings, and, I fear, indulged in language unbecoming a gentleman. Then, in my blind anger, I found what patient search had not disclosed.

I threw the hammer from me in a fit of temper and it struck one of the square blocks in the cement floor which gave forth a hollow sound. I was on my knees in an instant, my fingers searching the cracks, and drawing down close I could feel a current of air, slight but unmistakable, against my face.

The cement square, though exactly like the others in the cellar floor, was evidently only an imitation, with an opening beneath.

The block was fitted into its place with a nicety that certified to the skill of the hand that had adjusted it. I broke a blade of my pocket-knife trying to pry it up, but, in a moment, I succeeded, and found it to be in reality a trap door, hinged to the substantial part of the floor.

A current of cool, fresh air, the same that had surprised me in the night, struck my face as I lay flat and peered into the opening. The lower passage was as black as pitch, and I lighted a lantern I had brought with me, found that wooden steps gave safe conduct below and went down.

I stood erect in the passage and had several inches to spare. It extended both ways, running back under the foundations of the house, and cut squarely under the park before the house and toward the school-wall. The air grew steadily fresher, until, after I had gone about two hundred yards, I reached a point where the wind seemed to beat down on me from above. I put up my hands and found two openings about three yards apart, through which the air sucked steadily. I moved out of the current with a chuckle in my throat and a grin on my face. I had passed under the gate in the school-wall, and I knew now why the piers that held it had been built so high,—they were hollow

and were the means of sending fresh air into the tunnel.

When I had traversed about twenty yards more I felt a slight vibration accompanied by a muffled roar, and almost immediately came to a rough wooden stair that marked the end of the passage. I had no means of judging directions, but I assumed that I was well within the school park.

I climbed the steps, and in a moment stood blinking, my lantern in hand, in a small, floored room. Overhead the tumult and thunder of an organ explained the tremor and roar I had heard below. I was in the crypt of St. Agatha's chapel. The inside of the door by which I had entered was a part of the wainscoting of the room, and the opening was wholly covered with a map of the Holy Land.

It was all very strange and interesting. I looked at my watch and found that it was five o'clock, but I resolved to go into the chapel before going home.

The way up was clear enough, and I was soon in the vestibule. I opened the door, expecting to find a service in progress; but the little church was empty save where, at the right of the chancel, an organist was filling the church with the notes of an exultant march. Cap in hand I stole forward, and sank down in one of the pews.

A lamp over the organ keyboard gave the only light in the chapel, and made an aureole about her head,—about the uncovered head of Olivia Gladys Armstrong! I smiled as I recognized her and smiled, too, as I remembered her name. But the joy she brought to the music, the happiness in her face as she raised it in the minor harmonies, her isolation, marked by the little isle of light against the dark background of the choir,—these things touched and moved me, and I bent forward, my arms upon the pew in front of me, watching and listening with a kind of awed wonder.

There was no pause in the outpouring of the melody. She changed stops and

manuals with swift fingers and passed from one composition to another; now it was an august hymn, now a theme from Wagner, and finally Mendelssohn's spring song won the cold dark chapel to light and warmth with its exultant notes.

She ceased suddenly with a little sigh and struck her hands together, for the place was cold. As she reached up to put out the lights I stepped forward to the chancel steps.

"Please allow me to do that for you?"

She turned toward me, gathering a cape about her.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she asked, looking about quickly. "I don't remember that you were invited."

"I didn't know I was coming myself," I remarked truthfully, lifting my hand to the lamp.

"That is my opinion of you,—that you're a rather unexpected person. But thank you, very much."

She showed no disposition to prolong the interview, but hurried toward the door, and reached the vestibule before I came up with her.

"You can't go any farther, Mr. Glenarm," she said, and waited as though to make sure I understood. Straight before us through the wood and beyond the school-buildings the sunset faded sullenly. Night was following fast upon the gray twilight and already the bolder planets were aflame in the sky. The path led straight ahead beneath the black boughs.

"I might perhaps walk to the dormitory, or whatever you call it," I said.

"Thank you, no! I'm late and haven't time to bother with you. It's against the rules, you know, for us to receive visitors."

She stepped out upon the path.

"But I'm not a caller; I'm just a neighbor! And I owe you several calls, anyhow."

She laughed, but did not pause, and I followed a pace behind her.

"I hope you don't think for a moment that I chased a rabbit on your side of the fence in the hope of meeting you, do you, Mr. Glenarm?"

"Be it far from me! I'm glad I came, though, for I liked your music immensely. I'm in earnest; I think it quite wonderful, Miss Armstrong."

She paid no heed to me.

"And I hope I may promise myself the pleasure of hearing you often."

"You are very kind about my poor music, Mr. Glenarm; but as I'm going away—"

I felt my heart sink a trifle. She was the only amusing person I had met at Glenarm, and the thought of losing her gave a darker note to the bleak landscape.

"That's really too bad! And just when we were getting acquainted! And I was coming to church every Sunday to hear you play and to pray for snow, so you'd come over often to chase rabbits!"

This, I thought, softened her heart. At any rate her tone changed.

"I don't play for services; they're afraid to let me for fear I'd run comic-opera tunes into the *Te Deum*!"

"How shocking!"

"Do you know, Mr. Glenarm,"—her tone became confidential and her pace slackened,—"*we* call you the squire, at St. Agatha's, and the lord of the manor, and names like that! All the girls are perfectly crazy about you. They'd be wild if they thought I talked with you, clandestinely,—is that the way you pronounce it?"

"Anything you say and any way you say it satisfies me," I replied.

"That's ever so nice of you," she said, mockingly again.

I felt foolish and guilty. She would probably get roundly scolded if the grave sisters learned of her talks with me, and very likely I should win their hearty contempt. But I did not turn back.

"I hope the reason you're leaving isn't—" I hesitated.

"Ill conduct? Oh, yes; I'm terribly wicked, Squire Glenarm! They're sending me off."

"But I suppose the Sisters are awfully strict."

"They're hideous,—perfectly hideous."

"Where is your home?" I demanded. "Chicago, Louisville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, perhaps?"

"Humph, you *are* dull! You ought to know from my accent that I'm not from Chicago. And I hope I haven't a Kentucky girl's air of waiting to be flattered to death. And no Indianapolis girl would talk to a strange man at the edge of a deep wood in the gray twilight of a winter day,—that's from a book; and the Cincinnati girl is without my *élan, esprit*,—whatever you please to call it. She has more Teutonic repose,—more of Gretchen of the Rhine valley about her. Don't you adore French, Squire Glenarm?" she concluded, breathlessly, and with no pause in her quick step.

"I adore yours, Miss Armstrong," I asserted, yielding myself further to the joy of idiocy, and delighting in the mockery and whimsical moods of her talk. I did not make her out; indeed, I preferred not to! I was not then,—and I am not now, thank God!—of an analytical turn of mind. And as I grow older I prefer, even after many a blow, to take my fellow human beings as I find them. And as for women, old or young, I envy no man his gift of resolving them into elements. As well carry a spray of arbutus to the laboratory or subject the enchantment of moonlight upon running water to the flame and blow-pipe as try to analyze the heart of a girl,—particularly a girl who paddles a canoe with a sure stroke and puts up a good race with a rabbit.

A lamp shone ahead of us at the entrance of one of the houses, and lights appeared in all the buildings.

"If I knew your window I should cer-

tainly sing under it,—except that you're going home! You didn't tell me why they were deporting you."

"I'm really ashamed to! You would never—"

"Oh, yes, I would; I'm really an old friend!" I insisted, feeling more like an idiot every minute.

"Well, don't tell! But they caught me flirting—with the grocery boy! Now *aren't* you disgusted?"

"Thoroughly! I can't believe it! Why, you'd a lot better flirt with me," I suggested boldly.

"Well, I'm to be sent away for good at Christmas. I may come back then if I can square myself. My! That's slang,—isn't it adorable?"

"The Sisters don't like slang, I suppose?"

"They loathe it! Miss Devereux,—you know who she is!—she spies on us and tells."

"You don't say so; but I'm not surprised at her! I've heard about *her*!" I declared bitterly.

We had reached the door, and I expected her to fly; but she lingered.

"Oh, if you know her! Perhaps you're a spy, too! It's just as well we should never meet again, Mr. Glenarm," she declared haughtily.

"The memory of these few meetings will always linger with me, Miss Armstrong," I returned in an imitation of her own tone.

"I shall scorn to remember you!"—and she folded her arms under the cloak tragically.

"Our meetings have been all too few, Miss Armstrong. Two, exactly, I believe!"

"Then you prefer to ignore the first time I ever saw you," she said, her hand on the door.

"Out there in your canoe? Never! And you've forgiven me for overhearing you and the chaplain on the wall—please?"



She grasped the knob of the door and paused an instant as though pondering.

"I make it three times, without that one, and not counting once in the road and other times when you didn't know, Squire Glenarm! I'm a foolish little girl to have remembered the first. I see now how b-l-i-n-d I have been. Good-by!"

She opened and closed the door softly, and I heard her running up the steps within.

I ran back to the chapel, roundly abusing myself for having neglected my more serious affairs for a bit of silly talk with a school-girl, fearful lest the openings I had left at both ends of the passage should have been discovered. Near the chapel I narrowly escaped running into Stoddard, but I slipped past him, found my lantern, pulled the hidden door into place, and, traversing the tunnel without incident, soon climbed through the hatchway and slammed the false block securely into the opening.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### A PAIR OF EAVESDROPPERS

When I came down after dressing for dinner, Bates called my attention to a belated mail. I pounced eagerly upon a letter in Laurance Donovan's well-known hand, bearing, to my surprise, an American stamp and postmarked New Orleans. It was dated, however, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, December fifteenth, 1901, and gave a characteristically racy account of his efforts to dodge the British detective who was pursuing him. He hoped, he wrote, to cross the borders into Texas, but declared that he should keep clear of Indiana, as he was unacquainted with the Indian language.

Bates gave me my coffee in the library, as I wished to settle down to an evening of reflection without delay. Larry's report of himself was not reassuring, despite its cheerful tone. I knew that if he had any

idea of trying to reach me he would not mention it in a letter which might fall into the hands of the authorities, and the hope that he might join me grew. I was not, perhaps, entitled to a companion at Glenarm under the terms of my exile, but as a matter of protection in the existing condition of affairs there could be no legal or moral reason why I should not defend myself against my foes, and Larry was an ally worth having.

My neighbor, the chaplain, had inadvertently given me a bit of important news; and my mind kept reverting to the fact that Morgan was reporting his injury to the executor of my grandfather's estate in New York. Everything else that had happened was tame and unimportant compared with this. Why had John Marshall Glenarm made Arthur Pickering the executor of his estate? He knew that I detested him, that Pickering's noble aims and high ambitions had been praised by my family until his very name sickened me; and yet my own grandfather had thought it wise to intrust his fortune and my future to the man of all men who was most repugnant to me. I rose and paced the floor in anger.

My rage must fasten upon some one, and Bates was the nearest target for it. I went to the kitchen, where he usually spent his evenings, to vent my feelings upon him, only to find him gone. I climbed to his room and found it empty. Very likely he was off condoling with his friend and fellow conspirator, the caretaker, and I fumed with rage and disappointment. I was thoroughly tired,—as tired as on days when I had beaten my way through tropical jungles without food or water; but I wished, in my impotent anger against I knew not what agencies, to punish myself,—to induce an utter weariness that would send me exhausted to bed.

The snow in the highway was well beaten down and I swung off country-

ward past St. Agatha's. A gray mist hung over the fields in whirling clouds, breaking away occasionally and showing the throbbing winter stars. The walk and my interest in the alternation of starlighted and mist-wrapped landscape won me to a better state of mind, and after tramping a couple of miles, I set out for home. Several times on my tramp I had caught myself whistling the air of a majestic old hymn, and smiled, remembering my young friend Olivia, and her playing in the chapel. She was an amusing child; the thought of her further lifted my spirit; and I turned into the school park when I reached the outer gate with a half-recognized wish to pass near the barracks where she spent her days.

At the school-gate the lamps of a carriage suddenly blurred in the mist. Carriages are not common in this region, and I was not surprised to find that this was the familiar village hack that met trains day and night at Annandale. Some parent, I conjectured, paying a visit to St. Agatha's; possibly,—and the thought gave me pleasure,—perhaps the father of Miss Olivia Gladys Armstrong had come to carry her home for a stricter discipline than Sister Theresa's school afforded.

The driver sat asleep on his box, and I passed him and went on into the grounds. A whim seized me to visit the crypt of the chapel and examine the opening to the tunnel. As I passed the little group of school-buildings a man came hurriedly from one of them and turned toward the chapel.

I first thought it was Stoddard, but I could not make him out in the mist and in my uncertainty waited for him to put twenty paces between us before I followed.

He strode into the chapel porch with an air of assurance, and I heard him address some one who had been waiting. The mist was now so heavy that I could not see my hand before my face, and I

stole forward until I heard the voices of two men distinctly.

"Bates!"

"Yes, sir."

I heard feet scraping on the stone floor of the porch.

"This is a devil of a place to talk in but it's the best we can do. Did the young man know I sent for you?"

"No, sir. I left him quite busy with his books and papers."

"Humph! We can never be sure of him."

"I suppose that is correct, sir."

"Well, you and Morgan are a fine pair, I must say! I thought he had some sense, and that you'd see to it that he didn't make a mess of this thing. He's in bed now with a hole in his arm and you've got to go on alone."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Pickering."

"Don't call me by name, you idiot. We're not advertising our business from the housetops."

"Certainly not," replied Bates humbly.

The blood was roaring through my head, and my hands clenched as I stood there listening to this colloquy.

Pickering's voice was—and is—unmistakable. There was always a purring softness in it. He used to remind me at school of a sleek, complacent cat, and I hate cats with particular loathing.

"Is Morgan lying or not when he says he shot himself accidentally?" demanded Pickering petulantly.

"I only know what I heard from the gardener here at the school. You'll understand, I hope, that I can't be seen going to Morgan's house."

"Of course not. But he says you haven't played fair with him, that you even attacked him a few days after Glen-arm came."

"Yes, and he hit me over the head with a club. It was his indiscretion, sir. He wanted to go through the library in broad daylight, and it wasn't any use, anyhow. There's nothing there."

"But I don't like the looks of this shooting. Morgan's sick and out of his head. But a fellow like Morgan isn't likely to shoot himself accidentally, and now that it's done the work's stopped and the time is running on. What do you think Glenarm suspects?"

"I can't tell, sir, but mighty little, I should say. The shot through the window the first night he was here seemed to shake him a trifle, but he's quite settled down now, I should say, sir. That shot of Morgan's was a great mistake. The young gentleman isn't to be frightened away as easily as that."

"Morgan's a fool. But what is Glenarm doing? He probably doesn't spend much time on this side of the fence—doesn't haunt the chapel, I fancy?"

"Lord, no, sir! I hardly suspect the young gentleman of being a praying man."

"You haven't seen him prowling about the house analyzing the architecture—"

"Not a bit of it, sir! He hasn't, I should say, what his revered grandfather called the analytical mind."

Pickering stamped his feet upon the paved porch floor in a way that I remembered of old. It marked a conclusion, and preluded serious statements.

"Now, Bates," he said, with a ring of authority and speaking in a louder key than he had yet used, "it's your duty under all the circumstances to help discover the hidden assets of the estate. We've got to pluck the mystery from that architectural monster over there, and the time for doing it is short enough. Mr. Glenarm was a rich man. To my own knowledge he had a couple of millions, and he couldn't have spent it all on that house. He reduced his bank account to a few thousand dollars and swept out his safety vault boxes with a broom before his last trip to Vermont. He didn't die with the stuff in his clothes, did he?"

"Lord bless me, no, sir! There was

little enough cash to bury him, with you out of the country and me alone with him."

"He was a crank and I suppose he got a lot of satisfaction out of burying his money. But this hunt for it isn't funny. I supposed of course we'd dig it up before Glenarm got here or I shouldn't have been in such a hurry to send for him. But it's over there somewhere, or in the grounds. There must be a plan of the house that would help. I'll give you a thousand dollars the day you wire me you have found any sort of clue."

"Thank you, sir."

"I don't want thanks, I want the money or securities or whatever it is. I've got to go back to my car now, and you'd better skip home. You needn't tell your young master that I've been here."

I was trying hard to remember, as I stood there with clenched hands outside the chapel porch, that Arthur Pickering's name was written in the list of directors of one of the greatest trust companies in America, and that he belonged to the most exclusive clubs in New York. I had come out for my walk with only an invernness over my dinner-jacket, and I was thoroughly chilled by the cold mist. I was experiencing, too, an inner cold as I reflected upon the greed and perfidy of man.

"Keep an eye on Morgan," said Pickering.

"Certainly, sir."

"And be careful what you write or wire."

"I'll mind those points, sir. But I'd suggest, if you please, sir—"

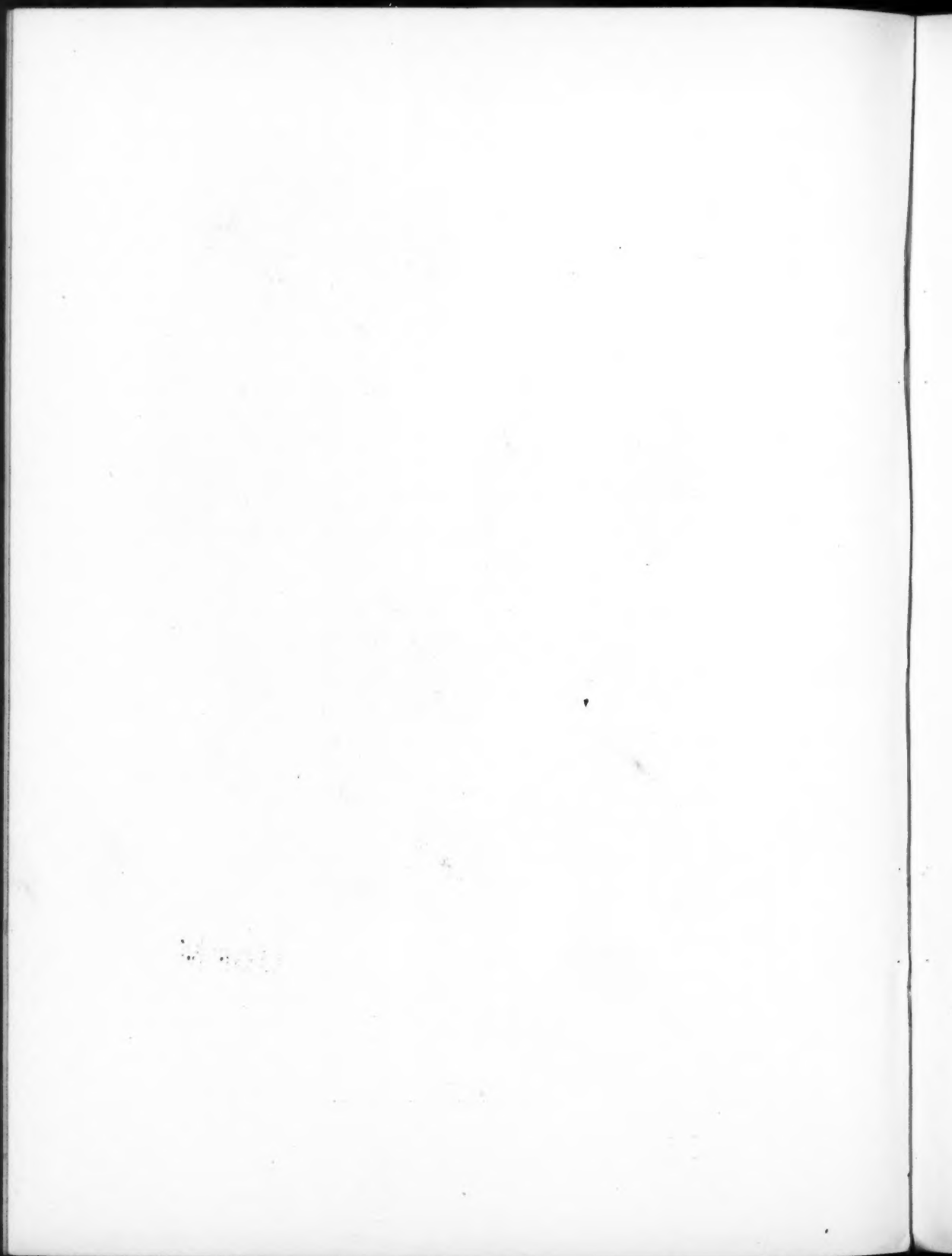
"Well?" demanded Pickering impatiently.

"That you should call at the house. It would look rather strange to the young gentleman if you'd come to St. Agatha's and not see him."

"I haven't the slightest errand with him. And besides, I haven't time. If he learns that I've been here you may say



"I SHALL SCORN TO REMEMBER YOU!"—AND SHE FOLDED HER ARMS  
UNDER THE CLOAK TRAGICALLY





that my business was with Sister Theresa and that I regretted very much not having the opportunity to call on him."

The irony of this was not lost on Bates, who chuckled softly. He came out into the open and turned away toward the Glenarm gate. Pickering passed me, so near that I might have put out my hand and touched him, and in a moment I heard the carriage drive off rapidly toward the village.

I heard Bates running home over the snow and listened to the clatter of the village hack as it bore Pickering back to Annandale.

Then out of the depths of the chapel porch—out of the depths of time and space, it seemed, so dazed I stood—some one came swiftly toward me, some one light of foot like a woman, ran down the walk a little way into the fog and paused.

An exclamation broke from me.

"Eavesdropping for two!"—it was the voice of Olivia. "I'd take pretty good care of myself if I were you, Squire Glenarm! Good night!"

"Good-by!" I faltered, as she sped away in the mist toward St. Agatha's.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE GIRL IN GRAY

My first thought was to find the crypt door and return through the tunnel before Bates reached the house. The chapel was open, and by lighting matches I found my way to the map and panel. I slipped through and closed the opening; then ran through the passage with gratitude to the generous builder who had given it a clear floor and an ample roof. In my haste I miscalculated its length, pitching headlong into the steps under the trap beneath Glenarm House at a gait that sent me sprawling. In a moment more I had jammed the trap into place and was running up the cellar steps, breathless, with my cap smashed down over my eyes.

I heard Bates entering at the rear, and knew I had won the race by a scratch. There was but a moment in which to throw my coat and cap under the divan in the library, slap the dust from my clothes and seat myself at the great table, where the candles blazed tranquilly.

Bates' step was as steady as ever—there was not the slightest hint of excitement in it—as he came and stood within the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Glenarm, did you wish anything, sir?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Bates."

"I had stepped down to the village, sir, to speak to the grocer. The eggs he sent this morning were not quite up to the mark. I have warned him not to send any of the storage article to this house."

"That's right, Bates." I folded my arms to hide my hands, which were black from contact with the passage, and faced my man servant. My respect for his rascally powers had increased immensely since he gave me my coffee. A contest with so clever a rogue was worth while.

"I'm grateful for your good care of me, Bates. I had expected to perish of discomfort out here, but you are treating me like a lord."

"Thank you, Mr. Glenarm. I do what I can, sir."

He brought fresh candles for the table candelabra, going about with his accustomed noiseless step. I felt a cold chill creep down my spine as he passed behind me on these errands. His transition from the rôle of conspirator to that of my flawless servant was almost too abrupt.

I dismissed him as quickly as possible, and listened to his step through the halls as he went about locking the doors. This was a regular incident, but I was aware to-night that he exercised what seemed to me a particular care in bolting and barring doors. The locking-up process had rather bored me before; to-night I listened with eager interest for every sound.

When I heard Bates climbing to his

own quarters I quietly went the rounds on my own account and found everything as tight as a drum.

I was tired enough to sleep when I went to my room, and after an eventless night woke to a clear day and keener air.

"I'm going to take a little run into the village, Bates," I remarked at breakfast.

"Very good, sir."

"If any one should call I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Yes, sir."

I really had an errand in the village. I wished to visit the hardware store and buy some cartridges, but Pickering's presence in the community was a disturbing factor in my mind. I had resolved to get sight of him,—to meet him, if possible, and see how a man whose schemes were so deep looked in the light of day.

As I left the grounds and gained the highway Stoddard fell in with me.

"Well, Mr. Glenarm, I'm glad to see you abroad so early. With that library of yours the temptation must be strong to stay within doors. But a man's got to subject himself to the sun and wind. Even a good wetting now and then is salutary."

"I try to get out every day," I answered. "But I've chiefly limited myself to my own grounds."

An ancient omnibus, filled with young women, passed at a gallop, bound for the station, and we took off our hats.

"Christmas holidays," explained the chaplain. "Practically all the students go home."

"Lucky kids, to have homes with Christmas trees. I envy them."

"I suppose Mr. Pickering got away last night?" he observed, and my pulse quickened at the name.

"I haven't seen him yet," I answered.

"Then of course he hasn't gone?" and these words, uttered in the big clergyman's deep tones, seemed wholly plausible. There was, to be sure, nothing so unlikely as that Arthur Pickering, executor of my

grandfather's estate, would come to Glenarm without seeing me.

"Sister Theresa told me this morning he was here. He called on her and Miss Devereux last night. I haven't seen him myself. I thought possibly I might run into him in the village. His car's very likely on the station switch."

"No doubt we shall find him there," I answered easily.

The Annandale station presented an appearance of unusual gaiety when we reached the main street of the village. There, to be sure, lay the private car in the siding, and on the platform was a group of twenty or more girls, with several of the brown-habited Sisters of St. Agatha. There was something a little foreign in the picture; the girls in their bright colors talking gaily, the sisters in their somber garb hovering about, suggesting France or Italy rather than Indiana.

We stepped upon the platform. The private car lay on the opposite side of the station, having been switched into a siding of the east and west road. Pickering was certainly getting on. There is something wholly regal in a private car. Any one may boast a catboat and call it a yacht; but there is no known substitute for a private car. As I lounged across the platform with Stoddard, Pickering came out into the vestibule of his car, followed by two ladies and an elderly gentleman. They all descended and began a promenade of the plank walk.

Pickering saw me an instant later and hurried up with outstretched hand.

"This is indeed good fortune! We dropped off here last night rather unexpectedly to rest a hot box and should have been picked up by the early express for Chicago; but there was a miscarriage of orders somewhere and we now have to wait for the nine o'clock, and it's late. If I'd known how much behind it was I should have run out to see you. How are things going?"

"As smooth as a whistle! It really isn't so bad when you face it. And the fact is I'm actually at work."

"That's splendid. The year will go fast enough, never fear. I suppose you pine for a little human society now and then. A man can never strike the right medium in such things. In New York we are all rushed to death. I sometimes feel that I'd like a little rustication myself. I get nervous, and working for corporations is wearing. The old gentleman there is Taylor, president of the Mid-Western and Southern. The ladies are his wife and a friend of hers. I'd like to introduce you." He ran his eyes over my corduroys and leggings in amiable acceptance of my rusticity. He had not in years addressed me so pleasantly.

Stoddard had left me to go to the other end of the platform to speak to some of the students. I followed Pickering rather reluctantly to where the companions of his travels were pacing to and fro in the crisp morning air.

As soon as Pickering had got me well under way in conversation with Taylor, he excused himself hurriedly and went off, as I assumed, to be sure the station agent had received orders for attaching the private car to the Chicago express. Taylor proved to be a supercilious person,—I believe they call him Chilly Billy at the Metropolitan Club,—and our efforts to converse were pathetically unfruitful. The two ladies stood by, making no concealment of their impatience. Their eyes were upon the girls from St. Agatha's on the other platform, whom they could see beyond me. I had jumped the conversation from Indiana farm values to the recent disorders in Bulgaria, which interested me more, when Mrs. Taylor, ignoring me, spoke abruptly to her sister.

"That's she—the one in the gray coat, talking to the clergyman. She came a moment ago in the carriage."

"The one with the umbrella? I thought you said—"

Mrs. Taylor glanced at her sister warningly, and they both looked at me. Then they detached themselves and moved away. There was some one on the farther platform whom they wished to see, and Taylor, not understanding their maneuver—he was really anxious, I think, not to be left alone with me—started down the platform after them, I following. Mrs. Taylor and her sister walked to the end of the platform and looked across, a biscuit-toss away, to where Stoddard stood talking to the girl I had already heard described as wearing a gray coat and carrying an umbrella.

The girl in gray crossed the track quickly and addressed the two women cordially. Taylor's back was to her and he was growing eloquent in a mild well-bred way over the dullness of our statesmen in not seeing the advantages that would accrue to the United States in fostering our shipping industry. His wife, her sister and the girl in gray were so near that I could hear plainly what they were saying. They were referring apparently to the girl's refusal of an invitation to accompany them to California.

"So you can't go—it's too bad! We had hoped that when you really saw us on the way you would relent," said Mrs. Taylor.

"But there are many reasons; and above all Sister Theresa needs me."

It was the voice of Olivia, a little lower, a little more restrained than I had known it; but undeniably it was she.

"But think of the rose gardens that are waiting for us out there!" said the other lady. They were showing her the deference that elderly women always have for pretty girls.

"Alas, and again alas!" exclaimed Olivia. "Please don't make it harder for me than necessary. But I gave my promise a year ago to spend these holidays in Cincinnati."

She ignored me wholly and after shaking hands with the ladies returned to the

other platform. I wondered whether she was overlooking Taylor on purpose to cut me.

Taylor was still at his lecture on the needs of our American merchant marine when Pickering passed hurriedly, crossed the track and began speaking earnestly to the girl in gray.

"The American flag should command the seas. What we need is not more battle-ships but more freight carriers—" Taylor was saying.

But I was watching Olivia Gladys Armstrong. In a long skirt, with her hair caught up under a gray toque that matched her coat perfectly, she was not my Olivia of the tam-o'-shanter, who had pursued the rabbit; nor yet the unsophisticated school-girl, who had suffered my idiotic babble; nor, again, the dreamy rapt organist of the chapel. She was a grown woman with at least twenty summers to her credit, and there was about her an air of knowing the world, and of not being at all a person one would make foolish speeches to. She spoke to Pickering gravely. Once she smiled dolefully and shook her head, and I vaguely strove to remember where I had seen that look in her eyes before. Her gold beads, which I had once carried in my pocket, were clasped tight about the close collar of her dress; and I was glad, very glad, that I had ever touched anything that belonged to her.

Who was Olivia Gladys Armstrong and what was Arthur Pickering's business with her? And what was it she had said to me that evening when I had found her playing on the chapel organ? So much happened that day that I had almost forgotten, and, indeed, I had tried to forget that I made a fool of myself for the edification of an amusing little school girl. "Then you prefer to ignore the first time I ever saw you," she had said; but if I had thought of it at all it had been with righteous self-contempt. Or, I may have flattered my vanity with

the reflection that she had eyed me—her hero, perhaps—with wistful admiration across the wall.

Meanwhile the Chicago express roared into Annandale and the private car was attached. Taylor watched the trainmen with the cool interest of a man for whom the proceeding had no novelty, while he continued to dilate upon the nation's commercial opportunities. I turned perforce, and walked with him back toward the station, where Mrs. Taylor and her sister were talking to the conductor.

Pickering came running across the platform with several telegrams in his hand.

"I'm awfully sorry, Glenarm, that our stop's so short,"—and Pickering's face wore a worried look as he addressed me, his eyes on the conductor.

"How far do you go?" I asked.

"California. We have large interests out there and I have to attend some stockholders' meetings in Colorado in January."

"Ah, you business men! You business men!" I said reproachfully. I wished to call him a blackguard then and there, and it was on my tongue to do so, but I concluded that to wait until he had shown his hand fully was the better game.

The ladies entered the car and I shook hands with Taylor, who threatened to send me his pamphlet on *The Needs of American Shipping* when he got back to New York.

"It's too bad she wouldn't go with us. Poor girl! this must be a dreary hole for her," he said to Pickering, who helped him upon the platform of the car with what seemed to be unnecessary precipitation.

"You little know us," I declared, for Pickering's benefit. "Life in Annandale is nothing if not exciting. The people here are indifferent marksmen or there'd be murders galore."

"Mr. Glenarm is a good deal of a wag," explained Pickering, hastily

swinging himself aboard as the train started.

"Yes; it's my humor that keeps me alive," I responded, and taking off my hat I saluted Arthur Pickering with my broadest salaam.

## CHAPTER XV

### I MAKE AN ENGAGEMENT

The south-bound train was now due in ten minutes. A few students had boarded the Chicago train, but a greater number still waited on the farther platform. The girl in gray was surrounded by half a dozen students, all talking animatedly. As I walked toward them I could not justify my stupidity in mistaking a school-girl of fifteen or sixteen for a grown woman; but it was the tam-o'-shanter, the short skirt, the youthful joy in the outdoor world that had disguised her as effectually as Rosalind to the eyes of Orlando. She was probably a teacher,—quite likely the teacher of music, I argued, who had amused herself at my expense.

It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to approach her with an apology or a farewell, but those few inches added to her skirt and that pretty gray toque substituted for the tam-o'-shanter set up a barrier that did not yield at all as I drew nearer. At the last moment, as I crossed the track and stepped upon the other platform, it occurred to me that while I might have some claim upon the attention of Olivia Gladys Armstrong, a wayward school-girl of athletic tastes, I had none whatever upon a person whom it was proper to address as Miss Armstrong,—who was, I felt sure, quite capable of snubbing me if snubbing fell in with her mood.

She glanced toward me and bowed instantly, and her young companions withdrew to a conservative distance. I will say this for the students at St. Agatha's,

Annandale: their manners are beyond criticism, and an affable discretion is one of their most admirable traits.

"I didn't know they ever grew up so fast,—in a day and a night!"

I was glad I remembered the number of beads in her chain; the item seemed at once to become important.

"It's the air, I suppose. It's praised by excellent critics," she laughed.

"But you are going to an ampler ether, a diviner air. You have attained the beatific state and at once take flight. If they confer perfection like an academic degree at St. Agatha's, then—"

I had never felt so stupidly helpless in my life. There were a thousand things I wished to say to her; there were countless questions I wished to ask; but her calmness and poise were disconcerting. Her eyes met mine easily; their azure depths puzzled me. She was almost, but not quite, some one I had seen before, and it was not my woodland Olivia. Her eyes, the soft curve of her cheek, the light in her hair,—but the memory of another time, another place, another girl, lured only to baffle me.

She laughed,—a little murmuring laugh.

"I'll never tell if you won't," she said.

"But I don't see how that helps me with you?"

"It certainly does not! That is a much more serious matter, Mr. Glenarm."

"And the worst of it is that I haven't a single thing to say for myself. It wasn't the not knowing that was so utterly dull—"

"Certainly not! It was talking that ridiculous twaddle. It was trying to flirt with a silly school-girl. What will do for fifteen is somewhat vacuous for—"

She paused abruptly, colored and laughed.

"I am twenty-seven!"

"And I am just the usual age," she said.

"Ages don't count, but time is import-



ant. There are many things I wish you would tell me,—you who hold the key of the gate of mystery.”

“Then you’ll have to pick the lock!”

She laughed lightly. The somber Sisters patrolling the platform with their charges heeded us little.

“I had no idea you knew Arthur Pickering—when you were just Olivia in the tam-o’-shanter.”

“Maybe you think he wouldn’t have cared for my acquaintance—as Olivia in the tam-o’-shanter. Men are very queer!”

“But Arthur Pickering is an old friend of mine.”

“So he told me.”

“We were neighbors in our youth.”

“I believe I have heard him mention it.”

“And we did our prep school together, and then parted!”

“You tell exactly the same story, so it must be true. He went to college and you went to Tech.”

“And you knew him—?” I began, my curiosity thoroughly aroused.

“Not at college, any more than I knew you at Tech.”

“The train’s coming,” I said earnestly, “and I wish you would tell me—when I shall see you again!”

“Before we part for ever?” There was a mischievous hint of the Olivia in short skirts in her tone.

“Please don’t suggest it! Our times have been strange and few. There was that first night, when you called to me from the lake.”

“How impertinent! How dare you remember that?”

“And there was the snow-storm and at the chapel porch last night. Neither you nor I had the slightest business there. But you spoke as though you understood what you must have heard, and you say you know Arthur Pickering. It is important for me to know,—I have a right to know just what you meant by that warning.”

Real distress showed in her face for an

instant. The agent and his helpers rushed the last baggage down the platform as the rails hummed their warning of the approaching train.

“I was eavesdropping on my own account,” she said hurriedly, and with a note of finality. “I was there by intention, and”—there was another hint of the tam-o’-shanter in the mirth that seemed to bubble for a moment in her throat—“it’s too bad you didn’t see me, for I had on my prettiest gown, and the fog wasn’t good for it. But you know as much of what was said there as I do. You are a man, and I have heard that you have had some experience in taking care of yourself, Mr. Glenarm.”

“To be sure; but there are times—”

“Yes, there are times when the odds seem rather heavy. I have noticed that myself.”

She smiled, but for an instant a sad look came into her eyes—a look that vaguely but insistently suggested another time and place.

“I want you to come back,” I said boldly, for the train was very near, and I felt that the eyes of the Sisters were upon us. “You can not go away where I shall not find you!”

I did not know who this girl was, her home, or her relation to the school, but I knew that her life and mine had touched strangely; that her eyes were blue, and that her voice had called to me twice through the dark, in mockery once and in warning another time, and that the sense of having known her before, of having looked into her eyes, haunted me. The youth in her was so luring; she was at once so frank and so guarded,—breeding and the taste and training of an ampler world than that of Annandale were so evidenced in the witchery of her voice, in the grace and ease that marked her every motion, in the soft gray tone of hat, dress and gloves, that a new mood, a new hope and faith sang in my pulses. There, on that platform, I felt again the sweet heartache I had known as a boy,

when spring first warmed the Vermont hillsides and the mountains sent the last snows singing in joy of their release down through the brook-beds and into the wakened heart of youth.

She met my eyes steadily.

"If I thought there was the slightest chance of my ever seeing you again I shouldn't be talking to you here. But I thought—I thought it would be good fun to see how you really talked to a grown-up. So I am risking the displeasure of these good Sisters just to test your conversational powers, Mr. Glenarm. You see how perfectly frank I am."

"But you forget that I can follow you; I don't intend to sit down in this hole and dream about you. You can't go anywhere but I shall follow and find you."

"That is finely spoken, Squire Glenarm! But I imagine you are hardly likely to go far from Glenarm very soon. I don't hesitate to say that I feel perfectly safe from pursuit!"—and she laughed her little low laugh that was delicious in its mockery.

I felt the blood mounting to my cheek. She knew, then, that I was virtually a prisoner at Glenarm, and for once in my life, at least, I was ashamed of my folly that had caused my grandfather to hold and check me from the grave, as he had never been able to control me in his life. The countryside knew why I was at Glenarm, and that did not matter; but my heart rebelled at the thought that this girl knew and mocked me with her knowledge.

"I shall follow and find you," I repeated. "I shall see you Christmas Eve," I said, "wherever you may be."

"In three days? Then you will come to my Christmas Eve party. I shall be delighted to see you,—and flattered! Just think of throwing away a fortune to satisfy one's curiosity! I'm surprised at you, but gratified, on the whole, Mr. Glenarm!"

"I will give more than a fortune; I will give the honor I have pledged to my

grandfather's memory to hear your voice again."

"That is a great deal,—for so small a voice; but money, fortune! A man will risk his honor readily enough, but his fortune is a more serious matter. I'm sorry we shall not meet again. It would be pleasant to discuss the subject further. It interests me particularly."

"In three days I shall see you," I said.

She was instantly grave.

"No! Please do not try. It would be a very great mistake. And, anyhow, you can hardly come to my party without being invited."

"That matter is closed. Wherever you are on Christmas Eve I shall find you," I said, and felt my heart leap, knowing that I meant what I said.

"Good-by," she said, turning away. "I'm sorry I shan't ever chase rabbits at Glenarm any more."

"Or paddle a canoe, or play wonderful celestial music on the organ."

"Or be an eavesdropper or hear pleasant words from the master of Glenarm—"

"But I don't know where you are going—you haven't told me anything—you are slipping out into the world—"

She did not hear or would not answer. The train roared up to the platform, and she was at once surrounded by a laughing throng of departing students. Two brown-robed Sisters stood like sentinels, one at either side, as she stepped into the car. I was conscious of a feeling that from the depths of their hoods they regarded me with un-Christian disdain. Through the windows I could see the students fluttering to seats, and the girl in gray seemed to be marshaling them. The gray hat appeared at a window for an instant, and her smiling face gladdened, I am sure, the guardians of the peace at St. Agatha's.

The last trunk crashed into the baggage car, every window framed a girl's face, and the train was gone.

(To be continued)

MEN  
WOMEN AND  
AFFAIRS

## OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS  
THE ARTS AND  
THE DRAMA

MISS HELEN WINSLOW makes a bitter protest against newspaper work for women in a recent magazine article. She recounts her experiences, first as an "all-round" worker upon a newspaper, then as the owner and publisher of a paper. She worked from the time she crept jaded from her bed till she dropped exhausted into it for a too brief rest, and she makes the confession that she is "a squeezed lemon."

"I am worn out," she writes. "My brain is fagged. When I walk along a country road to-day, I see no visions. The babbling brooks, the singing birds, the blue skies above, have no message for me. My head aches. There is no poetry left in me. I dropped it somewhere in those dusty, musty newspaper offices when I went home after midnight. . . . Human nature is no longer interesting to me. . . . I have seen too much of it. . . . 'But you have had your day,' says a younger newspaper woman. 'Why grumble now?' Because it was not the day I wanted, and I only meant to make it the stepping-stone to something better. . . . I have done desultory work so long I can not take up anything more thorough. I have been a hack too many years. I can not be a race horse now. . . . Let the young woman who has ambitions of a literary nature shun the newspaper office as she would any other hurtful thing."

It seems hardly fair of Miss Winslow to attribute to the newspaper office that which should, in justice, be set at the door of Life itself. Our visions fade with the years; we are all a little tired, and the poetry that once sang in us has been lost somewhere along the dusty road. We all know a good deal more than is comfortable about human nature—our own human nature in particular—and there are others besides Miss Winslow who have lost the message

that the dawn sends: some men in the counting house, some women over the kitchen range. Vast ambitions have been lost before now in a receptacle no larger than the darning basket or the scrubbing pail; and splendid interpretations of life have been obscured, as in an indecipherable palimpsest, under the ledger accounts.

Life's lessons are severe, and it is no more possible to sustain the exhilaration of adolescence than it is to keep, all the day through, the glory of the sunrise. We wear out here and there, doing this or that, and the inevitableness of disillusion makes us unite in prayer for patience and for pluck. Other virtues may come along in the train, but they are incidental and accessorial.

It is very easy to say to young women not to go into the newspaper office, but it happens that thousands of young women must earn their bread. So the times demand; so present conditions dictate. In factories and shops, offices and studios, nurseries and kitchens, they must do their work. They are not paid so well as men, it is true, and since they can not vote, and since Mr. Cleveland insinuates that they never will and never ought to vote, it is possible that they will always be obliged to content themselves with a salary which, in its meagerness, practically accuses them of semi-inefficiency—an accusation deserved in a good percentage of cases. But why fume and fret? By the way are to be found many pleasures, many friends, much love, the mystic joy of living! When old age comes with penalties, there is at least a hope of peace.

The only resemblance that life offers to a vaudeville performance is that it is continuous; but the "stunts" are, not infrequently, pure tragedy, or worse still, dull monologue, in which one hears only the sound of one's own voice and gets no an-

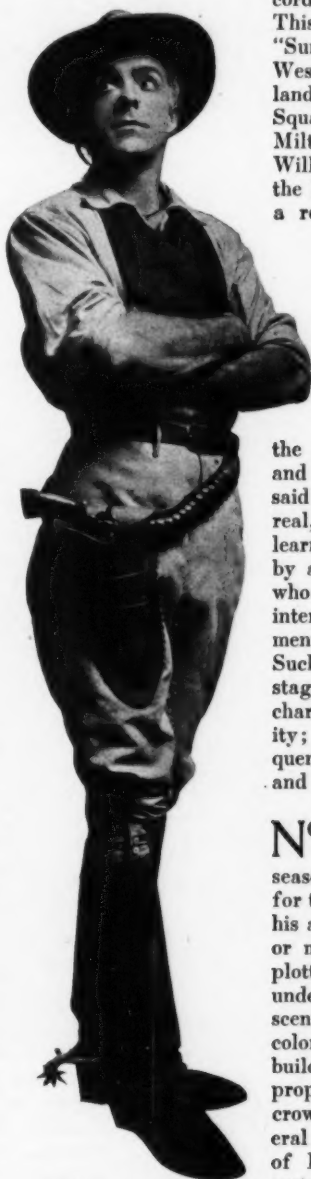
swer anywhere. But what of that? The curtain falls at last! And the man or woman does not live who would not have felt aggrieved to have had no entrance ticket to the show, no rôle upon the stage! The most wretched of us may well condole with those denuded ghosts who drift about us, waiting for a physical tenement in which to dwell.

MISS Mary Moss had occasion to read some sixty novels—all of which she reviewed recently in an article, "Significant Tendencies in Modern Fiction," printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She observed "that much contemporary fiction, bearing every hall-mark of the Western school, proves on inquiry to be written in the East, by an Easterner. It is an unexpected phase of assimilation!" And this was said apropos of her statement that "Mr. Owen Wister, treating of cowboys and biscuit-shooters, frankly does so from his own point of view as a sympathetic and impressionable outsider, who no more belongs in the West than Mr. Thompson-Seton in a menagerie." Miss Moss has unconsciously summed up the status of the drama which deals with the West; it is as observers that the audiences come to judge, and the dramatist must view his own play in the writing as though from a seat before the footlights. How will this strike an unsophisticated people? How can he, with a balance of familiar emotion and local color, give an impression of local life? There are a few words in the Western writer's vocabulary epitomizing to the Eastern mind the whole range of Western existence; "flannel shirt," "buckskin," "scout," "trail,"

"cowboy," and the like. The dramatist of Western plays sprinkles such terms in his dialogue, and costumes his characters according to Western fashion. This is further heightened. "Sunday" was laid in the West, with one scene in England. And now comes "The Squaw-man," which Edward Milton Royle has written for William Faversham. Here the hero is transformed from a red-coated English officer to a "flannel-shirted cowboy," and besides Indians and horses on the stage, Mr. Royle has tagged one of his actors as possessing something genuinely Western. And this is how he did it. Note

the Indian jargon of such and such a character, he said with a certain pride; it's real, and how did the actor learn it? He has been coached by a full-blooded Ute youth, who has often acted as official interpreter for our government at Indian conferences. Such is realism upon our stage; the realism that fixes a character to a certain locality; the realism that is consequent upon close observation and external peculiarities.

NO sooner do the theater doors close upon one season than activity begins for the next; scattered though his audiences may be, by lake or mountain, the manager is plotting to gather them again under his own roof. The scene-painters are splashing color, the carpenters are building castles and huts, the property men are gilding crowns and scepters. General Wallace's "The Prince of India" must be properly costumed; from overseas come richly-hued designs. "Mon-



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM  
AS "THE SQUAW-MAN"



na Vanna" must convey the proper Italian atmosphere; M. Maeterlinck, so it is claimed, made his own sketches for the scenes. Who are to wear these fantastic things? Miss Maude Adams and her company, is the reply: *Lady Babbie* is to be turned into *Peter Pan*, an odd conception taken by Barrie himself from his "The Little White Bird"—that novel of great charm and imagination. Here, indeed, is a combination of novelist and dramatist—and another of his plays is to be given us—"Alice Sits by the Fire." Ellen Terry acted it in London, and on the opening night, when the audience, loud in enthusiasm, clamored for the playwright, poor Barrie was away back in his box, sobbing like a child, so full his heart!

Then there is Arnold Daly, who has threatened many times, and we fear this time in earnest; he avows his intention of producing Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" at special matinées, as unpleasant an announcement as it is a play; otherwise his appearance in Shaw's satire, "John Bull's Other Island," might be welcomed, for, in England, this queer piece has met with considerable attention. It seems that Shaw, in view of his long boycott by the theaters, is making up for lost time. "Man and Superman" is to be acted—but not, we hope, until after it has been perceptibly shortened—and Ada Rehan, stepping from artificial comedy and *Katherine*, the shrew, is to appear in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." *Monna Vanna* was originally intended for Mrs. Fiske, but it was a wise move on her part to transfer the rôle to Bertha Kalich, the Polish actress, who, in the future, will profit by Mrs. Fiske's personal attention. The latter will herself appear in a comedy by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What Will People Say?" besides giving special performances of "Rosmersholm," with the temperamentally horrid—we use the word advisedly—female, *Rebecca West*. From Richard Mansfield comes the tidings that he has open before him Shakespeare's "King Lear" and Schiller's "Don Carlos," and that, though his eye is roving from one to the other, his inclination tends strongly toward the latter.

The companies are assembling for rehearsals, the covers are being taken from orchestra chairs, the papers are full of man-

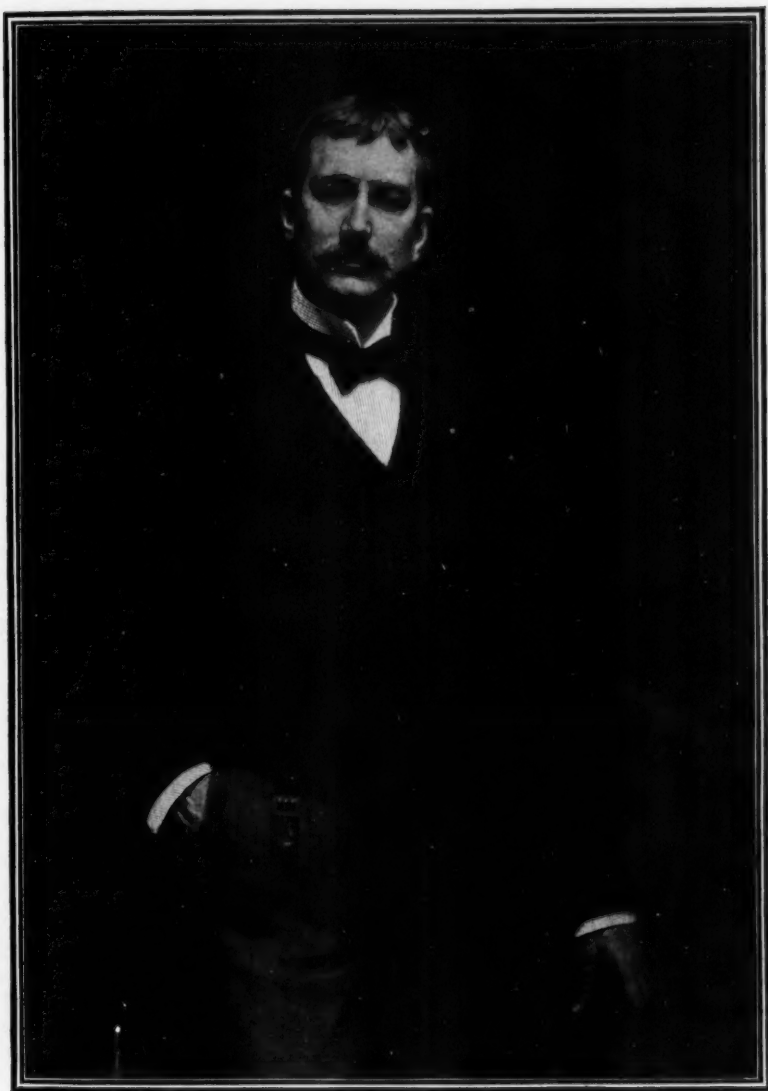
agerial plans. And after the actors are drilled, and the scenes are set, and the lights turned on, there is naught to do but "ring up the curtain."

THE University of Chicago has donated \$100,000 toward a \$1,000,000 endowment fund planned for the American Academy of Fine Arts, Rome. The development of American talent—and, by the will of the gods, American genius—is the object of this institution. Yale, Harvard and Columbia have each subscribed \$100,000 within the past six months, and a number of men, including Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., Mr. Henry Walker and Mr. James Stillman, have contributed. The total of the present subscribed funds is \$800,000. It is expected that the University of California will presently make a contribution, and several individuals are contemplating additions to the fund.

The American Academy is planned after the French Academy at Rome, which has been in existence for more than two hundred years, and to which, primarily, is due that incomparable technique which makes Frenchmen, even in those expository moments which the judicious grieve to see, still masters of their art. The most promising men in painting, sculpture, music and architecture are to find assistance and instruction in the American Academy, but only those who have made a mark for themselves in their particular fields will be regarded as candidates for the honor of attending the academy. Only twelve men will be allowed to study at the academy at one time, four in each department of the arts. Four men will be graduated each year, and four new men will take their places, the new men to be chosen by competition. Among the requirements is the one that they shall be graduates of a college.

The Villa Mirafiora has been purchased by the directors of the Academy for \$200,000, to be used as the home of the school. For six months of each year the students will live at this home, and the remaining six months will travel through Europe. All the expenses of the students will be paid, and in addition each will receive \$1,000 a year to use as he may see fit. Congress incorporated the Academy last January, though the school has been in existence for eleven years.





**ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE**

From a recent portrait by A. A. Anderson

**A**NOTHER Western writer who has scored success with a novel in the East is Leroy Scott, who lived for years in Indiana and Chicago, where he wrote for the newspapers. He has recently published "The Walking Delegate," which is one of the best labor novels of late years. In order to study the questions at first hand and to obtain fresh material for his book, Mr. Scott joined the Structural Iron Workers' Union in New York City and by that means gained a great deal of inside information not only concerning the struggle between the unions and the employers but about the internal dissension of the unions themselves. The original of the character of the walking delegate is undoubtedly the notorious Sam Parks of New York City, who was convicted there of "holding up" the contractors during the strike of the structural iron workers a few years ago. Mr. Scott has drawn a picture far from flattering either to the laboring men or the average contractor, but the facts as developed in the Parks trial and in the revelations of the Chicago teamsters' strike, bear out the chief



LEROY SCOTT

points made by his book. He has had the courage of the true realist and has made his hero anything but impeccable. Altogether the writer is to be congratulated on a neat and satisfactory bit of work.

**A**LTHOUGH Mrs. Alice Meynell, one of the most scrupulous of critics, has openly declared her faith in the high artistic qualities of Sargent, the great body of connoisseurs and critics have had "their doubts." The precise character of these doubts is well formulated by Mr. H. Dicksberry, the author of that remarkable social rhapsody, "The Storm of London." The "reformed critic"—reformed by an overturning of all social conditions—preaching to the people in their democratic lyceum, says:

"When you come to Sargent you touch the depths of artificiality—if such a thing can be said. But our past society was the age of tragic frivolity, and Sargent was the Homer of that modish Odyssey. He illustrated the law of natural selection by making garments the main feature in his portraits. Under his brush the inner souls of his models withered away, while artificial surroundings and vestments emphasized in his pictures a condition of spurious passions and morbid excitability. Run through, mentally, the gallery of Sargent's portraits, common their anatomy, wither under the robe of Nessus. He endowed flounces, feathers and ribbons with Medusa-like ferocity, and the Laocoon is not more fatally begirded, nor are his limbs more pitilessly crushed by snakes than are these frail women's hearts muffled and hidden by clouds of lace and chiffon. . . . Like a faithful chronicler, Sargent intended to hand down to posterity the biography of Society as he saw it—that is to say, the living product of artificial environment. Hogarth was a dramatic historian of the unbridled passions of a brutal Society. Disrobe the figures of the *Marriage à la Mode* or of *The Rake's Progress* and I believe the committee, which my friend Lord Somerville wishes to appoint to judge our past works of art, will easily be able to guess at a glance what tragedy is breaking the hearts of these ungente personages. Sargent is the satirist of a clothed Society. His mod-

els would exist no longer were you to divest them of their meretricious furbelows; for their garments are the parts which help to form the aggregate of psychology, and without their frills and trimmings they would merely be marionettes stuffed with sawdust and held together with screws."

**G**USTAV KOBBE, author of "Loves of the Great Composers," has been well known for nearly a quarter of a century as a musical critic and as a writer upon musical subjects in the leading magazines and reviews. He was born in New York city in 1857, and after being graduated at Columbia, in 1877, with the degree of A. M., he engaged in journalism and literary work, writing musical and miscellaneous articles, as well as short stories and occasional poems for *The Forum*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, and many other publications. Among his more important books are: "The Ring of the Nibelung," "Wagner's Life and Works," "New York and Its Environs," "Plays for Amateurs," "Miriam," "Opera Singers," "Signora: A Child of the Opera House." He also wrote most of the articles in the *Century's* "Heroes of Peace" series. Among his poems is "My Rosary," so popular as a ballad.

**F**AREWELL performances usually create a smile; it took Patti many years and a final failure, to say good-by; we are doubtful as to the intentions of Sir Henry Irving; and now Mme. Bernhardt is coming over on her final visit. Perhaps no actress has been more talked about than she; her vagaries afford most tempting opportunities for the press agent; yet, throughout the change of external conditions, Mme. Bernhardt's art remains supreme. There is a picture of her as *Francesca da Rimini*, with tears upon her cheek: Mme. Bernhardt is a great emotional artist; there is another showing the sinuous folds of her gown which only heighten the agony of her expression: Mme. Bernhardt is a subtle actress. So has she played massive historical rôles. She now brings with her to America such pieces as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Camille," and Hugo's "Angelo." There was a period in the lifetime of Fanny Davenport when America saw Bernhardt's plays often; no sooner would



SARA BERNHARDT

the French actress mount one of Sardou's, such as "La Tosca" or "Gismonda," than Miss Davenport would obtain the American rights. Now, however, we can boast of no one with the range or pliability even to essay such dramas; Mrs. Leslie Carter's work is not spontaneous enough, nor is it capable of reaching such heights; and Margaret Anglin, however careful her study, however telling her repression, has not had sufficient training in the school. We look toward Mrs. Campbell, Duse and Bernhardt until some American actress proves herself worthy the opportunity. And though we smile over the elements of truth contained in "farewell performances," if Mme. Bernhardt, despite advancing years, shows no abatement of the golden fire,—why need we gainsay her another farewell?

**T**HE production at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, as a feature of the commencement season, of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Marlowe" was an event of real literary and dramatic interest. Miss Pea-

body is one of the "younger American poets" who from her early teens has been watched with keen interest by critics. The verse she contributed as a schoolgirl to the entertaining "Jabberwock," published by the Girls' Latin School of Boston and edited at that time by another gifted writer who has since made a name for herself,—Abbie Farwell Brown,—caused that paper to be read with something quite different



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

from the condescending interest an amateur periodical usually inspires in grown-ups. Once the paper even drew a shy note of congratulation from Lewis Carroll himself! Then Josephine Peabody studied for a time at Radcliffe, and after that she was for a year or two instructor in English at Wellesley College. Meantime, at intervals, she was publishing in the leading magazines verse remarkable for its depth of feeling and its perfection of technique. When her first volume, "The Wayfarers," appeared, the critics sat up and began to pay serious at-

tention. Then followed "Fortune and Men's Eyes," and this was in due time succeeded by "The Singing Leaves." Yet it was by the publication of "Marlowe" that Miss Peabody first won wide fame. Previous to the appearance of this five-act drama in blank verse she had been called a verse-writer of great promise. Now she was hailed as a dramatic poet who had "made good" by performance. She began to be compared to Stephen Phillips, and that in expressions of awed wonder. For Josephine Peabody is still in the twenties and can have had no real experiences from which to deduce the troubled career of her hero, Christopher Marlowe, about whom very little that is reputable is known,—whose sole biography is comprehended indeed in the statement that he was a contentious atheist who wrote rather lurid plays, and who lost his life in a tavern brawl. Miss Peabody, however, being herself a poet, knew very well that the man capable of producing such an exquisite song as that immortal "Come live with me and be my love" of the Passionate Shepherd must have had heights as well as depths in his tempestuous temperament. Around this idea she wrote her play. Christopher Marlowe, as she draws him, is through everything reaching out after God. The Little Quietude whom he loves, first as a moth might a star and then as even an honorable man may a woman who is the happy wife of another, is in a way the Virgin of the piece. Knowing her it is which makes Marlowe exclaim in a desperate yearning for faith, "There should be a God." All this, however, is so subtly done that even the careful critics did not perceive at first how much of genius there was in the play, though they paid prompt tribute to talent, the beauty of the verse and the charm of the lyrics. They saw, too, that here was more than a closet drama. Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard pointed out at once that the actor who had made Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano" real to people the country over should have a try that very season at Miss Peabody's "Marlowe." Mr. Sothorn, no less than Mr. Mansfield, has since seriously considered putting the work on. Yet neither of them has yet done so. The recent performances at Cambridge, in which the part of the poet was assumed by Professor Baker, of Harvard's English de-

partment, were really the first. For this there can but be one explanation: that the profounder aspects of the play have not yet been adequately appreciated. Much may be said of its technique, the beauty of its diction, the fresh grace of the lyrics interspersed, the strength of the character-drawing, and the masterly fashion in which Miss Peabody has reproduced the Elizabethan atmosphere, but a far greater achievement than any or all of this was the creation in Christopher Marlowe of a Hamlet-like character which is still distinctly original. Arnold Daly could do this part and crowd the play-house. He could also send us home afterward no less touched than stirred by the work's superb climax, which comes only in the final monosyllable of the closing act. Marlowe has died with the words, "God! God!! God!!!" upon his lips, and to the watch, who has come rushing in, some one puts the question, "Did you hear the oath?" To which there comes quickly the clear-sighted answer, "I heard the cry."

"THERE is nothing in machinery," observes Mr. H. G. Wells in "A Modern Utopia," "there is nothing in embankments and railways and iron bridges and engineering devices to oblige them to be ugly. Ugliness is the measure of imperfection; a thing of human making is for the most part ugly in proportion to the poverty of its constructive thought, to the failure of its producer fully to grasp the purport of its being. Everything to which men continue to give thought and attention, which they make and remake in the same direction and with a continuing desire to do as well as they can, grows beautiful inevitably. Things made by mankind under modern conditions are ugly, primarily because of our social organization, because we live in an atmosphere of snatch and uncertainty, and do everything in an underbred strenuous manner. . . . But in Utopia a man who designs a tram-road will be a cultivated man, an artist craftsman; he will strive, as a good writer or a painter strives, to achieve the simplicity of perfection. He will make his girders and rails and parts as gracious as that first engineer, Nature, has made the stems of her plants, and the joints and gestures of her animals."

EVEN to a casual observer the face of William Travers Jerome reveals the strenuous character of the man. It is doubtful if any community ever had a more determined and fearless officer than is the district attorney of New York county. In the short time that he has been in office he has proved himself a resolute prosecutor of evildoers and one who will not compromise with wrong in any form. When once he determines upon a prosecution the object may as well prepare for conviction. While classed as a "reformer" there is no bigotry



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

or sham about his character, and he has several times refused to go to the extreme lengths that some of his associates proposed. His latest task is the taking over of the prosecution of the Equitable case. Mr. Jerome is a native of New York and was born in 1859. He was graduated from Amherst and in 1884 received his diploma from the Columbia Law School. From 1895 to 1902 he was Justice of Special Sessions, but in 1901 he was elected as a Democrat to be district attorney. He has always been intimately connected with all movements for civic upliftment, but he manages to discriminate between the visionary and the practical.

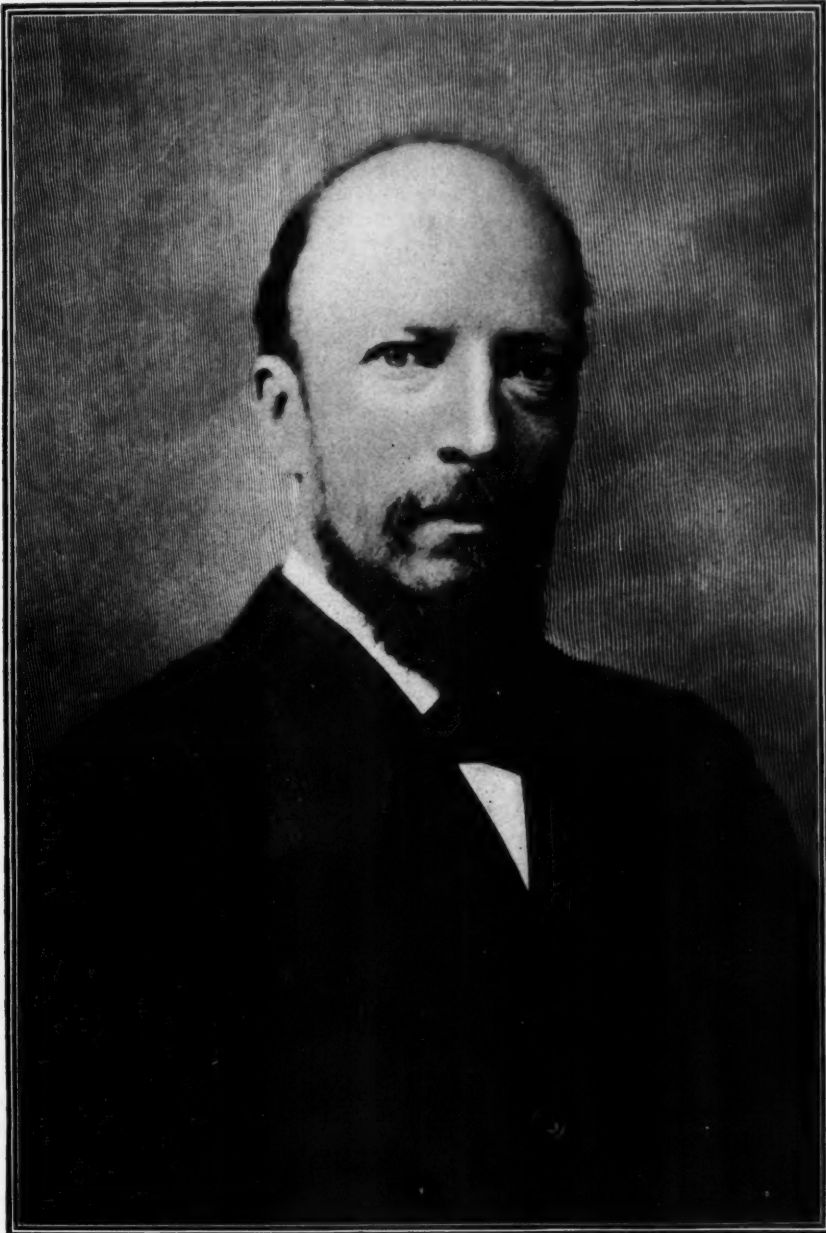


IT was claimed two seasons ago that the dramatization of the novel was a fad—a form of playwrighting destined soon to pass away; yet, it is still in vogue, and this year it seems to have gained renewed vigor. For novelists are entering the theatrical realm, lured by the fact that when a play is a success, it pays to be a dramatist. In consequence, the novelist brings with him, into the new field, his novel, which he has blocked into acts and scenes, and he is ready for the manager with his full scenario. Let us suppose the manager cares for the book; let us also suppose, which is generally the case, that the novelist is not a dramatist. The manager has but to say: Make act one end with this situation—and he marks the book with a blue pencil—and when the interview is over the novelist takes his novel home and pieces together the blue-penciled instructions. How simple it is to be a dramatist! he thinks. Only recently a writer spoke of dramatizing his story. "It's easy enough," he exclaimed; "no one understands his plot and characters like the author. You only have to put your descriptions into dialogue, and hitch these on to the talk already in the story; let each act end with a rattling good situation, and as the French have it, *c'est là*." If that be so, why have we not had many a noteworthy play made from many of our noteworthy novels? We think it is from the very fact that the writer forgets to hide the blue pencil marks of the manager; that consistency is nothing by the side of situation; that motive is nothing by the side of action. A good story may have all the essentials of a drama in it, but a dramatist and his workmanship are not the same as a novelist and his marked-up book. There has been a plea for the literary man to take an interest in the drama, and now that he is responding, there is some misgiving that he may forget to be a playwright. We have already mentioned the names of many popular writers at work upon plays—and still they come! Thomas Dixon has taken his "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" and combined them in a drama; Grace Livingston Furness has completed a play based on Harold MacGrath's "The Man on the Box"; "A Corner in Coffee," perhaps familiar to readers as a story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is to

be produced, and Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage" is ready for its stage appearance.

THAT Boston still has a few authors about her, however undeniably the "literary center" may be said in these days to shift from the city of New York to the state of Indiana, was satisfactorily demonstrated the last week in May when the Authors' Club of the Modern Athens celebrated in original quatrains the eighty-sixth birthday of its honored president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Colonel Higginson, the vice-president—himself a boy of eighty-one—presided, and, after a witty word of introduction, began the reading of the poetic compositions sent in by the members in honor of Mrs. Howe. The first verses were a truly exquisite tribute from Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. They exceeded, as was fitting, the four-line allowance. Dr. Samuel Crothers had composed a characteristically witty quatrain, General Anderson had sent a soldier's tribute to the inspiration of the "Battle Hymn," Mrs. Daniel Lothrop had strung up a burlesque Whitman ode, and J. T. Trowbridge, Judge Robert Grant, Josephine Preston Peabody, Beulah Marie Dix, Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, William Roscoe Thayer, Nathan Haskell Dole, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Katherine Conway, and Caroline Ticknor had likewise prepared humorous or tender tributes which were read aloud to Mrs. Howe by her "dear colonel," as she sometimes calls Mr. Higginson. The lines composed the day before by the Queen of the May herself were however the most brilliant of all, containing as they did a spirited recital of the typical author's fortunes and misfortunes. To be eighty-six, to be Mrs. Howe and to live in Boston appears to be a blessed trinity of privileges.

DR. Felix Adler, the author of "The Religion of Duty," "Marriage and Divorce," "The Moral Instruction of Children," and many another book of serious import, bears an international reputation as a Jew who has fitted himself to contemporary circumstance. Emerging from the close-bound belief of his fathers, he has chosen to acquire and to promulgate the best philosophy of his time—a philosophy which in-



Photograph by Vander Weyde

**DR. FELIX ADLER**  
Author of "Marriage and Divorce," etc.

cludes some of the greater teachings of Christ, but which so far accords with the scientific spirit as to preclude miracles and mysteries. As the founder of the Ethical Culture Society, and as a man of deep and luminous thought, unafraid and virile, Dr. Adler may be recognized as one of the great citizens and character-makers of the country. He loves his fellow man and he loves the truth. Nothing is marvelous to him merely because it is venerable; nothing is true merely because many men believe it. He is one who examines for himself, and having satisfied himself that he is on the road to truth, follows that path. He is not spectacular, and has never courted any sort of martyrdom. His utterance is straightforward, and he endeavors to be of immediate help to his followers. He is the professor of political and social ethics at Columbia University, and the editor of the *International Journal of Ethics*.



THE REV. HENRY VAN DYKE

**T**HE Rev. Henry Van Dyke, whose charming verses and books are known in thousands of homes, is one of the great

tribe of Van Dykes inhabiting Princeton College and professing the Presbyterian faith. His are varied talents, for they range from polemics to poetry. He is equally at home in the pulpit, the class room or the Canadian wilds. His pursuits are divided between sermons and salmon, for he is a fisher of men as well as an angler in the brook. Next to whipping the devil around the stump he likes to whip a northern stream for trout. He finds sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything. We believe that the reason Grover Cleveland settled in Princeton was to swap fish stories with Mr. Van Dyke. Mr. Van Dyke was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Princeton College, Princeton Theological Seminary and Berlin University. He has received degrees from Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Union, and he has held pastorates in many towns. His prose and poetry have a wide circulation and some of his short stories have been translated into many languages. At present he lives in New York city.

**R**EX E. BEACH got his material for "Pardners" thoroughly and at first hand. In the winter of 1900, accompanied by one white man, he made an overland trip, with dogs and Indian guides, across Alaska from south to north, having no shelter and sleeping in the snow from January till the first of June. Several times he came near perishing from exposure. Once it was on the summit of Katmai Pass, between Behring Sea and the North Pacific, where a sudden storm caught the party about five thousand feet above sea level and twenty miles from nearest timber. In the winter of 1901, he made a dog team trip from Nome north into the arctics, during which he experienced the incident narrated in "The Test," which is perhaps the strongest story in the book. He was that time lost for three months in the mountains of the Arctic coast. He was secretary of the first miners' meeting in Rampart City, and helped draft laws which governed that region before the arrival of soldiers or any other kind of authority. For stealing, he says, the bylaws of the camp provided such severe penalties as public flogging and banishment, which was equivalent to death,

and they overlooked entirely any punishment for manslaughter. Once he participated in a miners' meeting which granted divorce to a squaw who had been legally married to a white man. All in all, he has had a phenomenal career for a man of twenty-six, and is lucky to be gifted in addition with a faculty of vigorous and humorous expression.

PERHAPS one of the smallest magazines published is called *The Show*. It is uncopyrighted, and the yearly subscription is ten cents or one penny the month. Its editor is Mr. Channing Pollock, a young man who exhibits a variety of activities other than his position as press representative for a large theatrical concern. It was Mr. Pollock who dramatized "The Pit," in 1903, and who, since then, has completed several plays, among them "The Little Gray Lady," to be presented during the coming year. So, too, has his name figured in the table of contents of the magazines as author of short stories. At the present time, Mr. Pollock is busily engaged upon a novel which is to bear a title not unlike David Graham Phillips's "The Cost," and which has already been contracted for. As editor of *The Show*, Mr. Pollock exhibits his cleverness as press agent; he combines stage chit-chat with theatrical advertising, and the stories and verses—storiettes and verselets they should be called—are a species of literature that may fill any odd spaces of a newspaper, with the kindly aid of editorial scissors. Mr. Pollock is still in his twenties, and is a typical example of the active American journalist. He writes that he was educated in the public schools of Washington, Omaha, Salt Lake City and Prag, Australia, and that he went at one time to Central America as correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. In rapid succession he became dramatic critic for the *Washington Post*, associate editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, and again dramatic critic for the *Washington Times*—a varied career for so short a period. Mr. Pollock believes that the great American problem is the conflict of business interest and home life; and as he emphasized this in the play he drew from Frank Norris's "The Pit," so it may be expected that Mr. Pollock's new novel will deal somehow with business conditions.

FOR a young man Burges Johnson has had a varied literary career. After being graduated at Amherst in 1899, at the age of twenty-four, he served as reporter



BURGES JOHNSON

Author of "Rhymes of Little Boys"

on the *Commercial-Advertiser* of New York city, and then acted for two years as literary adviser of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Since 1903 he has been one of the literary advisers of the Harper's concern. For several years, besides his advisory work, he has been a constant contributor to many of the leading magazines, writing both prose and poetry. A collection of verses called "Rhymes for Little Boys," has just appeared from his pen. Besides an agreeable facility in verse these efforts reveal Mr. Johnson as one who thoroughly understands boys and what they like.

DR. Charles Sprague Smith, the author of "Barbizon Days," has enjoyed a life of rare opportunities. He was born in Andover, Massachusetts—and this in itself is regarded as a privilege, one understands—and was educated inevitably at Amherst College. He also attended universities at



Photograph by Vander Weyde

**DR. CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH**

Author of "Barbizon Days"

Berlin, at Paris, Rome, Madrid, Oxford and Scandinavia. For a number of years he held the chair of modern languages and foreign literature at Columbia University. As a lecturer and organizer of literary societies he traveled much in his own country and entered into pleasant relations with thousands of young men and women. He is a director of the People's Institute in New York city, and the organizer of the People's Club. He

has done much work of a disinterested sort, and feels an enthusiasm for all good work performed in helping the uneducated along the road of light.

**W**HEN Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, representing Columbia, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. Howells, he said, in enumerating his qualities, that he had the gift "unerringly to read



the mind of man, and, what is not less wonderful, the heart of woman." Now, Mr. Howells has set so gracious an example of kindness and courtesy that he may be said almost to have taken advantage of his critics, so mean does he make one appear who utters words detrimental to Mr. Howells' work. Of Mr. Howells himself the most carping and suspicious person justly could utter no evil. But one has something akin to pleasure in averring, nay in insisting, that Mr. Howells' mocking, teasing, limited depictions of human hearts are unfaithful, or, at least, represent truthfully only a part of human kind. It is probable that Mr. Howells considers the idealist absurd. It may be that he has found man more capable of moods than of principles, and woman lacking in continuity of thought and action. Tipping his pen with a light irony he has written of life as he has found it. But he seems unconscious of the profound interest with which every soul regards itself. It appears to itself to have moments of splendor, of profound pain, of great sacrifice, and long periods of burden-bearing or of stirring discovery in the world of nature or of science or of religion. Something essentially epic seems to be a quality of life to sustain one even in moments of apparent commonplaceness. Mr. Howells has chosen to ignore this quality. His characters are entertaining, frittering, evasive, and often absurd. His women are neither saints nor sinners, neither sane nor mad, but have the qualities of gnats and mosquitoes. As for his men they are tortured to the verge of distraction by these buzzing and biting feminine insects. This may be humor—one will not indeed attempt to deny that it is—but it is not a knowledge of the hearts of men and women. Mr. Howells can do a scherzo in the best style of the art, but a scherzo, it will be admitted, is only a part of the symphony.

IT is considered rather trite, and perhaps not quite well-mannered to comment on the double standard that exists for men and women in the matter of the moralities, but a modern instance of it is so particularly irritating—or diverting, if the reader pleases—that the introduction of the subject may be pardoned. In that astute but rather verbose life and criticism of Robert

Browning by C. H. Herford, the author, in commenting on "Fifine at the Fair," admits that Browning unmistakably shares the mind of his hero, "the brilliant conqueror of women." The reader will recall Browning's characteristic retelling of the Don Juan story, with its defense of illicit love, its reckless banter, its cry to those who have the evil courage to "cast allegiance off, play truant, nor repine." That Browning had his free philosophy of life and experimented unabashed with foolish young girls is ancient gossip. Those who knew him best in England and in Italy blushed for his puerile flirtations, which were out of keeping with the dignity of one who had known a "lyric love" and had had his life enriched as few men have. This is the "monstrous fine" circumlocution by which Mr. Herford describes Browning's follies:

"It is easy to see that the kind of adventure on which *Juan* claims the right of projecting his imagination has close affinities with the habitual procedure of Browning's own. *Juan* defends his dealings with the gay fizgig, *Fifine*, as a step to the fuller appreciation of *Elvire* (his 'ravishingly pure' wife); he demands freedom to escape only as a means of possessing more surely and intimately what he has. And Browning's 'emancipation' is not that of the purely romantic poet, who pursues a visionary abstraction remote from all his visible environment. The emancipated soul, for him, was rather that which incessantly 'practised with' its environment, fighting its way through countless intervening films of illusion to the full knowledge of itself and all that originally held it *in passe*. This might not be an adequate account of his own artistic processes, in which genial instinct played a larger and resolute will a smaller part than his invincible athleticism of temperament would suggest. But his marvelous wealth of spontaneous vision was fed and enriched by incessant 'practice with' his environment; his idealism was vitalized by the ceaseless play of eye and brain upon the least promising mortal integuments of spirit; he possessed *Elvire* the more securely for having sent forth his adventurous imagination to practise upon innumerable *Fifines*."

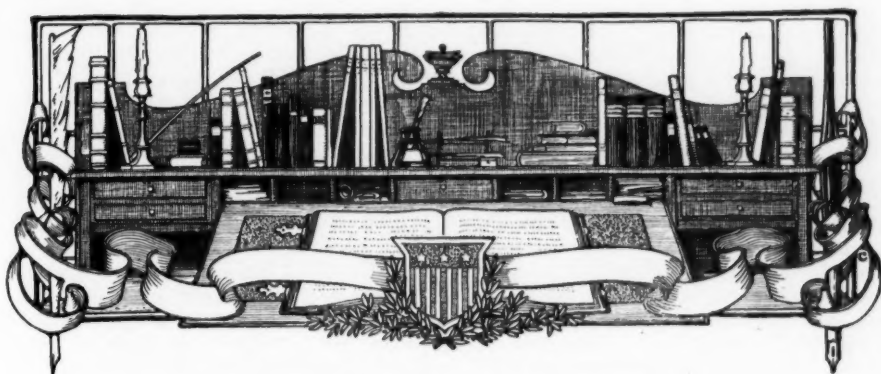
The verdict is understandable, if com-

plex, but what, one is tempted to ask, would have been the decision had Elizabeth Barrett Browning survived her poet mate, and found it necessary, in order to have complete possession of her dead love, to have mild affairs with young gentlemen fresh from Oxford, with one man who stood for naïve mystery, another who stood for joyous lust of life, another who represented the workings of modern civilization on a Greek mind, etc., etc. Would Mr. Herford and the world in general have been of the opinion that she enlarged her poetic knowledge, held more sacredly—by contrast—the memory of her love, and justified her unbecoming peccadilloes? The idea is grotesque. Even poet's food, it appears, is to be differentiated for men and women. Love of one man, sorrow for little children, great

gusts of patriotism for the country of her soul's selection, dreams of love that triumphed over all pain and misunderstanding, made the food on which Mrs. Browning fed. And it sufficed. But Browning must feed on picayune flirtations, on vulgar old tales, as well as on worthier food. No wonder, at the last, he grew incoherent, and, all things considered, perhaps it was as well he did. He had passed beyond the fair grove in which he first paced; passed, too, through the loftier and wilder forest of his most splendid days, and come, at the sorry end, to a thicket, almost impenetrable, dangerous with poison vines—a few orchids hanging from high branches to tempt lovers of beauty—and in the midst of confusion, paused, breathless, outdone, in a journey through life which lacked final purpose.



STILL IN THE AIR



## THE READER'S STUDY

*Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE. XII

### AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM

*By William Morton Payne*

**W**HEN the literature of any nation or people gets fairly under way, and has to its account a substantial body of creative work, it awakens to the sort of self-consciousness which finds expression in literary criticism. The earliest gropings of the critical spirit thus aroused are apt to be concerned with the setting to order of the literary household, with the elementary business of classification, of arrangement in proper perspective, of approval or condemnation. Later comparisons are made with the product of other countries, and general principles of judgment, borrowed ready-made from the practice of earlier literary tribunals, are applied to the new home product; or, it may be, new principles are formulated to meet what seem to be new conditions. Gradually it appears that a certain faction of the total literary energy at work has become permanently diverted into critical channels, and from that time on criticism takes its place as one of the recognized forms of literary production.

The literary forms of poetry, the drama, and fiction; possibly, also, the forms of history, oratory, and the essay, remain of pri-

mary importance in their relation to criticism, which is, by its very nature, of secondary character, and brought into being by the previous existence of the material upon which it works. And yet, in its beginnings becoming differentiated by slow degrees from the essay (a process which Addison and Lamb illustrate), and gradually shaping itself into a distinct literary *genre*, criticism may eventually become, by virtue of the enlistment of the highest order of intellect in its service, a mode of expression not greatly different in kind from that employed by the purer forms of literature. Raised to this plane, criticism may fairly be styled creative, finding an excuse for being in itself, rather than in the service it does for its betters.

American literature, being no more than English literature transplanted to a new soil, might well have given us, during our first two centuries, examples of all the literary forms during that time developed in the parent land. That it gave us no criticism is to be accounted for by the same reasons that explain why we had no poems, and no plays, and no novels worth mentioning for

those two hundred years. The biological doctrine of the combined influence of natural selection and environment is fully adequate to account for that creative dearth. When conditions became favorable, about a century ago, the various literary forms began to blossom upon American soil, and criticism made its appearance with the others, because this was the case, not of a new literature, but of an old one springing into renewed life after a period of arrested development. For the same reason, moreover, criticism had no need to wait for the appearance of a body of literary material upon which to exercise its function, and the critical aptitude of American writers came into view as promptly as their aptitude for the production of poetry and fiction. It had the whole past of English literature for its field, as well as the contemporary product on both sides of the Atlantic. Hence it is not surprising that the years in which Bryant and Cooper and Irving were laying the foundations of American *belles-lettres* were also the years in which Dana and Knapp and Channing were displaying, for the first time in our history, the true critical spirit in the discussion of literature.

The values of literary criticism have a wide range. On its lowest plane, criticism is nothing more than an intelligent commentary upon the literary product of the day, helpful for guidance, for the pricking of bubble reputations, and for the emphasizing of those traits of solid excellence which the untrained reader might not appreciate without its friendly aid. Such criticism as this has no lasting value, but if it is honest journeyman work, it may be highly serviceable to its generation. A great deal of Poe's work was of this character, and was most useful in its day, although having no interest now except for the student of literary history. Raised to a higher plane, criticism looks before and after, examines literature in the light of fundamental principles, and seeks to account for it as well as to describe and classify it. Such criticism retains much of its value after the special occasion for it has passed away. This also is exemplified by Poe in his more philosophical disquisitions, and by the better work of the long line of his successors. Finally, on its highest plane, criticism becomes itself literature,

cherished on its own account because it is noble in diction as well as sound in thought, creating for its embodiment forms of expression as final for their purpose as those which embody the art of the novelist or of the lyric poet. Criticism of this type is infrequent indeed, and the reader may fare far and wide in his search for it. We must not expect to find much of it in our own barely completed first century of serious literary production. But flashes of it, at least, occur in the writings of Poe and Emerson, while it shines forth with something like sustained brilliancy from many of the pages of Lowell and Mr. Stedman and Mr. Henry James.

The purpose of the present brief paper is by no means that of outlining the short and simple annals of American literary criticism. It is rather that of indicating, to the general reader seeking to imbue himself with the spirit of American literature, certain writings that may be worth his while. Considered itself as criticism, the paper will make no vain attempt to rise above the first of the three planes characterized in the foregoing paragraph. It will be content to signalize a few landmarks, to set a few finger-posts by the wayside.

In the literature of criticism there are some writings that have what may be called a documentary value. Looked at after a sufficient number of years, they seem to stand out from among the writings of their general class because, although at the time of their appearance they were merely personal judgments like any others, they are afterward seen to have marked the beginnings of new methods of appraising literature, to have been the impulses originating new waves of critical energy. Boileau's "L'Art Poétique," Lessing's "Laocoön," and Wordsworth's Preface of 1800, are examples of such documents. The chief examples offered by American literature are Poe's essay on "The Poetic Principle" and Whitman's first preface (1855) to "Leaves of Grass." Poe's essay contains nothing very startling, but it summarizes in clean-cut phrases the æsthetic principles upon which the author's work was based, and, although its doctrine is largely derivative, it has the significance for American literature of having been our first authoritative pronouncement upon the subject with which it

deals. Concerning the authority of Whitman's pronouncement, published only five years later, there may be much difference of opinion, but the "Leaves of Grass" and the critical ideas for which they stand constitute a literary phenomenon which must be reckoned with. Indeed, when we consider the literature which has grown up about the questions raised by Whitman's theory and practice, and the force of his impact upon the minds of cultivated Europeans—our "contemporaneous posterity"—we can not deny a high degree of documentary importance to that democratic confession of literary faith made just half a century ago.

Nothing else of a strictly documentary character seems to be discernible in our critical literature, although it may happen that some unnoticed utterance of our own time will in the future appear to possess that distinction. Lanier—especially in his "Science of English Verse"—sought to open new paths, but his work has not yet, at least, been discovered to have been exactly epoch-making, although he has not been without fervent disciples. Of oracular deliverances upon the subject of literature we have had not a few, and still have, from various and unexpected quarters. But these raise only ripples, which are soon smoothed over. Such a ripple was raised by Mr. Howells when he gravely informed us, some twenty years ago, that our age practised a finer art of fiction than was known to Dickens and Thackeray. But it was a whimsical opinion, and really begged the whole question. Many oracles were heard in the neighborhood of Boston a half-century ago, but their message was too misty for formulation in a new method of interpretation. Nevertheless, the influence of New England transcendentalism accomplished not a little for the broadening of our outlook and the spiritualizing of our literary perceptions. The essence of it all, with few of its vagaries, may be found in Emerson, who was no literary critic, yet whose teaching illuminated literature in a hundred suggestive ways.

Turning now from these prophetic or oracular voices to those that have spoken of literature out of the fullness of knowledge and sympathy, but without thought of creating a cult or of displacing the fixed landmarks of criticism, we find the great de-

liverance of Lowell, and the lesser deliverances of such good men—useful in their day, but now without vital force—as Ripley and Whipple and Bayard Taylor and Richard Grant White. Lowell, of course, as the richest spirit that ever in America lavished its treasures upon criticism, is not likely to be forgotten for long years to come. His overflowing energy, his gleaming humor, his unfailing humanity, and his swift sympathy with whatever in literature is lofty and beautiful as with whatever in life is lovely and of good report, are qualities that insure the steadfast devotion of his fellow countrymen to his memory, and their continued joy in the essays which show us his soul in communion with the great spirits of the past. The score or more of studies about literature that he has left us for a legacy are themselves literature of a high order; while they deepen our understanding of the masters that are the subjects of their discourse, they at the same time impress us profoundly as revelations of the creative intellectual force that gives them shape and substance. Considered dispassionately, they are not without defects, both of taste and of judgment, but their positive merits are so brilliant that we take little account of their shortcomings while under the spell of their persuasive eloquence.

At this point it may be in order to recapitulate for a moment, to indicate in a few words what critical writings of the earlier day are still not to be ignored by readers who wish an acquaintance with what is best in American literature. These words are not, of course, meant for the systematic student of our literary history, or for the more special student of our national activity in the field of literary criticism; they are intended solely for the use of the intelligent general reader who seeks to know our most distinguished work in that field, and does not wish to waste his time in antiquarian research. Such a reader may safely enough ignore everything before Poe, although he will not go altogether unrewarded if he takes the trouble to hunt up some typical example of the old-fashioned criticism that was produced in abundance during the first third of the nineteenth century. The elder Channing's essay on Milton, or a chapter from the elder Dana's "Idle Man" will



serve admirably for this purpose. Our reader should pay much attention to Poe, but should discriminate, of course, between that part of Poe's work which is mere journalism and that part which deals with the really important writers and the really vital principles of literary art. For the point of view of the transcendentalists, a judicious course in Emerson should suffice. Whitman should not be neglected, and those who are the least attracted by the "Leaves of Grass" may find in his prefaces and in the amorphous prose of his "Specimen Days" and "Collect" such nuggets of literary gold as will reward them for their delving. Lanier's "English Verse" is for the technical student of poetics, but his "English Novel" deserves the attention of the general reader, and will be found richly suggestive, although the treatment is thrown hopelessly out of balance by the assumption that the novels of George Eliot constitute the final cause of the efforts of all of her predecessors in English fiction. As for Lowell, the general reader needs no urging. If he care for literature at all, he will begin with "A Table for Critics" and will end only with the end of the long list of Lowell's essays. And then he will probably read them all over again.

When we turn to the consideration of our living critics, the question of relative rank and importance becomes too difficult for anything like certainty of judgment. It seems fairly safe to say, however, that after the death of Lowell the primacy devolved upon Mr. Stedman, and few will be likely to dispute the assertion that his is still the foremost place. He is a far more systematic critic than Lowell, and his works present us with comprehensive surveys of modern English and American poetry, besides a reasoned body of æsthetic doctrine on the subject of poetry in general. His three volumes, "Victorian Poets," "Poets of America," and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," are the product of a finely organized intelligence, and of a richly-equipped mind, alert to every new manifestation of literary art, and sympathetically responsive to every fresh stimulus. No reader can afford to neglect these three volumes, and no one who does read them can fail to extract from them both delight and profit.

Among the living writers of that older generation there are several others who must not be left unmentioned. The octogenarian Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has many claims upon our affection. Although he is hardly to be described as a formal critic, he has written much upon the subject of literature, and has lived close to the sources of the major product of American literature. Mr. John Burroughs discourses of books almost as lovingly as of nature, with fresh and sincere utterance, although his mind is thrown somewhat out of balance by the obsession of Whitmania. Professor Charles Eliot Norton has given us far too little of critical writing, and what he has given us is not easily accessible, but it is precious enough to be worth searching out in the recesses where it lies hidden. Mr. Howells has delivered himself of a great variety of critical opinions, which make charming literature, at all events, although too subjective to be taken very seriously as criticism. From Mr. James we have two collections of critical essays of so fine and sympathetic a quality that some of us can not help wishing that he had written fewer novels in order that he might have given us more such studies of books and their authors.

All the writers thus far named were born before the middle of the nineteenth century. The best of their work is done, and we are in a position to form something like a definite judgment of its value. In the case of the younger men—those born in the fifties and sixties—upon whose shoulders at present mainly rests the responsibility of maintaining worthy critical standards in our literature, any judgment now expressed must be tentative, and any selection of names more or less invidious. Among these younger students of literature who have expressed themselves in criticism, and who have published one or more volumes each of critical writing, we must at least mention the names of Mr. William C. Brownell, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. George L. Woodberry, Mr. Henry Van Dyke, Mr. George Santayana, Mr. Barrett Wendell, Mr. William P. Trent, Mr. Benjamin W. Wells, Mr. Lewis E. Gates, and Mr. Paul E. More. Many others might be mentioned nearly as important as any of these, but the reader

who will make the acquaintance of the ten thus singled out will have the material for a very fair estimate of the quality of our present-day activity in literary criticism.

That this activity exhibits thorough equipment, high standards and skilful execution is clearly apparent. Criticism certainly holds its own in American literary production, which is possibly more than we can say of the other departments of our literature. The amount of critical writing of a high character which is being produced from year to year is by no means to be measured by the volumes of essays that come from the publishers. They constitute but a small fraction of the whole; to make an approxi-

mately comprehensive survey of the field, we must take into account the books of literary history and biography, the special introductions to class-room tests and library editions of standard authors, the monograph studies and doctoral theses of the universities, and the great numbers of critical contributions for the periodicals that never get beyond the pages of the publications for which they are primarily written. Out of all this mass of material it must be a captious person indeed who is unable to extract—if he have any aptitude for the enjoyment of this species of literature—the special intellectual nutriment of which he stands in need.

## IN ALIEN LANDS

*Harriet Prescott Spofford*

WHERE nightingales sing all night long,  
 Let art, and poesy, and song  
 From crumbling crag and castle call  
 Romance to lift her glorious pall  
 Woven of wild and subtle gleams,—  
 Yet everywhere the magic seems  
 Built over dark and cruel deeps  
 Where feeling faints and fancy sleeps.  
 There, if chance shafts of light fall down  
 And strike the jewel of some crown,  
 Or touch to something half-sublime  
 A hero greater than his time,  
 Or gild the brow of some white queen,  
 Still blacker sink the gulfs between,  
 Where, slippery with blood and tears,  
 The stair of immemorial years  
 Once climbed from out and nether night  
 Till races staggered to the light!

O thou upon time's topmost crest,  
 Thou virgin Spirit of the West,  
 How happy, set apart from these  
 By shielding storms and tumbling seas,—  
 The foaming, separating plain,—  
 Lies in the light thy dear domain!  
 Here, in the shadow of the past,  
 I see thee looming fair and vast  
 A fuller glory round thee thrown  
 Than all the waiting world has known.  
 What wingéd hopes about thee fleet,  
 What prayers! How beautiful thy feet  
 Upon the mountains, lightning shod,  
 Thou latest messenger of God!



## THE MORALS OF MARCUS OR- DEYNE

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

**S***IR Marcus*, who is a former pedagogue, and a scholar with a predilection for the writings of the cinque-cento, gets entangled in an unconventional Eastern romance in decorous London. He is by no means straightlaced, but he bears more undeserved odium than is often allotted even to a baronet and a bachelor, through his adoption of a beautiful Anglo-Turkish waif. The heroine serves the double purpose of accentuating the contrast between the Oriental and English standards of behavior and between her own childish, unmoral self and a sensitive, highbred Englishwoman, who can not break loose from her conscience as easily in ideals as in conduct. *Carlotta*, who is versed in the love lore of the Turkish harem, repeats amazing tales, is ready to marry the first comer, yet shudders at an evening gown and a ballet. *Sir Marcus'* erudition is perhaps too much in evidence, and his disregard of appearances is a thought too guileless, but the freaks of *Carlotta*, and the sageness of *Antoinette*, the French cook, give zest to the story. The changes of scene are frequent, the note of passion is dominant, and the conclusion, if not unexpected, is gratifying.

John Lane, New York  
Price \$1.50

## THE WANDERERS

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

**A***ROLLICKING* marine tale, with plenty of romance and peril, is usually assured of fair weather when it ventures into the uncertain waters of popular favor. Dr. Rowland is an experienced mariner, a fit shipmate for our old friend, Clark Russell. He sails the yacht *Gunga* through the South

Seas, touching at unfamiliar ports; handles her skilfully through terrific tempests, loses and recaptures her by force of arms, and finally brings her to anchor among the Philippine Islands. The feminine element is liberally supplied by a widow, an adventuress, and two charming girls, all of them heart smashers. *Arthur Brown*, the great marine artist, whom his friends nickname "*Brownie*" and "*Terrier*," has two narrow escapes from Cupid, more by good luck than volition. Evidently he is spared to succumb in another volume, for the book is one of a series. The popular device of introducing old acquaintances is used with better effect for previous readers than for new ones. The book will be acceptable to those who wish entertainment without mental effort.

A. S. Barnes and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

## BELCHAMBER

BY HOWARD OVERING STURGIS

**"B***ELCHAMBER*" is a disagreeable, morbid and decidedly clever novel of aristocratic English life. The morbidity of the book is evidenced not more in the unqualifiedly unhappy story related than in the fact that, out of a large number of people concerned in the development of the plot, only one, the crippled and invalid young man who carries the burden of the principal rôle, can be spoken of as attractive or sanely admirable in character. Mr. Sturgis seems to have the same effect upon the people of his book that certain mirrors have upon the reflection of those who come within their radius,—an effect of distortion and exaggeration. His power,—unmistakable power,—seems to render null and void goodness and beauty in mankind. Discriminated with conspicuous ability within certain limits, the people of this story are yet

scarcely human. The clay of which they are mixed is not various enough in its elements. The selfish lack the spark of generosity that proves them human; the cold-blooded are warmed by no fire of kindness; the material-minded never see spiritual light. There is something almost mechanical in the way their unrelieved unworthiness sweeps the story on to its disastrous close.

Yet within the bounds set by this defect, —a defect due partly to a lack of humor,—the characterization is capable, full of keen, incisive touches. The story, ugly, sinister, relentless in nature, is ably handled. An ironic intelligence dominates the narrative and holds the attention of the reader. Soul, the something that stirs compassion for the ill, the mistakes and suffering of mankind, —this is largely absent.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE BLACK BARQUE

BY T. JENKINS HAINS

A STRIKING tale of the pirate slave-ship *Gentle Hand* is told by T. Jenkins Hains under the title "The Black Barque." Mr. Hains has a rich inheritance in the traditions of the sea of the period of which he writes—the early part of the nineteenth century. His grandfather, Thornton Jenkins, was rear-admiral of the United States navy, and another ancestor, Sir Robert Jenkins, R. C. B., was vice-admiral of England's navy, and rendered effective service in abolishing the slave trade. Mr. Hains's story—one of pure adventure—is vivid and exciting.

L. C. Page and Company, Boston  
Price \$1.50

### THE BANDOLERO

BY PAUL GWYNNE

SPAIN—that somewhat neglected hunting-ground of fiction—is the setting chosen by Paul Gwynne for his newest story, "The Bandolero." Part of the time the reader spends in picturesque Seville and the rest amid the lofty peaks of the Spanish Sierras. A proud and wicked Spanish marquis whose one redeeming trait is his love for his little son *Pepito*, and his life-long enemy, *Don Jose Calderon*, afterward *Carasco*, chief of bandits, are the figures of most interest in the book, though the love

story woven about *Pepito* and *Petra*, daughter of *Don Jose*, is very prettily told. Mr. Gwynne has a detailed, fluent, lucid style and a leisured manner that bespeaks the artist careful for his work. The actual events of the story would in other hands prove more exciting. Mr. Gwynne seldom rises to the dramatic even when he describes that most exciting of all Spanish scenes, a bull-fight, but he tells a logical, well-atmosphered story whose interest is steadily sustained and whose denouement is satisfactory.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

THE fiction form into which is cast this account of the deep sea fishermen on both sides of the Atlantic, is evidently a matter of convenience with the author. It is used as the best means of putting before the public the tale of their rough, heroic existence, of the temptations to which they are exposed, and of the happy reformation wrought in the lives of many of them through the mission ships now sent out with the fishing fleets.

The sailors of these mission ships do not fish on Sunday. On that day they hold religious services to which any sailor in the fleet is welcome. Liquor is not allowed to be sold on board, but tobacco is sometimes sold at a price lower than is possible to the other ships. The divorce between the two traffics is shown to have been productive of much good. Frequently a surgeon or physician is in attendance, and his services are for the benefit of all. Exposed as these sailors are to the chances of wind and wave, this feature of the work is shown to be invaluable.

The picture of the transformation wrought in the morals and habits of the men, through the instrumentality of these ships, is a striking one. Employing the story as a medium, Dr. Grenfell has given to the public important information concerning a force that is doing noble work for the world. In addition he has presented sincerely and genuinely the dangers and hardships of marine life, which go to make up "the price of fish."

The story is supposed to be told by two

followers of the craft,—one, a fisherman on the Dogger banks in the North Sea, the other, a fisherman off the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador. The able way in which is presented the difference existing between the conditions of life surrounding the two, is not the least of the book's merits.

Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago  
Price \$1.00

### A PRINCE TO ORDER

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE

IN "A Prince to Order," Charles Stokes Wayne purports to have discovered another of those European principalities that have furnished such extensive opportunity for latter-day novelists though they have somehow failed to get themselves on the maps. Budavia is the name of the principality and like its predecessors it is in the throes of a revolution. The complications that Mr. Wayne has invented give the situation some fresh piquancy. *Carey Grey* finds himself in a Paris hotel without knowledge as to how he came there. One surprise caps another. He learns that he is passing as the crown prince of Budavia and that a deep dark mystery in which a strange chemist is involved, surrounds him. Further, he is believed in New York—his home—to have committed suicide some months before, after embezzling the funds of his firm. Of course the crown prince—the real one—has a sweetheart, and this serves to tangle up the love interest properly. The colors in which this comedy is dressed are over strong, but the comedy itself is fairly consistent and interesting.

John Lane, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE DIGRESSIONS OF POLLY

BY HELEN ROWLAND

"THE Dolly Dialogues" was not only in itself a pleasantly frivolous book; it has been also the cause of pleasant frivolity in other books. It is the parent of a large and popular family. The distinguishing marks of its members are easily made out. Each volume has two principal characters,—a man and a woman,—who know how to flirt delicately and cleverly. Both have had "affairs." Both are adepts in the discussion of matters sentimental. Both make a

practice, in their conversations *à deux*, of seeing how near the danger line it is possible to go in flirtation without stepping over. The young woman's name must be "Dolly" or "Polly" or "Nancy."

The book under discussion is evidently one of the results of the "Dolly Dialogues." It bears all the marks. Its heroine, *Polly of the Digressions*, is a pleasing young person, and worth knowing. She is not so daintily mercurial in temperament as *Dolly* of the dialogues. No mere book girl ever will be again. She talks more than *Dolly* and she says things that *Dolly's* more fastidious taste would turn down. But she is often clever, sometimes even epigrammatic. Best of all she is delightfully slippery. She can not be pinned down. Just when the mere man of the piece thinks he has her she is out from under and a thousand miles away. Her froth and her frills make her very good company, indeed, for others than the agreeable young man who takes her balls and occasionally sends back a very respectable one of his own.

The Baker and Taylor Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### SELENE

BY AMELIE RIVES

IF a book of blank verse from the author of "The Quick and the Dead" comes as a surprise, it is chiefly because one has temporarily forgotten that Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) is a writer of surprises. "Seléné" is the story of the awakening to love of that mythical creature who was "many maids in one"—*Diana, Phoebe, Artemis* and *Seléné*. The story is told with the real poet's rapture in rhythm and in delicately tinted phrase. Its cadences are true and songful, its imagery fresh in conception, and vista-opening. As the young goddess,

Her tresses by her vehement speed unloosed,  
Melted in golden mist upon the wind,

confides in her old nurse *Steropé*, how she came on *Endymion* as he lay sleeping in the forest and kissed him, she speaks now like a daring huntress with quiver full of eager arrows, now like the bright sister of *Phoebe*, now with the low gentleness of *Seléné*, the



woman-hearted. She who has scorned the power of love, learns, in drinking the cup offered to her by *Moera*, goddess of Fate, that in submission to love is found the highest happiness. A chorus of dryads celebrates in exquisite strophes and antistrophes, the wisdom of her surrender. In its covers of blue-gray and white, "*Seléné*" is a dainty volume.

Harper and Brothers, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE KAISER AS HE IS

BY HENRI DE NOUSSANNE

**T**HOUGH M. de Noussanne's translator, Walter Littlefield, has thought it necessary to apologize for his harshness of view, the truth is that in America, at least, very few persons will be shocked at it. It is not that Americans have any grudge at William, but that they possess in almost French intensity a disposition to poke ridicule at whatever strikes their fancy as theatric and conceited. M. de Noussanne sketches for us, most vivaciously and entertainingly, just the sort of portrait that a Frenchman might be expected to draw of a Teuton. He does not quite understand the Teuton and therefore he can not be quite just to him. But his injustice has no malice in it and not a little generosity manifests itself, so that after all, William could not complain that he has been unfairly treated. For a study frankly intimate and personal, this book is remarkably free from petty gossip. M. de Noussanne shows us the man behind the monarch, but spares us the relation of court tattle and backstairs scandal.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE HEART OF HOPE

BY NORVAL RICHARDSON

**T**HIS is an uncommonly interesting story of the Civil war. The scene is Vicksburg during the siege by Grant, and, in the characterization of the place, the author employs touches as loving and discerning as those employed in the portrayal of his pleasing heroine. The horrors of war are made particularly vivid in the book, which has not, however, anything of the lurid, melodramatic aspect that has marred other books covering incidents of the "late un-

pleasantness." An admirable sincerity and force resides in the pictures of slaughter and carnage. The detail work is excellent and convincing, so that there is left with the reader something more than a general impression of bloodshed and suffering which is about all that one gets usually from pictures of war.

In spite of the fact that from the first page to the last, shells are flying and cannon roaring, the story is neither a noisy one or a sad one. The sentimental motive is skilfully woven into the account of the siege. The two are one and inseparable, each, in the union, modifying the other. Further the story is lightened by humor and by the author's appreciation of local values in characterization. The style is natural and simple. If it were not for an occasional bit of artifice by which the author attempts to pull the plot into shape and to make things come out even, whether or no, one would be at a loss for something unpleasant to say about the book in question.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### MY MAMIE ROSE

BY OWEN KILDARE

**W**HEN a book is continuously placed among the first half-dozen of the best selling publications in widely separated cities it is safe to conclude that no adventitious influence has placed it there. Merit has more staying power than puffs. "*My Mamie Rose*" is a true love story, a human document and a photograph of slum life as it is to-day. Its effect will be to demolish theories of environment and to inspire the settlement worker with greater hope. If an Irish orphan, left to the chance charity of the tenement, a street nomad at seven, could fight his way to a worthy manhood, many another Bowery urchin can do likewise.

From a homeless newsboy Mr. Kildare graduated into a bartender and a pugilist of a peculiarly vicious type. He disguises no iota of his own brutishness, of the vice and squalor of the Tenderloin dives, yet his story, though truthful and unadorned, never repels. The humanity, the ignorance, the blind striving after something better, mark our common kinship. The regeneration that is begun by the little school teacher

continues to work after that tender influence is withdrawn. The pathos, the verity of this record are rarely equaled. If the sidelights upon the Four Hundred—the ladies who feel a prize-fighter's biceps, the gentlemen who "see life" in Bowery cellars and match pugilists by ferocity as much as by weight—are unfavorable, one feels that the narrator has not glossed facts. He has shown the side of society that he has seen. *My Mamie Rose* did not live her short and humble life in vain, for her memory has helped more than the one man who has laid his redemption at her feet.

The Baker and Taylor Company, New York  
Price \$1.00

### THE VICISSITUDES OF EVANGELINE

BY ELINOR GLYN

IT is not so long ago that the lady with red hair, be it in life or fiction, started with a fearful physical handicap. It was not considered polite to mention the subject of hair in her presence. Times have changed, and *Evangeline*, along with other young women in stories of the day, takes advantage of the change. She does not conceal her tresses under a wig. She not only does not blush at the mention of them; she takes the initiative in bringing them to one's notice. She flaunts them in the face of the reader even more than what she deems her other good points of face, figure and mind. For a coarse egotism is the keynote of *Evangeline's* representation by Mrs. Glyn. The latter attempts to throw dust in the reader's eyes by proclaiming her artless, ingenuous, a child of nature. *Evangeline* is anything but these, and the reader is "on" to her almost from the start. Her absorption in self is, however, productive of some readable matter. That which negatives the sometimes smart and capable air of the book is the vulgarity of its heroine. The veiled coarseness of her speech and reference, the insinuation she drops, are rather too pat and too frequent for the artlessness to which they are attributed. The intention of the book seems to be to present a "naughty" heroine. *Evangeline* is "not nice".

Harper and Brothers, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE THOMAS

EDITED BY GEORGE UPTON

THE autobiography of the man who may almost be said to have given the American public its education in music, is bound to be read far and wide. The literary merit of the two stout volumes in which it comes, is slight, for Theodore Thomas was a man of action, not a writer. He was not even, in the highest sense, a temperamental musician as Anton Seidl was (now that both are gone, comparisons may not perhaps be invidious). He was an exact and mathematical musician and a general of musical forces which he led unfailingly to victory. He came to this country in his own youth and in its infancy in the art of music. By fifty years of unceasing labor, guided by the loftiest ideals, he cultivated the public taste until the best music is really enjoyed by popular audiences. The autobiography is written with that becoming simplicity that was characteristic of Mr. Thomas in everything. It assumes to be nothing more than a round unvarnished tale of his life's work, adorned here and there with a good story—musical stories when they are good are very good—and pointed now and then with an artistic moral that musical managers and musical audiences would do well to heed. But it is perfectly evident that from the beginning, Mr. Thomas was, in all matters on which he felt himself the right and competent judge, a perfect autocrat. No self-opinioned player in his orchestra dared cross his expressed wish; no spoiled queen of song sang twice her pet phrasing of a great aria. Jenny Lind and Patti and Materna and Lehmann bowed to his rule. "Madame, I am prima donna here," he replied on one occasion to a famous singer, who had begged to have her own way because forsooth, she was—a prima donna! The three disappointments of Mr. Thomas's musical career, i. e., his failure to make the Cincinnati College of Music a great musical university; his embarrassing and costly directorship of the American Opera Company and the fiasco of his far-reaching plans for the musical department of the Columbian Exposition, would have ruined many men; they only educated Theodore Thomas and

stimulated him. His will refused to be broken; it refused even to bend. He foresaw for America—he tells us—a future in which music should have the important place that its culturing qualities merit, and he saw also—as he tells with equal frankness and conviction—that it had been given to him to play a distinct and leading part in bringing this future into existence. No one can gainsay the tribute that Mr. Upton pays him in saying that “he reached the highest standard of success ever attained by a musician in America.” It is impossible, in the limits of a brief review, even to suggest the richness of life laboring between those first years of Theodore Thomas, the boy violinist, raw, untaught, uncouth in looks, coming to New York when pigs ran amuck in Broadway, and that last year, when, installed finally in a new and permanent orchestral home in Chicago, he enjoyed for a brief time before death came, the realization of his dearest hopes. Mr. Thomas’s own narrative is supplemented by an appreciation and notes by Mr. Upton, and by an entire volume of his musical programs, a stupendous and enduring monument.

A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago  
Price \$6.00 net

### BROTHERS

BY HORACE VACHELL

THIS book is primarily a message of cheer to those “who have made the running for the strong”; secondarily a study of two temperaments, each the complement of the other. *Archie Samphire* is richly endowed with the requisites for worldly success; *Mark*—with the greater mental gifts—is physically handicapped. The conventional treatment that would have drawn *Archie* as evil or dull has been wisely avoided. This pillar of the English episcopacy has some weakness of will, some lack of spiritual insight, but he is emphatically an excellent divine, after the fallible human model. The purifying of the dross in these two brothers, the finding by each of his appointed niche, shows not only an interesting interplay of moral forces, but various phases of English life. The atmosphere of Harrow school is especially vivid; it offers a companion sketch to Kipling’s “Stalky,” with less slang and consequently more in-

telligibility to the trans-Atlantic reader. Whether the action occurs in the Scottish highlands, the London slums, the studios of Barbizon, the greenroom or the country house, the well-bred people furnish agreeable reading. The book is free from annoying defects, has a well-sustained interest, and may be accounted a worthy addition to the season’s output.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE TROLL GARDEN

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

IN “The Troll Garden” Willa Sibert Cather shows herself mistress of the art of catching and photographing the crucial moment. In the ordinary phrase, this is a book of short stories. More accurately described, it is a collection of mood pictures with just enough events to give them life and setting. They are singularly vivid, strong, true, original, and they have withal a richness of quality, one might almost say of timbre, like a contralto voice. They are bits of life transmuted into art by the alchemy of a fine imagination; all will recognize their fidelity, some will delight in their charm. In atmosphere they are thoroughly modern, finding inspiration in week-end house parties, the emotional personalities of artists of all types, the poetry of Browning and the music of Wagner. The reader who has in himself some echo of the artistic impulse will find “The Troll Garden” strongly appealing to him. Its nimble fancy and temperamental style of treatment will mean much to those to whom they mean anything.

McClure, Phillips and Company, New York  
Price \$1.50

### THE SLANDERERS

BY WARWICK DEEPING

HARDLY any writer before the public has a higher gift of imagination than Mr. Deeping, or a more remarkable vocabulary. But his conservative readers must sometimes wish that the imagination were better disciplined and the vocabulary more discriminatingly employed. Mr. Deeping paints with a whole paletteful of color at once, and sometimes his colors are strange and displeasing. He quite escapes commonplaceness, however, and that is saying a good deal. His newest story, “The Slan-

derers," is a departure from the historical novels that have preceded it from his pen, giving us a view of modern English life in town and country. The title springs from the gabbling of town gossips—none the less virulent because they move in clerical circles—who misconceive the pure comradeship of *Gabriel Strong*, tied to an unworthy wife, for *Joan Gildersedge*. Although Mr. Deeping has left the Middle Ages, he is still a romanticist, and many of his pages glow with genuine romantic beauty.

Harper and Brothers, New York  
Price \$1.30

### THE FLOWER OF DESTINY

BY WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

IN purporting to tell the love story of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie in "The Flower of Destiny," William Dana Orcutt has relied rather too strongly on the supporting connotation of history and personal charm that the great names of the Second Empire call up. The names of Napoleon and Eugenie themselves are names to conjure with, and in the story we have also the beautiful Lady Blessington, the Count D'Orsay and others of lesser brilliancy, but still lustrous. But great names of themselves do not make a story, and in "The Flower of Destiny" we have little else to look to. The elaborate marginal decorations seem a doubtful means of suggesting the atmosphere that the story itself lacks.

A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago  
Price \$1.50

### ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD

BY CHARLES WAGNER

THESE "talks to young people on character and conduct" are Pastor Wagner's bread and butter letter to American youth. He has looked into the bright faces of American children in their fine school-houses, and his kind heart has gone out toward his little hosts. As his best gifts he offers these inquiries into man's origin, present and future, these laws and ideals that should govern his conduct. A logical and orderly arrangement, simple language and clear, pertinent illustrations bring the lesson

and argument within childish comprehension. The volume is a careful guide-book to every-day life. No warning is too practical, no advice too minute to be unworthy the telling. The whole is permeated with the kindness, the genuine goodness, the simplicity of the writer, and perhaps this influence, unconscious as it is, will be the most potent force for good. The normal child instinctively shuns preaching. There is an old saying, of some pith, that: "You may lead a horse to water but you can not make him drink." If, however, the young human animal once sips this crystal water his unperturbed appetite ought to crave a deeper draught. Whoever is brought within reach of Pastor Wagner's influence is safe to be bettered. Teutonic common sense and logic are not bad helps, even to the love of God and man.

McClure, Phillips and Company, New York  
Price \$1.00 net

### LADY PENELOPE

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

MR. Morley Roberts is nothing if not versatile. Following on "Rachel Marr," "Lady Penelope" is indeed a surprise. Without a moment's pause we are introduced in chapter one, page one, sentence one, to a thoroughly charming and very whimsical English society girl who has as many lovers in train as did Penelope of old. The modern *Penelope* does not weave a web by day and unweave it by night to keep her lovers off, but declaring all of them "too selfish, too critical of each other and too vain," she asks them to mend their ways; the aristocratic *Marquis* to hobnob with *Leopold Gordon*, whose name was said to have been *Isaac Levi*; *Captain Plantagenet Roby*, V. C., late of the guards, is to read poetry, and *Austin De Vere*, verse-maker, is to cultivate the society of *Rufus Q. Plant*, an American automobilist. Mr. Roberts has committed a bald error in causing *Plant* to hail from Virginia, a soil of which he does not smack; otherwise his book is a piece of exquisite and perfect fooling.

L. C. Page and Company, Boston  
Price \$1.00

## MAMMY'S LULLABY

*By Strickland W. Gillilan*

SLEEP, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?  
Sunset still a-shinin' in de wes';  
Sky am full o' windehs an' de stahs am peepin' froo—  
Eb'ryt'ing but mammy's lamb at res'.

Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'lan',

Swing 'im to'ds de Souf—

See dat dove a-comin' wif a olive in 'is mouf!

Angel hahps a-hummin',

Angel banjos strummin'—

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Cricket fiddleh scrapin' off de rozzum f'um 'is bow,

Whippo'will a-mo'nin' on a lawg;

Moon ez pale ez hit kin be a-risin' mighty slow—

Stahbled at de bahkin' ob de dawg;

Swing de baby Eas'way,

Swing de baby wes',

Swing 'im to'ds de Souflan' whah de melon grow de bes'!

Angel singers singin',

Angel bells a-ringin',

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Eyelids des a-droopin' li'l loweh all de w'ile,

Undeh lip a-saggin' des a mite;

Li'l baby tooxies showin' so't o' lak a smile,

Whiteh dan de snow, or des ez white.

Swing 'im to'ds de No'flan',

Swin 'im to'ds de Eas'—

Woolly cloud a-comin' fo' t' wrap 'im in 'is fleece!

Angel ban' a-playin'—

Whut dat music sayin'?

"Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?"





"A mental condition characterized by great depression combined with a sluggishness and apparent painfulness . . ."

*Century Dictionary, page 3693*

